



20¢

*Bride
Of the Year—*

**ANN
BLYTH**

**"STOP TELLING LIES
ABOUT US"—**

DALE ROBERTSON

P 8-58 7-L 308
MRS C GLOSSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS

“ah-hh!



my Ivory Bath

it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!”



Ivory makes more lather, faster!

Your bath's a moment to treasure—it's *all* pure pleasure—with Ivory! For Ivory never disappears into the depths—it floats! And, at a *touch*, Ivory makes the richest suds you ever soaked in! Ivory, in fact, makes *more* lather, *faster*, than any other leading bath soap!

**Ivory gives you famous mildness
...and such a clean, fresh odor!**

Your skin is *caressed* as well as cleansed, when you treat it to baby-gentle Ivory lather. For Ivory's mildness is a byword—more doctors advise it for skin care than any other soap. And Ivory's lather is so clean, so fresh-smelling, too. It leaves you in a glow . . . full of go!

Ivory gives more for your money!

Isn't *that* a nice surprise? America's favorite soap . . . pure, mild, floating Ivory . . . actually costs you less! Gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure...it Floats

“The whole family agrees on Ivory!”



America's Favorite Bath Soap!



"EX... or Exquisite?"

As Laura read Jim's old love letters she could scarcely hold back the tears. She could imagine people whispering as she passed by, "That's the Morton fellow's ex-fiancee... Poor thing! I don't know what came between them." Unfortunately, Laura didn't either, and she spent many a lonely evening before she discovered that sometimes there's a breath of difference between "ex" and "exquisite." Once she corrected her trouble, she gradually won Jim back. And exquisite she was as he carried her across the threshold... a girl with breath as sweet as the blossoms in her bridal bouquet.*



LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

Why is Listerine Antiseptic so much better? ... Why does it not only stop *halitosis (bad breath) instantly, but usually keep it stopped for hours on end? The answer is Listerine's superior ability to kill germs.

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly

You see, germs are by far the most common cause of halitosis. They start the fermentation of proteins that are always present in your mouth. As a result, as research shows, *your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in your mouth.*

Listerine instantly kills these germs by millions, including the bacteria that cause fermentation. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you any such antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine Antiseptic does.

Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

No wonder that in recent clinical tests Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the

chlorophyll products, it was tested against.

That's why we say, if you're really serious about your breath, no matter what else you may use, use an antiseptic. Kill those odor bacteria with Listerine—the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Rinse with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.



Every week 2 different shows, radio & television:
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"
See your paper for times and stations

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world

Somebody Ought to Muzzle Her!



JUDY, WHAT'S THE SNARLING ALL ABOUT? WHATEVER IT IS, NAME IT—AND LET'S KICK IT AROUND AWHILE!

PETE, I CAN'T! YOUR DENTIST IS THE ONE TO HANDLE A SUBJECT LIKE—LIKE BAD BREATH, HONEY!



JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** REMOVES MOST OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH!



Just one brushing with Colgate's removes most decay-causing bacteria! And if you really want to prevent decay, be sure to follow the best home method known—the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



BELIEVE ME, USING COLGATE'S PAYS, FOR I'M A LUCKY DOG THESE DAYS!

Now! ONE Brushing With COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Removes Most Decay and Odor-Causing Bacteria!

Only The Colgate Way Does All Three! CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it CLEANS YOUR TEETH and STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!



GIVES YOU A CLEANER, FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!

PHOTOPLAY

JUNE, 1953 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Ann is in M-G-M's "All the Brothers Were Valiant"

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Mystery-comedy at it's best!

Meet two swing-happy

sweethearts

who

dish

out

hot licks

amid blood-chilling

menace!

M-G-M presents

JUNE

ALLYSON

VAN

JOHNSON

BBROADWAY'S
STAGE HIT IS ON
THE SCREEN!

Playwrights Howard Lindsay
and Russel Crouse who
did "Arsenic And Old
Lace" have done it
again! A riot of fun!

Remains to be seen

CO-STARRING

LOUIS CALHERN • ANGELA LANSBURY • JOHN BEAL • DOROTHY DANDRIDGE

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BASED ON THE PLAY BY

SIDNEY SHELDON • HOWARD LINDSAY AND RUSSEL CROUSE • PRESENTED ON THE STAGE BY LELAND HAYWARD • DIRECTED BY DON WEIS • PRODUCED BY ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR. • AN M-G-M PICTURE

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Buy one jar—get another

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*of extra cost**



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Don't miss this wonderful, no-risk chance to try new Mum cream deodorant. Mum now contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor-bacteria—doesn't give perspiration odor a chance to start.

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So get a trial size jar—FREE of extra cost. You pay for only one jar. And you'll be thrilled with its amazingly

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Available only while supplies last.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

TO REACH THE STARS

PHOTOPLAY receives thousands of letters asking for photographs and addresses of movie stars. Home addresses cannot be revealed and **PHOTOPLAY** cannot fill requests for photographs. However, following are the addresses of the major motion picture studios and a list of the stars they have under contract. If your favorites are not listed in any contract list, write to them in care of the studio at which they made their last picture. For autographed pictures send twenty-five cents to the star to cover cost of mailing.

Allied Artists, 1376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood: Johnny Mack Brown, Wild Bill Elliot, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Florence Marly, Jane Nigh, Helene Stanley, Whip Wilson.

Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood: Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette, Broderick Crawford, Joan Davis, John Derek, Glenn Ford, Gloria Greenwood, Rita Hayworth, Judy Holliday, Jack Mahoney, Aldo Ray, Rex Reason, Donna Reed, Mickey Rooney, Barbara Stanwyck, Audrey Totter.

Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles: Joan Evans, Farley Granger.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 10202 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City: June Allyson, Richard Anderson, Pier Angeli, Fred Astaire, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Blyth, Marlon Brando, Robert Burton, Louis Calhern, William Campbell, Leslie Caron, Carleton Carpenter, Diane Cassidy, Gower Champion, Marge Champion, Cyd Charisse, Patrick Conway, Donna Corcoran, Jonathan Cott, James Craig, Vic Damone, Michael Dugan, Billy Eckstine, Marilyn Erskine, Nanette Fabray, Lisa Ferraday, Sally Forrest, Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, Greer Garson, Vittorio Gassman, Stewart Granger, Cary Grant, Kathryn Grayson, Jean Hagen, Robert Horton, Van Johnson, Kurt Kasznar, Howard Keel, Gene Kelly, Deborah Kerr, Fernando Lamas, Mario Lanza, Peter Lawford, Janet Leigh, Monica Lewis, Marjorie Main, Ralph Meeker, Ann Miller, Dean Miller, Ricardo Montalban, Doretta Morrow, George Murphy, Reginald Owen, Walter Pidgeon, Jane Powell, William Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Jeff Richards, Barbara Ruick, Janice Rule, Red Skelton, Elaine Stewart, James Stewart, Lewis Stone, Barry Sullivan, Elizabeth Taylor, Robert Taylor, Patricia Tiernan, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Bobby Van, Vera-Ellen, James Whitmore, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn, Gig Young.

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood: Anna Maria Alberghetti, Judith Ames, Jean Arthur, Peter D. Baldwin, Gene Barry, William Bendix, Lyle Bettger, Rosemary Clooney, Pierre Cressoy, Bing Crosby, William Demarest, Tom Drake, Laura Elliot, Rhonda Fleming, Joan Fontaine, Mona Freeman, Paulette Goddard, Gloria Grahame, Nancy Hale, Virginia Hall, Peter Hanson, Patricia Ann Harding, William Holden, Bob Hope, Betty Hutton, Irene Martin, Robert Merrill, Ray Milland, Michael Moore, Susan Morrow, Mary Murphy, Eleanor Parker, Ginger Rogers, Barbara Rush, Jan Sterling, Joan Taylor, Alan Young. Under personal contract to Hal Wallis: Polly Bergen, Corinne Calvet, Wendell Corey, Don DeFore, Vincent Edwards, Charlton Heston, Burt Lancaster, Jerry Lewis, Marion Marshall, Dean Martin, Eddie Mayehoff, Elizabeth Scott, Mary Sinclair.

RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood: Keith Andes, Jack Buetel, Janis Carter, the Charvels, Joan Crawford, Linda Darnell, Barbara Darrow, Brad Dexter, Joan Dixon, George Dolenz, Faith Domergue, Linda Douglas, Betsy Drake, Mel Ferrer, Steve Flagg, Jane Greer, Dee Hartord, Tim Holt, Richard Martin, Charles McGraw, Colleen Miller, Robert Mitchum, Carole Morton, Itala Powers, Jane Russell, Robert Ryan, Margaret Sheridan, William Talman, Ursula Thies, Kenneth Tobey.

Republic Pictures, 4024 N. Radford Ave., N. Hollywood: Rex Allen, Roy Barcroft, Rod Cameron, Judy Canova, Allan "Rocky" Lane, Muriel Lawrence, Vaughn Monroe, Vera Ralston, Estelita Rodriguez, John Russell, Forrest Tucker, Chill Wills, Grant Withers.

Twentieth Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills: Casey Adams, Richard Allan, Merry Anders, Charlotte Austin, Anne Bancroft, Lauren Bacall, Richard Basehart, Barbara Bates, Richard Boone, Scott Brady, Richard Burton, Rory Calhoun, Macdonald Carey, Jill Clifford, Joseph Cotten, Jeanne Crain, Dan Dailey, Dennis Day, Gloria DeHaven, Joanne Dru, Penny Edwards, Henry Fonda, Anne Francis, Mitzi Gaynor, Betty Grable, Bob Graham, Billy Gray, Susan Hayward, Donna Lee, Hickey, Craig Hill, Jeffrey Hunter, Louis Jourdan, William Lundigan, Joyce MacKenzie, George Mathews, Victor Mature, Hugh Marlowe, James Mason, Gary Merrill, Cameron Mitchell, Zero Mostel, Marilyn Monroe, Ava Norring, Debra Paget, Walter (Jack) Palanee, Gregory Peck, Jean Peters, Ezio Pinza, Tyrone Power, George Raft, Michael Rennie, Thelma Ritter, Dale Robertson, George Sanders, Constance Smith, Warren Stevens, James Stewart, Randy Stuart, Gene Tierney, Robert Wagner, David Wayne, Clifton Webb, Oskar Werner, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde.

Universal-International, Universal City: Abbott and Costello, Julia Adams, Susan Ball, Judith Braun, Susan Cabot, Mary Castle, Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Cooper, Tony Curtis, Yvonne De Carlo, Charles Drake, Joyce Holden, Rock Hudson, Kathleen Hughes, David Janssen, Russell Johnson, Alice Kelley, Jack Kelly, Arthur Kennedy, Piper Laurie, Palmer Lee, Harvey Lembeck, Richard Long, Stephen McNally, Beverly Michaels, Bodil Miller, Robert Monnet, Audie Murphy, Lori Nelson, Alex Nicol, Hugh O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Maureen O'Hara, Gigi Perreau, William Reynolds, Claudette Thornton, Dennis Weaver, Guy Williams, Shelley Winters.

Warner Brothers, 4000 W. Olive Ave., Burbank: Anne Baxter, Humphrey Bogart, Ray Bolger, Eddie Bracken, David Brian, James Cagney, Philip Carey, Steve Cochran, Gary Cooper, Horace Cooper, Doris Day, Errol Flynn, Virginia Gibson, Phyllis Kirk, Alan Ladd, Burt Lancaster, Frank Lovejoy, Gordon MacRae, Guy Madison, Raymond Massey, Virginia Mayo, Allyn McLerie, Eve Miller, Dennis Morgan, Gene Nelson, Nancy Olson, Paul Picerni, Ronald Reagan, Ruth Roman, Randolph Scott, Ann Sothern, Phyllis Thaxter, Danny Thomas, Lurene Tuttle, John Wayne, Dick Wesson, Jane Wyman, Patrice Wymore.

They're even funnier when they're Scared Stiff!

DEAN
M-M-MARTIN AND L-L- JERRY
LEWIS

Dig those crazy
spook-busters!
They've got bats
in the belfry,
spooks in the
spare room and
gals on their mind!



IN HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION

SCARED STIFF

Ghosts, gangsters, gals, gags, songs in
the most hilarious haunted castle that
ever made you scream with laughter!

AND CO-STARRING

LIZABETH SCOTT
CARMEN MIRANDA

WITH

GEORGE DOLENZ · DOROTHY MALONE · WILLIAM CHING

Directed by George Marshall · Screenplay by Herbert Baker

and Walter DeLeon · Additional Dialogue by Ed Simmons and Norman Lear

Based on a play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



SONGS!

WHEN SOMEONE WONDERFUL
THINKS YOU'RE WONDERFUL

THE ENCHILADA MAN

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR ME LATELY

THE BONGO BONGO

OTHER SONGS....

I DON'T CARE IF THE SUN DON'T SHINE

YOU HIT THE SPOT

MAMAE EU QUERO



The bullet was waiting for Colby at the Zapotec gate... guarding the ancient Mayan temples and exotic riches hidden from the world! This was the terror-trek that took him to the gold Sun-Goddess — and a golden-haired spitfire who almost spelled disaster!

FILMED
ON-THE-SPOT
IN THE FAR
REACHES OF
MEXICO'S
FABULOUS
OAXACA!

WARNER
BROS.
PRESENT

GLENN
FORD

IN THE
SUSPENSE-
SCORCHING
ADVENTURE
OF THE

Plunder of the Sun

CO-STARRING

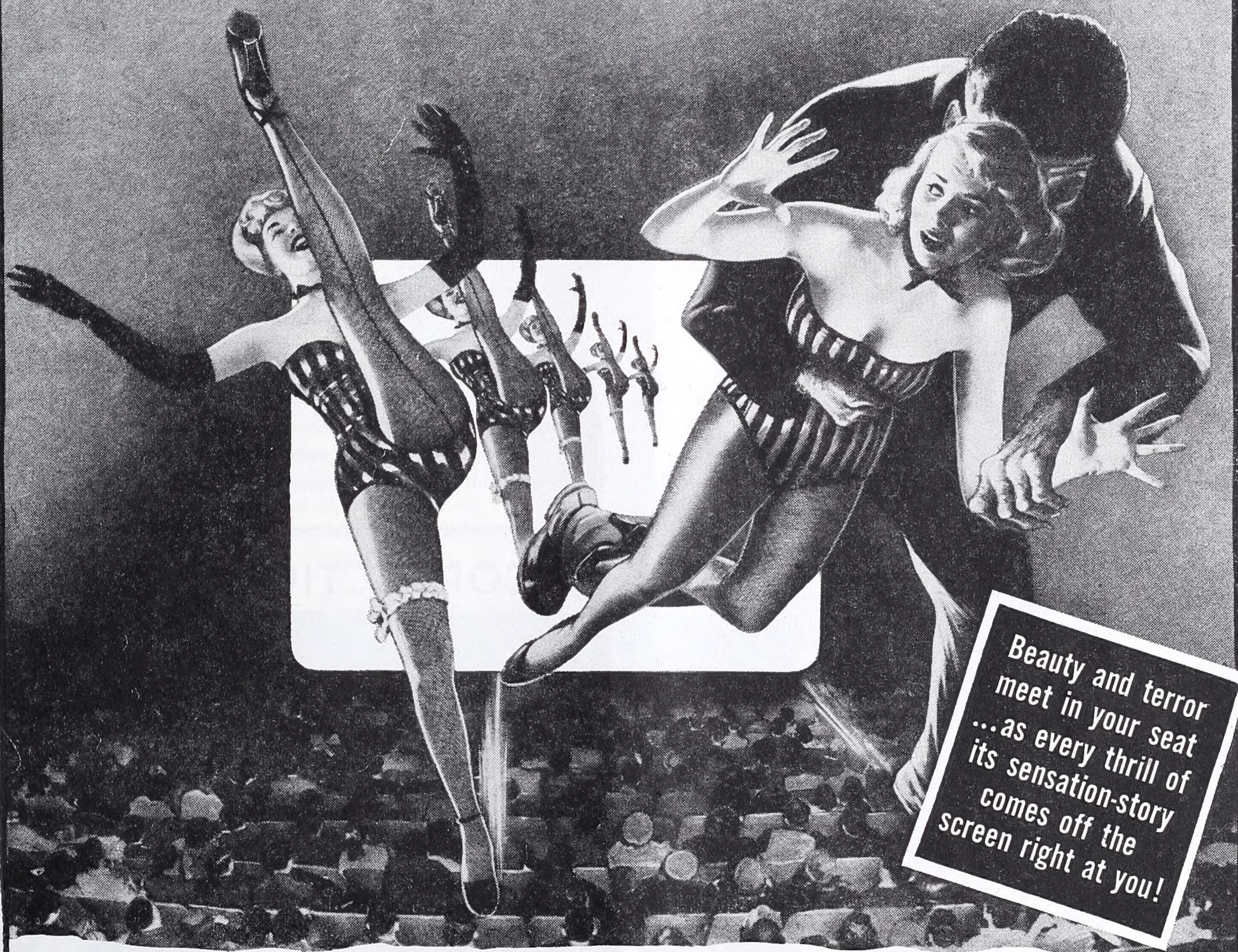
DIANA LYNN



PATRICIA MEDINA

SCREEN PLAY BY JONATHAN LATIMER PRODUCED BY ROBERT FELLOWS DIRECTED BY JOHN FARROW A WAYNE-FELLOWS PRODUCTION  DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

**THE MOST ASTOUNDING MOTION PICTURE SINCE
MOTION PICTURES BEGAN! WARNER BROS.
AMAZING FEATURE IN NATURAL VISION
3 DIMENSION**



Beauty and terror
meet in your seat
...as every thrill of
its sensation-story
comes off the
screen right at you!

The half-man half-monster who stalked a panic-swept city for the
show-world beauties he craved for his Chamber of Horrors!

"HOUSE OF WAX"
COLOR BY **WARNERCOLOR**



From WARNER BROS. THE FIRST FEATURE PICTURE PRODUCED BY A MAJOR STUDIO IN 3D!

STARRING
VINCENT PRICE · FRANK LOVEJOY · PHYLLIS KIRK · CAROLYN JONES · PAUL PICERNI

SCREEN PLAY BY CRANE WILBUR DIRECTED BY ANDRE deTOTH PRODUCED BY BRYAN FOY

when hair loses that
"vital look"



Helene Curtis shampoo plus egg*

brings out natural
 "life" and sparkle...
 conditions even
 problem hair!

The one and only shampoo made with homogenized fresh, whole egg which contains precious CHOLESTEROL, ALBUMEN and LECITHIN.

See for yourself how this conditioning shampoo enhances the natural "vital look" of your hair—gives it maximum gloss and super-sparkle.

You'll find your hair wonderfully manageable—with the caressable, silky texture that is every woman's dream. Try Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg today. You'll be delighted that you did.



Available at All
 Cosmetic Counters
 and Beauty Salons

59¢ and \$1

Helene Curtis

The Foremost Name
 In Hair Beauty

*2%

Impertinent Interview

BY MIKE CONNOLLY



Bread-winner Bob Wagner just before he left for Florida to do "Twelve Mile Reef." "You might meet *the* gal this afternoon and rush her to the altar tomorrow—it's happened to a lot of other people, you know."

Bob frowned. But only momentarily. Then the sun broke through. And if you've watched the witchery of a Wagner smile on the screen you know just what I mean.

"I get your point," he said, "but marriage is a big responsibility and the way I have things figured I won't be able to take on additional responsibilities till I'm thirty.

"After all, I'm only twenty-three and just getting a foothold in this business. I want more than anything to get ahead, to be a success. Some day I want to get married and have kids, sure, but first I

"HOW DO YOU have the nerve to tell one magazine interviewer after another that you're not going to get married till you're thirty?" I asked Bob

want to have the money saved up for a ranch, horses, college education for those kids—and when I marry I don't want my wife to work. I'm going to bring home *all* the bacon in our family!"

All of which makes our boy Bob sound more than a trifle on the independent side. And I guess he is. Even though his dad is a well-to-do manufacturers' representative here in California and has always had well-lined pockets, Bob has been more or less on his own since he was twelve. If he wanted a bike, he earned it!—caddying, working as a bus boy—no silver spoon stuff-and-nonsense for him!

I persisted. "Have you ever been in love?"

"I *thought* I was a couple of times," Bob said, "but it always backed up on me. Frankly—and I'm almost afraid to say it—I think the real reason show-business people get all fouled up in this love and marriage business—and that includes *me*—is that real love demands that you *give* of yourself. And let's face it!—most of us actors are too interested in ourselves to give!"

CORRECTION



The April issue of Photoplay, on page 31, featured this photo of Zsa Zsa Gabor with screenwriter Andrew Solt, who is currently engaged by Paramount Pictures to write

"Lisbon," starring Joan Crawford. The caption incorrectly referred to Mr. Solt as Waldo Salt. We sincerely regret this error.

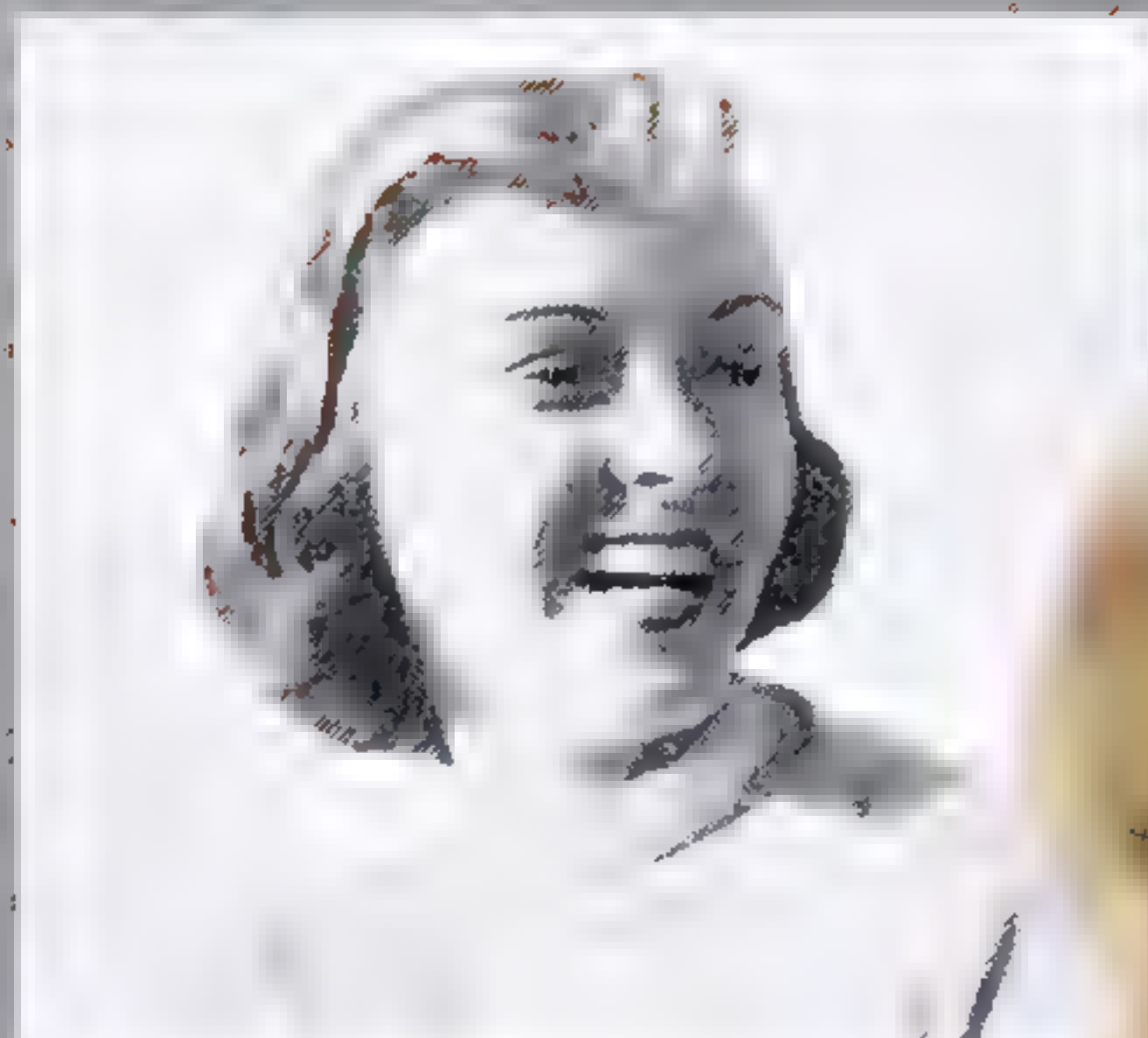
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

100% Mild Palmolive Soap Helps You Guard that

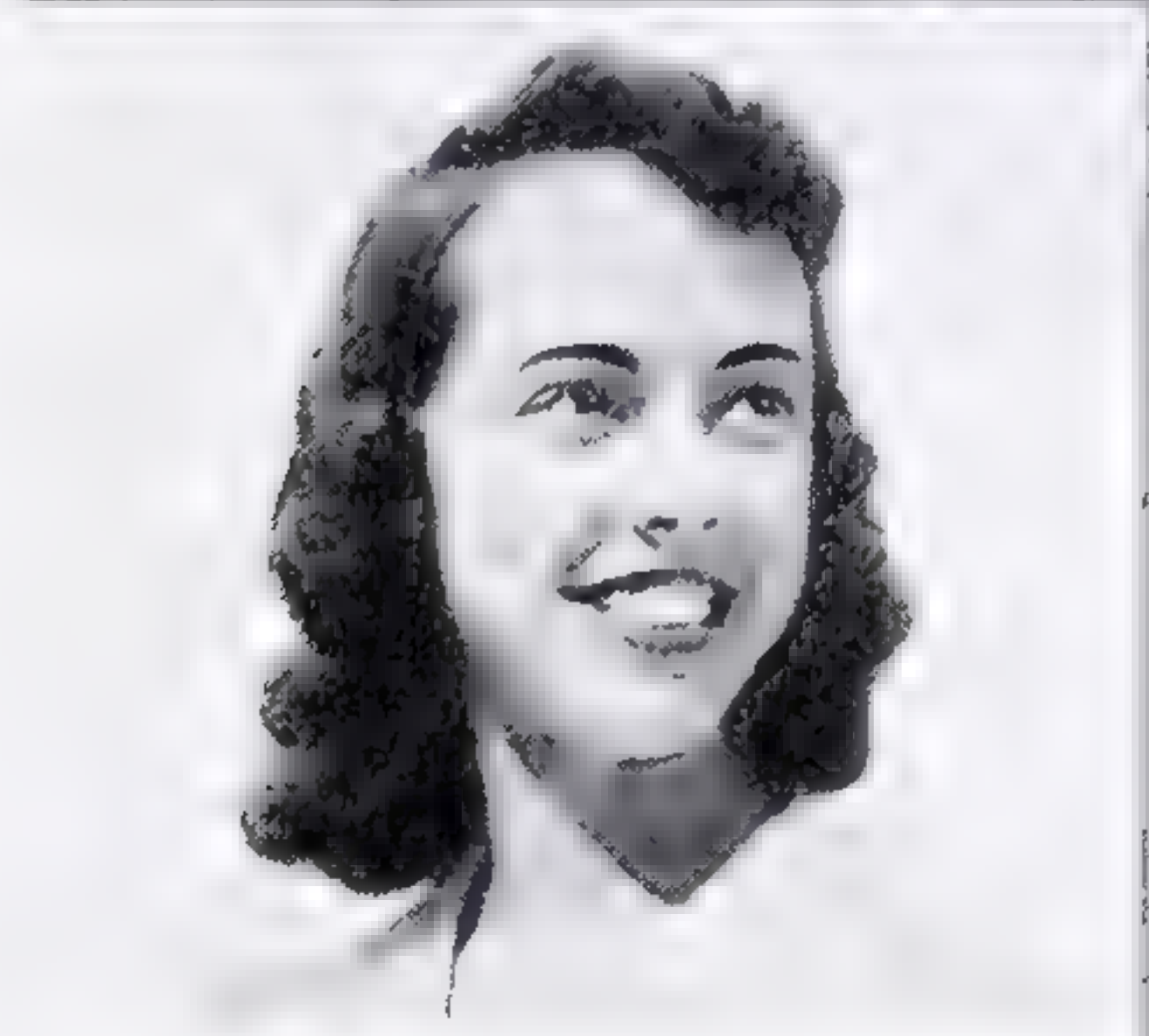
Schoolgirl Complexion Look!



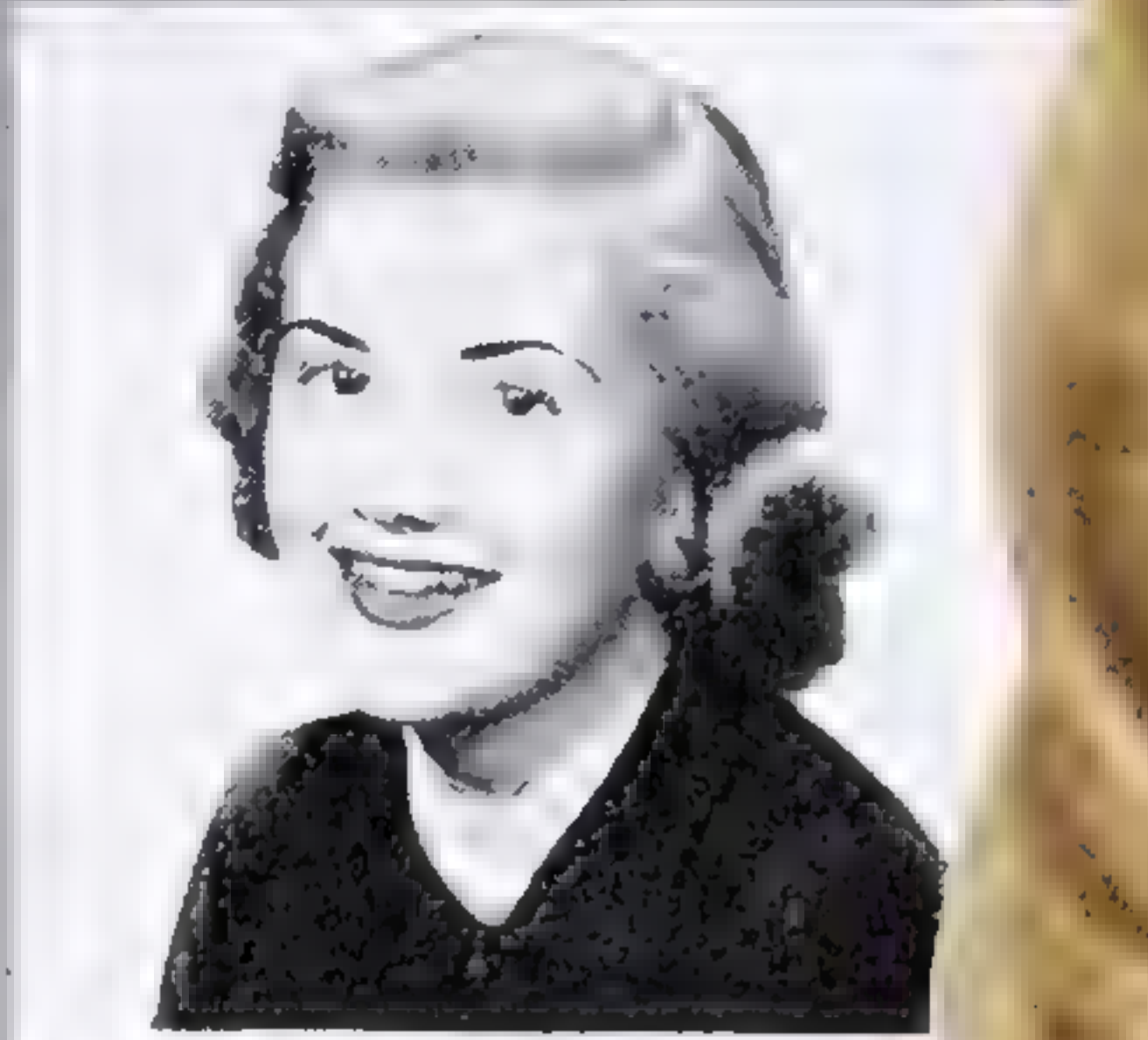
Betty Kreuscher, Pasadena City College. Betty says: "A mild soap is a 'must'—and Palmolive is 100% mild!"



Mariette Schemmer, University City H. S., St. Louis, says: "Palmolive's 100% mild, fragrant lather feels so good!"



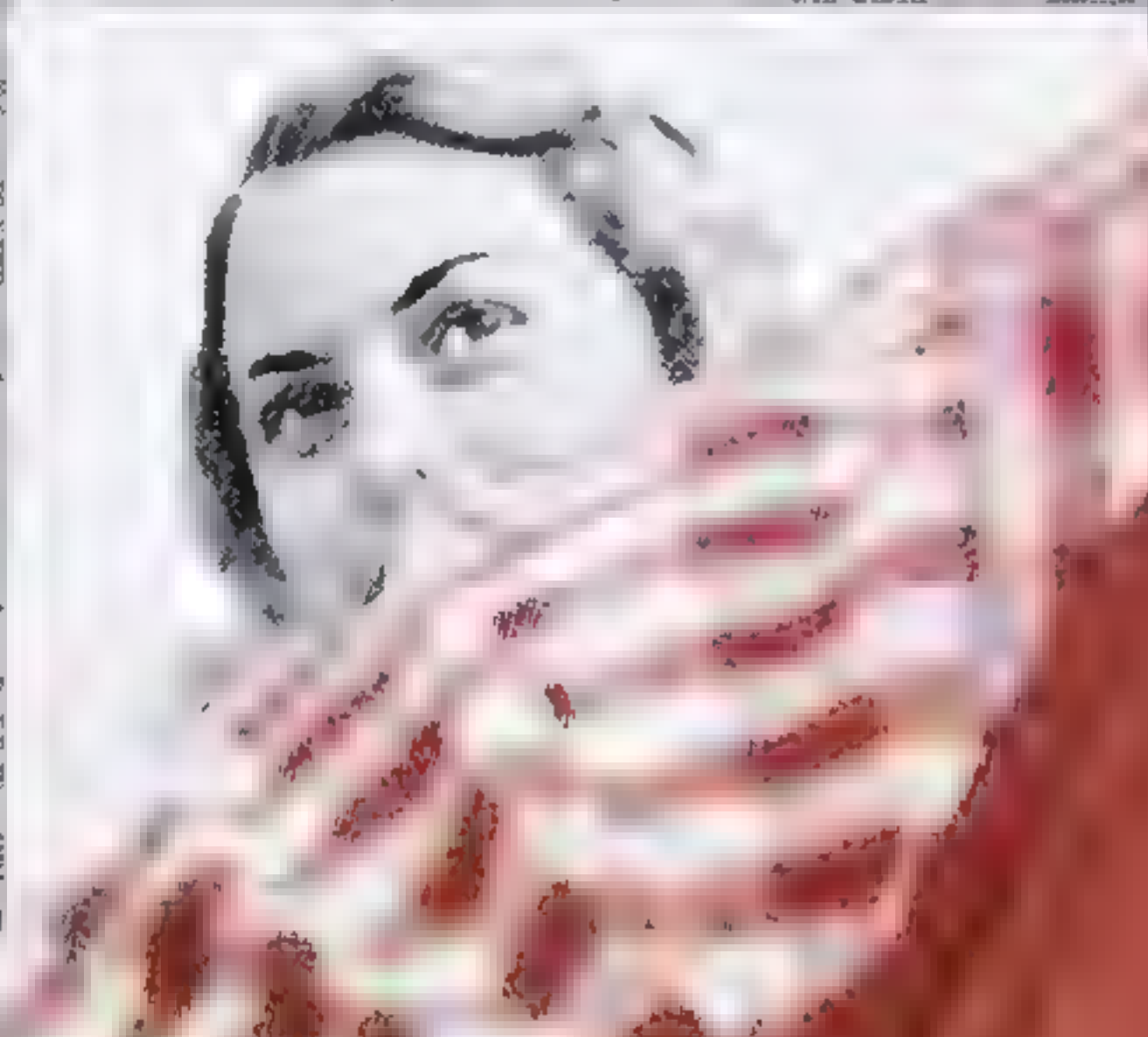
Joan Ryba of Rice Inst. says: "To help keep my skin fresh and radiant I rely on 100% mild Palmolive."



Ann Allen of S.M.U. says: "I love the way my skin feels after using Palmolive . . . so much fresher and softer."



Marilyn King of Sargent College says: "Palmolive gives me everything I need for gentle beauty care."



Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care" With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Yes, Softer, Smoother Skin—that Schoolgirl Complexion Look—most women can have it within 14 days. 36 leading skin specialists have proved it in actual tests on twelve hundred and eighty-five women. What's more, these doctors found that Palmolive's Beauty Plan is *unquestionably* better for your skin than "just average care" with any leading toilet soap.

So don't lose another day! Change to Palmolive's Beauty Plan . . . massage Palmolive's 100% mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds, 3 times a day. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat dry. In 14 days or less, you can have softer, smoother and brighter skin. Yes, Palmolive Soap brings out beauty while it cleans your skin!

*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.

Nature's Chlorophyll*



Is In Every Cake
Of Palmolive Soap . . .
That's What Makes
Palmolive Green!



100% MILD! DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE BRINGS OUT BEAUTY WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!

Wildroot Gleam Girl, Millie Lou Wellborn of Fort Belvoir, Virginia says: "Lady Wildroot Shampoo is especially wonderful for blonde hair like mine. It gets it smooth and soft and brings out glowing, golden highlights."

**Put that
\$100 gleam
in your
hair!**

Lady Wildroot shampoo

Here are three more winners in Wildroot's nationwide Model Hunt! They all have something wonderful in common—radiant, shining hair they *keep* beautiful with Lady Wildroot Shampoo. How about *your* hair? Would it make you eligible for Wildroot's Model Hunt? Take a tip from these girls (none are professional models). Start using Lady Wildroot Shampoo with Lanolin today. Watch how the soapless suds froth up instantly! See the sparkle, shining highlights, the smooth softness come out in *your* hair! You'll be a Wildroot girl, too—once you've used this sudsy, sweet-smelling shampoo!

Wildroot Gleam Girl, Joan Thacker of Riverside, Illinois says: "Lady Wildroot leaves my hair so easy to manage—even right after a shampoo. I love its quick suds—and the way they rinse away without leaving dull film."

Wildroot Gleam Girl, Jane Lynn Hutton of Metuchen, New Jersey says: "Mommy always washes my hair with Lady Wildroot Shampoo. She says it's gentle—but really gets hair clean and shiny."

You can win \$100 too!

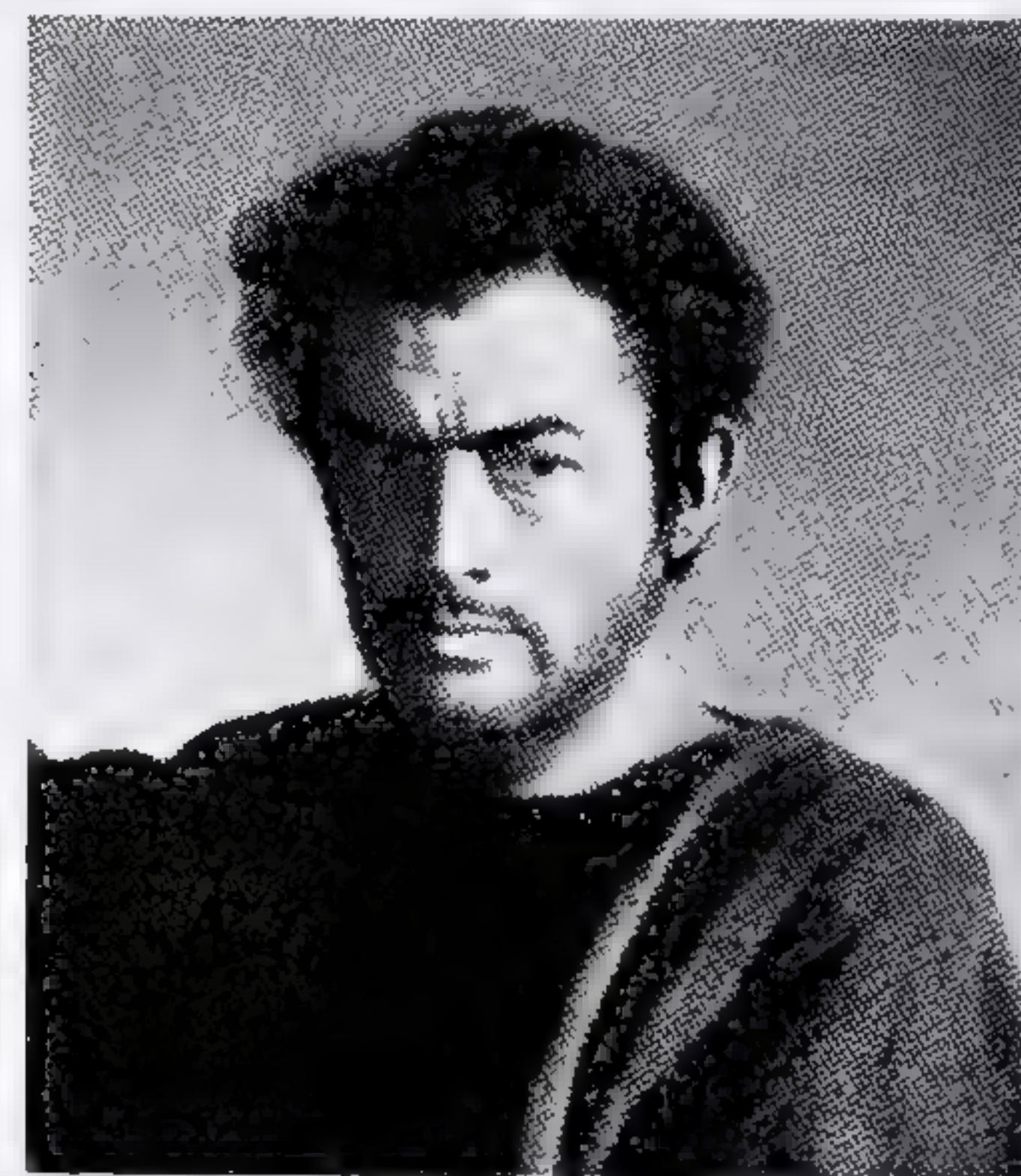
Send a snapshot or photo (not larger than 8x10 inches) showing your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture. If your photo is chosen, Wildroot will pay you \$100 and your portrait may be painted by a famous artist and used in a Wildroot ad. Judges will be a New York artist and an art director, whose decisions are final. No photos returned. Offer good 60 days from the appearance of this magazine only. Send in your photo today.

Lady Wildroot shampoo
gleams your hair—leaves it squeekie clean



IT REALLY HAPPENED

BY HENRY KING



Desert vision: Gregory Peck

HERE IS a Hollywood true story which Hollywood itself would never bring to the screen.

The reason is that if this incident turned up in a script, someone up at the top would knock it out as being so improbable as to be unbelievable.

We were out in the southwest desert country making "David and Bathsheba." There, we had built a reconstruction of Biblical Jerusalem, and I must say that from a distance it certainly gave the effect of a city suddenly risen from the desert.

To understand this little incident, you have to understand a couple of things about Gregory Peck:

In the first place, he's always on the side of the underdog. If Peck thinks someone is being abused or picked on, he does something about it.

There is another thing about Greg—he loves anything that gets him out-of-doors. And he likes to walk alone.

It was our first day of shooting.

Greg was made up and in his costume even before dawn, and the first light of day found him strolling over the scrubby dunes, concentrating on his lines.

He topped a little rise and came on a desert prospector who was in the act of breaking up his over-night camp.

The first thing Greg heard was a lot of spirited cussing.

The prospector was typically "grizzled." He could have come right over from Central Casting, he was so perfect for his part. He'd strapped his entire camping outfit onto the sagging back of one small burro and was trying to prod the poor animal into moving.

If there is one thing Peck can't stand.

it's seeing anyone abuse an animal. Greg was standing on this little hillock with his back to the rising sun. The old man hadn't seen him yet. When the prospector kicked the burro, Peck thundered:

"Stop that!"

The old man wheeled around, yelling: "You mind yore own G-- . . .!"

The words died in his throat.

His eyes widened. He gulped, and seemed to pale. Slowly he removed his hat, bowed his head for a moment, and then looked up in awe.

"Yes . . . Sir," the prospector swallowed hard. "I'm sorry I done it, Sir."

It was at this point that Peck suddenly remembered he was dressed in Biblical robes for his role of *David*. Standing there, with the first slanting rays at his back, he was an impressive figure.

Apparently, the prospector thought he was being addressed by one of the Biblical Kings.

Peck is not a fellow who would deliberately impersonate anyone, but—

The opportunity was too good to miss. No actor living could resist that tempting situation.

"Go your way," Peck said, dramatically raising an arm and pointing off to nowhere in particular, "and sin no more!"

"Yes, Your—Your," the old man mumbled.

"And don't ever kick that donkey again . . ."

"No, Sir, I shore won't . . ."

The old man was goggle-eyed when he topped the rise and saw our Biblical city below him.

"The Holy City!" he murmured.

"Yes," Peck asserted in inspiring tones, "but this is the last time you'll see it, if I ever catch you abusing an animal again!"

"I shore won't," the old man said fervently. Then he stopped, turned around and removed his hat once more.

"There's one thing I'd like to ask." He was humble.

"Would you mind giving me yore autygraph? I seen you in that airyplane pitcher and you were shore good!"

Peck relaxed and grinned. "You bet," he said, "but that still goes about not kicking the burro!"

"And how's about speaking to the director about gettin' me a few days' extra work?" the old prospector added with a twinkle.

And that's how come you saw a sly old guy with a gleam in his eye in mob scenes in "David and Bathsheba."

(Henry King, who wrote the above incident, directed "David and Bathsheba." More recently, he directed Greg again in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro.")

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"I went to the Conover School to improve my appearance," says Miss Williams. "After all, as a secretary in an all-boys school, I had to look my best every second! Miss Jones taught me *wholesome* skin-care. She told me to use Cashmere Bouquet Soap because it's such a *natural* way to a softer, smoother-looking complexion. I love the fragrance of its mild, gentle lather. And it leaves a fresh glow no make-up can match!

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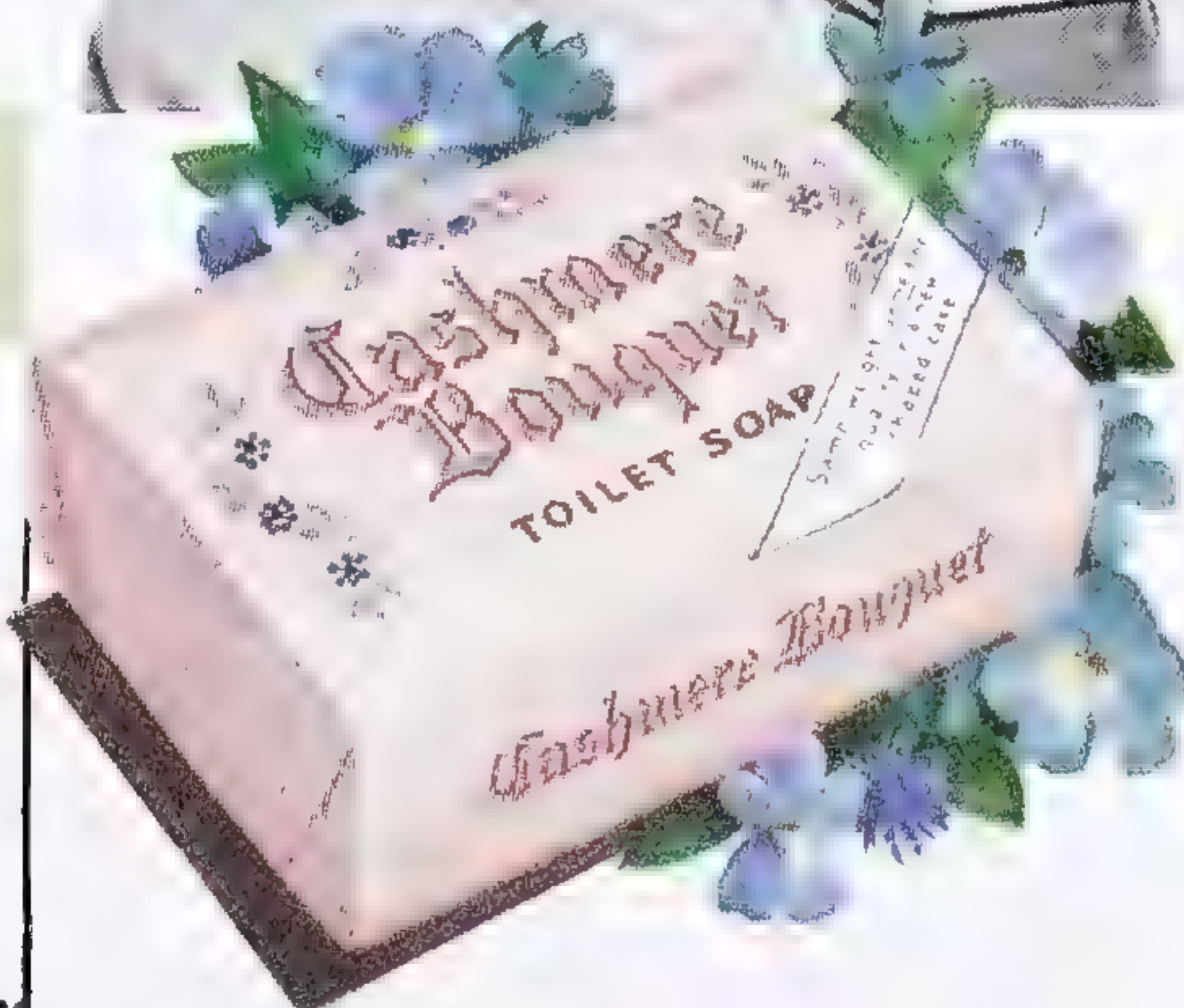
Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)



Here Are Candy Jones' Personal Beauty Tips for You!

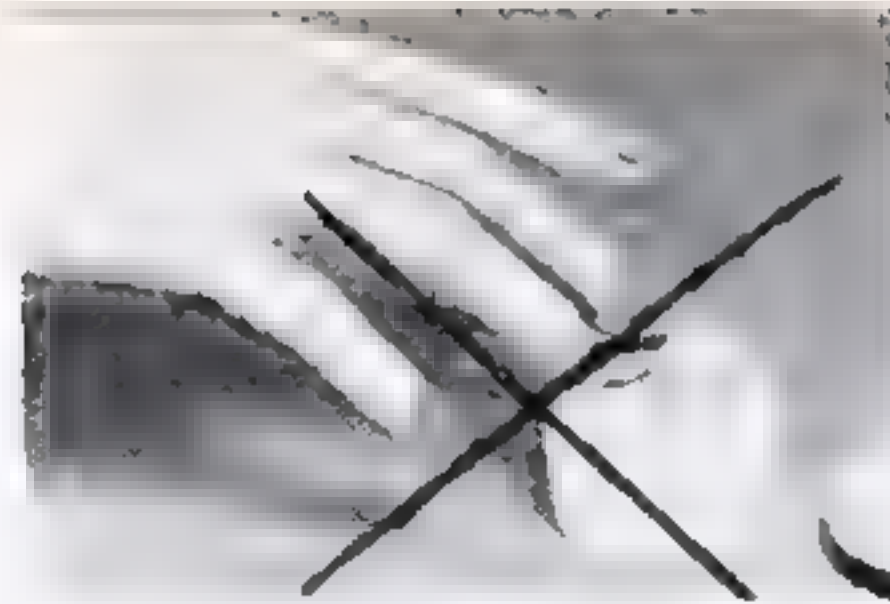
1. Glamorize your legs the Hollywood way! Sponge on cake make-up . . . use a second, darker coat over too-fleshy areas. Your legs will look beautiful under your stockings!
2. Check your complexion under bright sunlight. If you don't like what you see, faithfully beauty-cleanse twice a day with Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

More later, *Candy*





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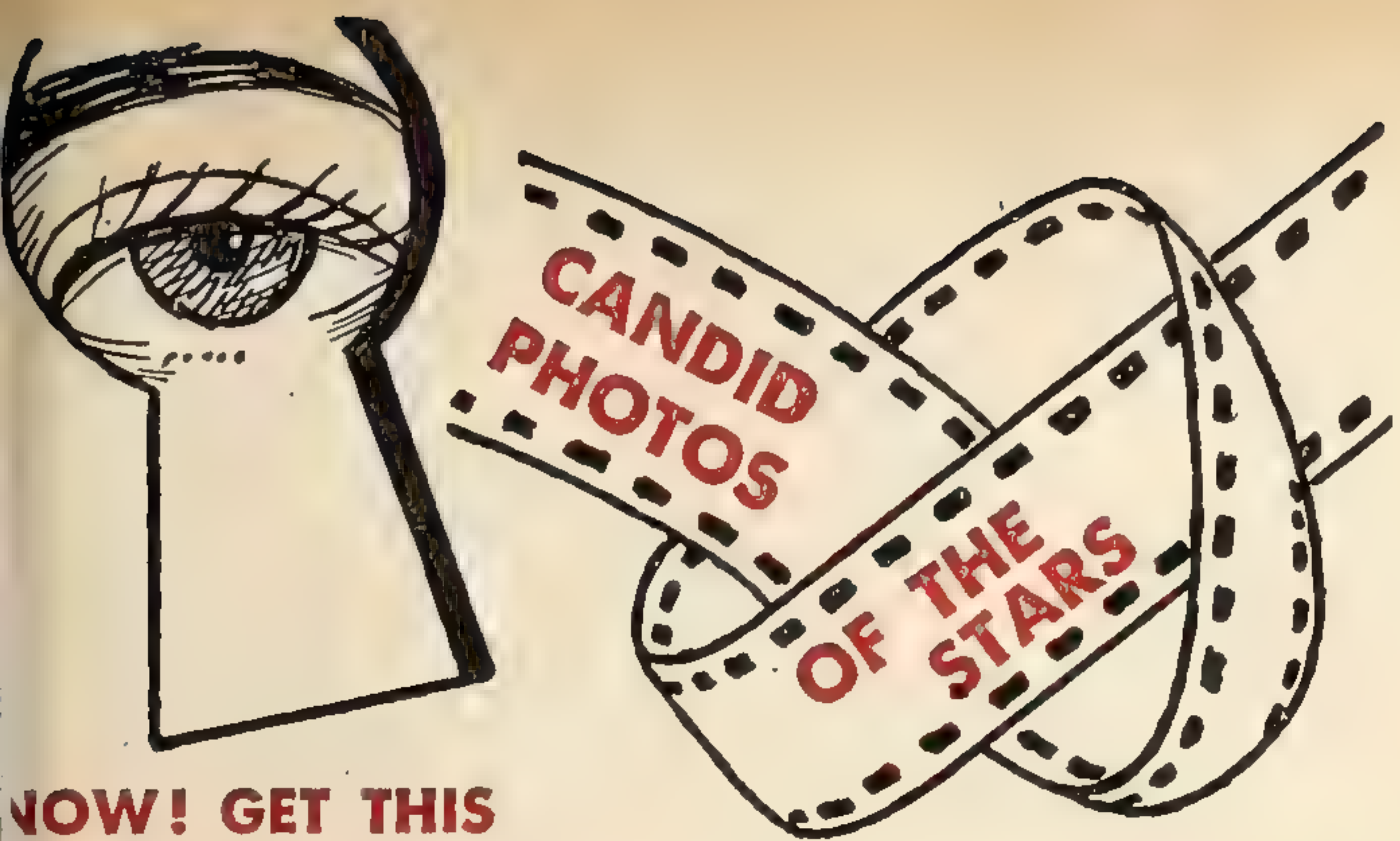


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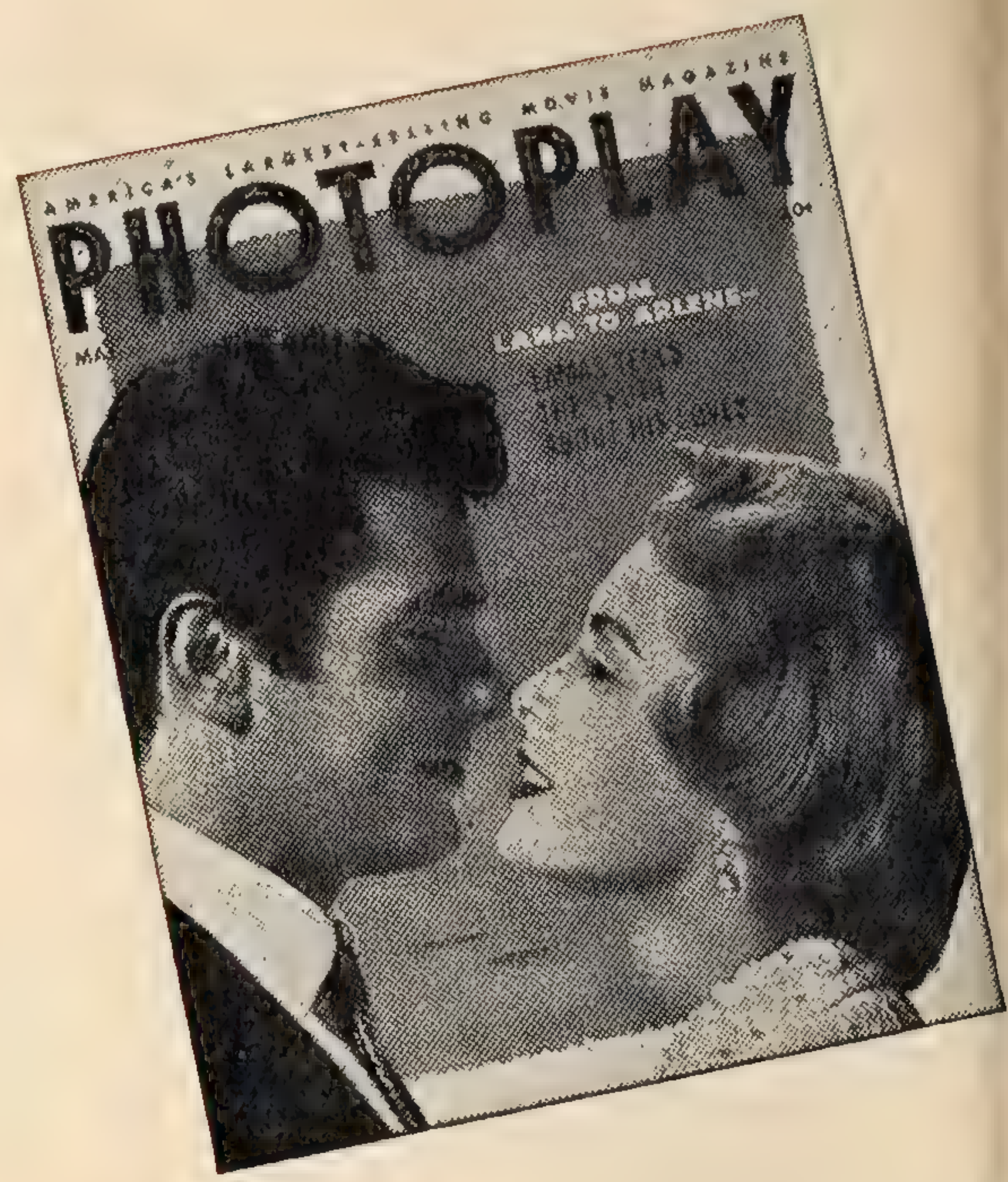
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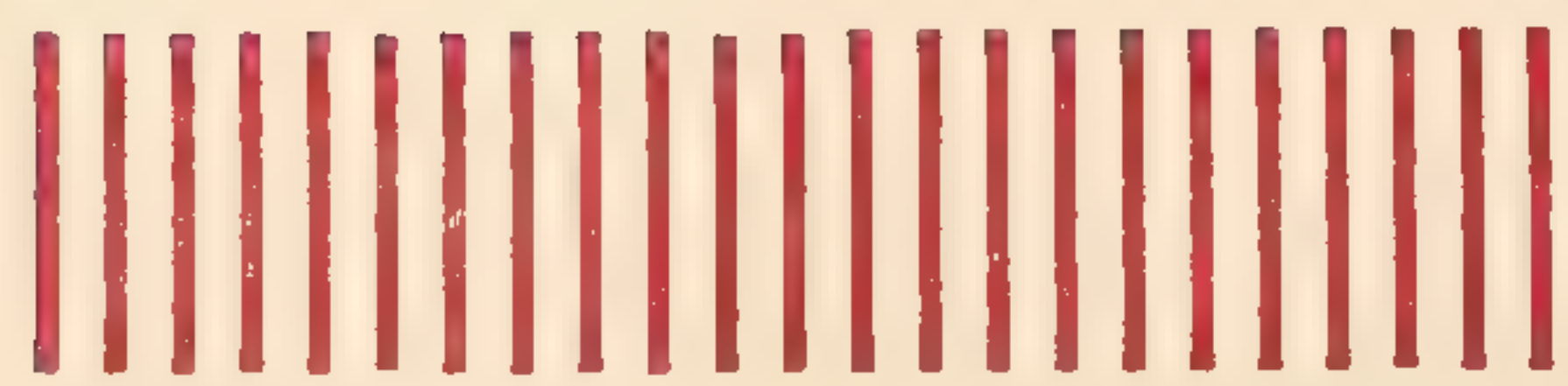
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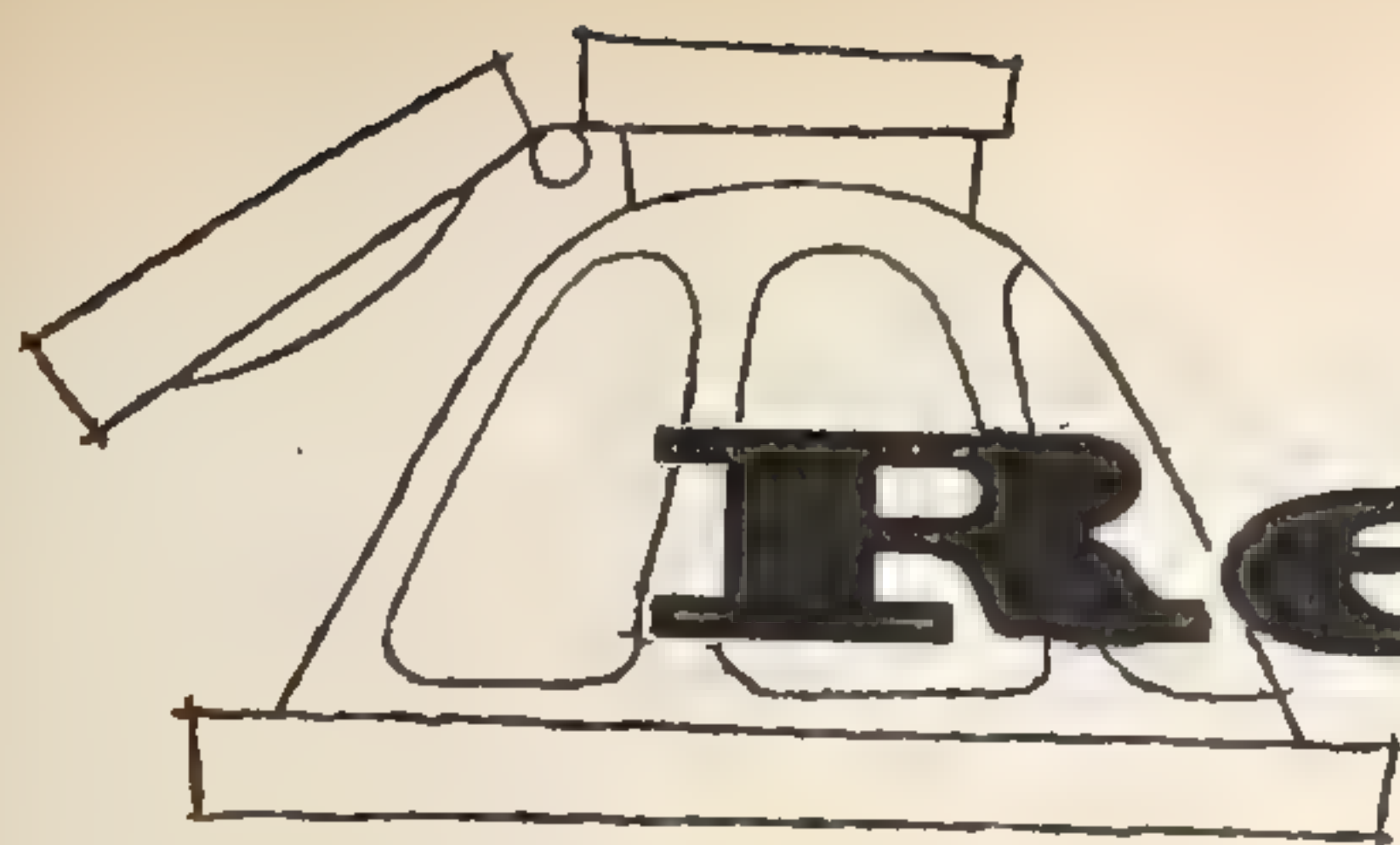
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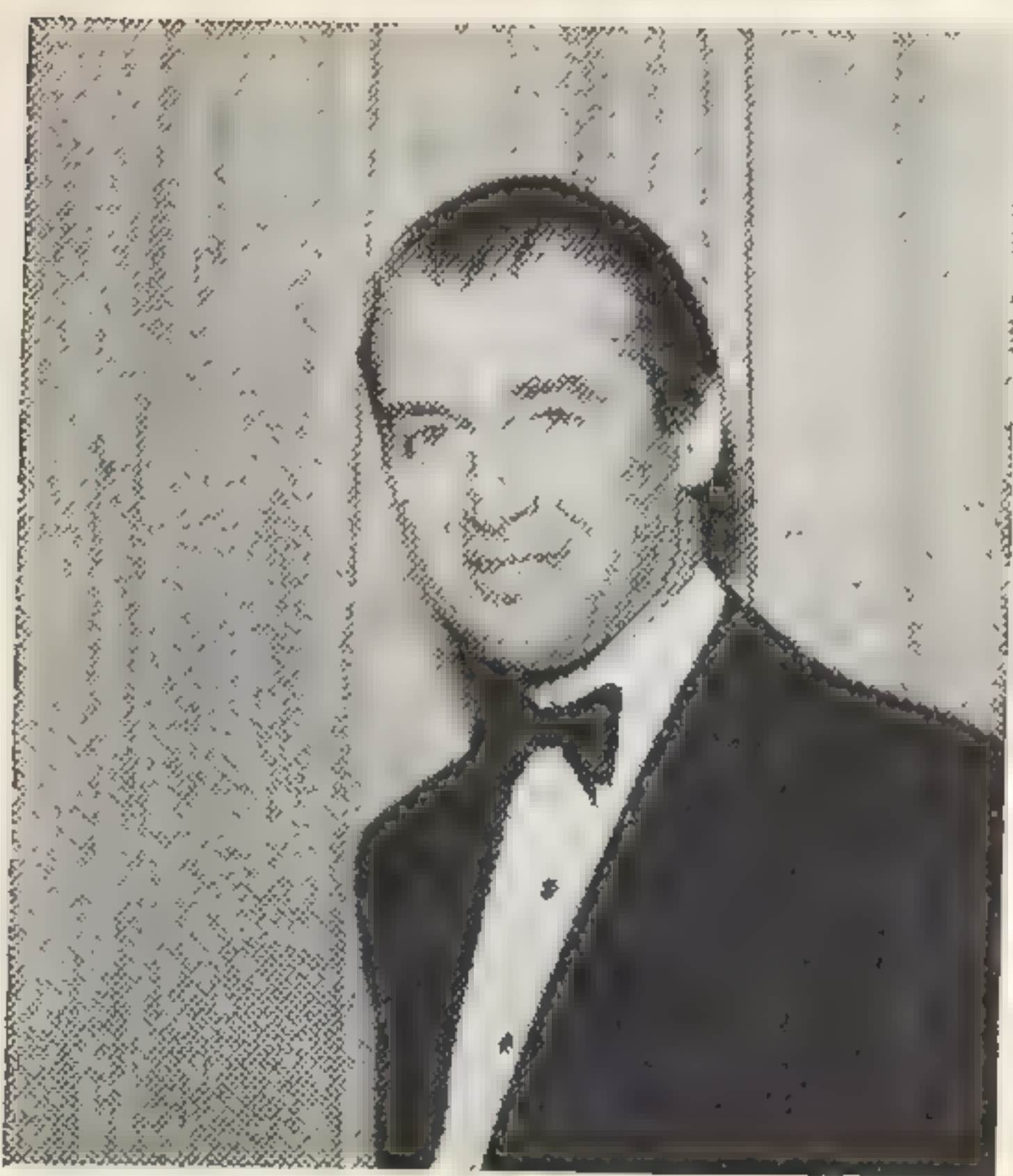
Readers Inc. . . .

Address letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Much as we would like to, we cannot promise to publish, return or reply to all letters

SOAP BOX:

In your last issue . . . Phyllis Durnon said that Esther Williams was going "sexy" on movie fans. Such a statement is like stepping on my toes . . . (Not that she couldn't be sexy if she wanted to.) I don't think we'll ever see the day when she puffs on cigars or has pictures taken where her mouth hangs open in a half-awake manner . . . she's a down-to-earth person, has a fine husband and two handsome little sons.

LEE ANDERSEN
Minneapolis, Minnesota



Nice guy, that Jimmy Stewart!

I say three cheers for Jimmy Stewart. A few days ago, Jimmy made a personal appearance here in Denver for "The Naked Spur." After the show, the ones who went to the stage door to watch him leave were lucky to have him shake our hand . . . a swell guy!

ROBERTA GEIS
Denver, Colorado

Cheers for two of the most wonderful guys in Hollywood, Rory Calhoun and Bob Wagner.

We went to the studio to see the broadcast of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award picture, "With a Song in My Heart," on Lux Radio Theatre . . . went backstage to get autographs. All the stars were hurrying to go to the Beverly Hills Hotel for the award dinner. But . . . Bob and Rory stayed for a half hour and gave autographs to everyone . . . We never met two nicer guys . . .

JEAN BURKIN, SHARON GELDMAN
Los Angeles, California

. . . It's ridiculous the way Hollywood goes on about the non-existing "accent" of all Southerners. We *certainly don't* refer to individuals as "you-all." Our speech is just softer and more civilized than gushy Californians' or sharp-voiced Northerners'. In "Belles on Their Toes" and "Bloodhounds of Broadway," they made us sound like hicks.

JANE HARPER
Anderson, South Carolina

I am a jeep driver over here in Korea and I read the story of Piper Laurie in January's

issue. What I would like to know is who does that guy named Rick think he is? . . . he better open his eyes or go see an eye doctor . . .

VINCENT F. PORZIO
Cliffside Park, New Jersey

After reading your February issue, we, the members of the 187th Airborne Regimental Combat Team, wish to express our opinions and answers to your article, "Are Actors Sissies?"! We would like to know what makes Victor Mature so rugged and tough just because he wears unmatched socks and goes out with his "men friends." Can't he afford matched socks and what's wrong with women for companionship?

We are certain the remainder of the "rough-tough" actors would make fine infantrymen over here in Korea . . . All we ask is that we be permitted to train them—under fire! . . . we take off our jump helmets in tribute to John Derek, a fellow-paratrooper and a great actor!
THE MEMBERS OF THE 187TH ABN. R.C.T.
c/o P.M., San Francisco, California

Open Letter to Zsa Zsa Gabor:

Congratulations! You have proved . . . that you are a real human being for . . . giving Lou Sullivan a good, red-hot reply to his criticism . . . Instead of haughtily ignoring the insult and pretending to be "too big" for a reply—you answered.

Your acting may still be unproved—but I, for one, think you are very pretty. As for your accent—well—with or without it you are the best thing since Carole Lombard. You are the combination of an intelligent woman and a lovable screwball . . .

JANE MATHIS
Tulsa, Oklahoma

What do you guys in Hollywood think you are anyway, Shakespeare? Filming all those tragedies! "The Heiress" and "A Place in the Sun"—both Monty Clift pictures—ruined my estimation of him. Today I saw "Angel Face" with Bob Mitchum. It ended the worst of all. Please no more tragedies!

DARLENE GLEN
Boise, Idaho

Three cheers for Hedda Hopper as usual! Her article in March PHOTOPLAY was really hitting a big nail on the head. The stars such as Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner, Ava Gardner and Mario Lanza can quit movies altogether today and it won't be too soon . . .

CAROL K. MARTIN
Beaumont, Virginia

Have just read "Marilyn Monroe Was My Wife" by James Dougherty, and honestly, it was *wonderful*! I cried all through the story because it was so heartwarming. If Marilyn is still like that today (and I believe she really is), she must be a wonderful person.

MRS. L. M. DENNIS
Birmingham, Alabama

I have just had the dubious pleasure of witnessing a showing of . . . the first full-length feature . . . in 3-D, "Bwana Devil." . . . Even 3-D couldn't save this one . . . Give us good

pictures—interesting pictures—such as "The Bad and the Beautiful" and "Come Back, Little Sheba." An interesting story, well-acted, and the flatties will outsell any gimmick, 3-D or otherwise.

KATRIN KRANSTON
New York, New York

CASTING:

I think they should put Scott Brady in more Western shows. I saw "Untamed Frontier" . . . he was wonderful. He's cuter than Dale Robertson and Audie Murphy put together.

MARTHA PETERSON
Rolla, North Dakota

Why do they always put Audie Murphy in Westerns? He would have many more fans if they starred him in a love story . . .

CAROL MENOWITZ
Brooklyn, New York

. . . I think that Frank Yerby's book, "Pride's Castle," would make a terrific movie with Gregory Peck as *Pride Dawson*, Ann Blyth or June Allyson or Pier Angeli as *Sharon*, Lana Turner as *Esther*, Anne Francis as *Caprice* and Rita Gam as *Lilith*.

DEE ONDREJCEK
Newark, New Jersey

. . . wondering why the studios don't team Steve Cochran and Marilyn Monroe in a good mystery . . . they would be a terrific combination.

MRS. J. C. BOLLER
Gridley, California



Give Liz an Oscar break

. . . Let's see Liz Taylor in some great drama that could win her an Oscar, like say the remake of "Gone With the Wind." Monty Clift would be a great *Rhett Butler* . . .

MARTIN WINKLER
Morristown, New Jersey

Why doesn't some studio make a film of Samuel Shellabarger's novel, "The King's Cavalier"? . . . Craig Hill and Janet Leigh would be perfect . . .

BARBARA HAMILTON
Washington, D. C.

(Continued on page 14)

Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo
tonight—tomorrow your hair
will be sunshine bright!

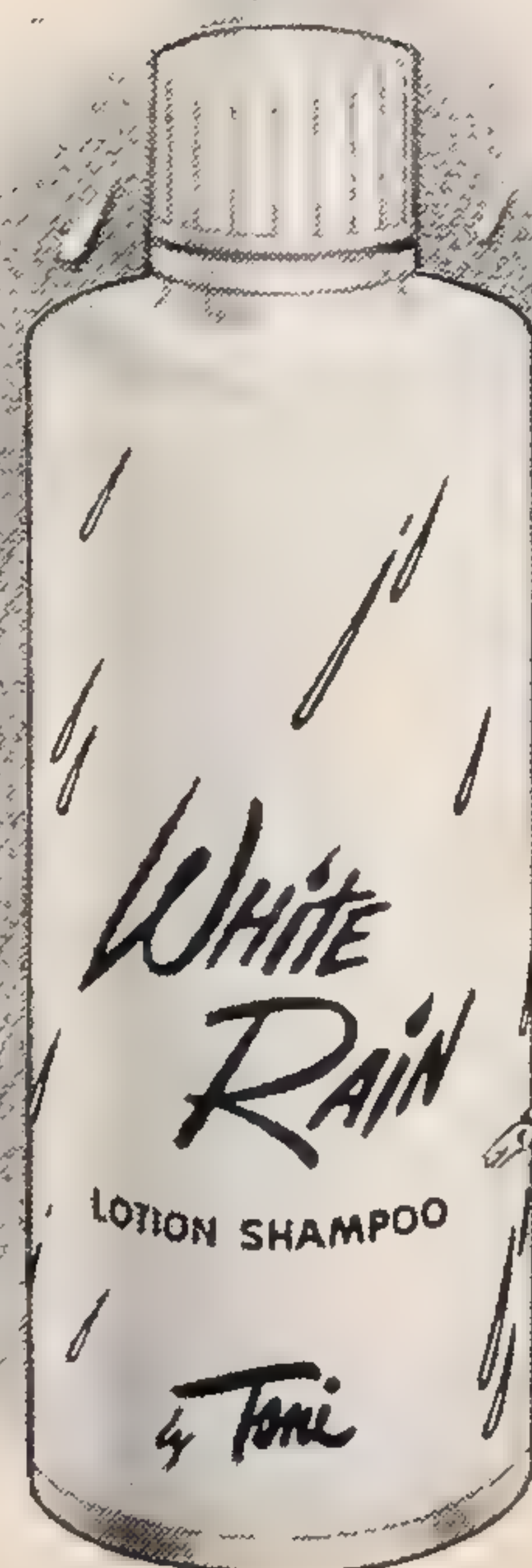


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CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

WHITE RAIN

Fabulous New
Lotion Shampoo by Toni



Readers Inc...

(Continued from page 13)

I read in the paper recently where Director Victor Saville is looking for a *Mike Hammer* for the screen version of "I, the Jury" by Mickey Spillane . . . I would like to see Barry Sullivan . . . and for the beautiful *Charlotte Manning* none other than Marilyn Monroe. . .

MRS. YOST HAGG
Abingdon, Virginia

. . . Wendell Corey . . . has one quality which should be put to good use . . . The resemblance to Abraham Lincoln . . .

Besides having more than the necessary ability to portray Mr. Lincoln . . . Mr. Corey is appropriately long and lanky (6'2") and his deep voice could make the word tooth paste sound like a call to arms . . .

ELEANOR V. MACKAY
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Recently I read that M-G-M was going to make the Broadway hit, "Carousel" . . . and that Mario Lanza was mentioned for the top role. I certainly don't think he should play the



Lanza wrong?



Keel right?

lead . . . the only one . . . is Howard Keel. He's got the looks, talent and a great personality . . .

ROBERT BOURGEOIS
Manchester, New Hampshire

. . . Why not—William Holden in the movie based on "The Caine Mutiny"? . . .

DONALD WARREN
Jersey City, New Jersey

QUESTION BOX:

I have always liked Richard Long . . . Could you please tell me what his latest picture is? Where could I send for a picture of him?

FAYE DRYDEN
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Write him c/o U.I. where he's returned after a hitch in service. His first film under new contract: "All I Desire."—ED.

Just saw "Breaking the Sound Barrier." . . . the name of the girl who played *Jess Peel*. Think she was in "Ivory Hunter" too.

MARGE WOLF
Chicago, Illinois

That was Dinah Sheridan, one of England's top actresses.—ED.

Does Forrest Tucker hail from Michigan? Is he Forrest Evashewski, the football star? . . .

DOROTHY JEWELL
Detroit, Michigan

(Continued on page 16)

Six-feet-four of fighting man -to tame a wildcat beauty!

Explosive intrigue engulfing a reckless love
made desperate by
danger!



DAVID E. ROSE presents

YVONNE ROCK
DE CARLO • HUDSON • MAXWELL REED

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Produced by DAVID E. ROSE • Directed by RAOUL WALSH

Screenplay by BORDEN CHASE • A CORONADO PRODUCTION • Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.



(Continued from page 14)

No. Forrest Tucker is his real name and he was born in Plainfield, Indiana. He made his screen debut in "The Westerner."—ED.

I have been wondering . . . What does the little note under the color pictures mean?
JEANNETTE FRISCH
Mattoon, Illinois

That's the photographer's name.—ED.

I would like to know if Jeanne Crain has ever been married to Errol Flynn.
K. CARPENTER
Baltimore, Maryland

No, but her husband, Paul Brinkman, resembles Errol Flynn.—ED.

. . . who co-starred with Bob Hope in "The Lemon Drop Kid"? . . . did Jane Russell dye her hair blonde for "Montana Belle"?
BARBARA KRIEPS
Santa Monica, California

Marilyn Maxwell was in "The Lemon Drop Kid." In "Montana Belle," Jane Russell wore a blonde wig as a disguise.—ED.

. . . is Bill Reynolds, who was in . . . "Mississippi Gambler" Debbie Reynolds' brother?
PAULINE ARTHUR
Phoenix, Arizona

No, but she has a brother Bill, who's now in the United States Army.—ED.

. . . please give me some information on William Bishop? How old is he, is he married, and at what studio can he be reached?
BETTY SCHAAF
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

He is thirty-four, is unmarried, and at present is not under contract.—ED.



Keith Larsen



William Bishop

I have seen the picture "Flat Top" and would like to know who played Barney Smith . . .
BARBARA JEAN OLBIE
Amsterdam, New York

That was Keith Larsen, recently signed by Allied Artists. Watch for him in his first starrer, "The Son of Belle Starr."—ED.

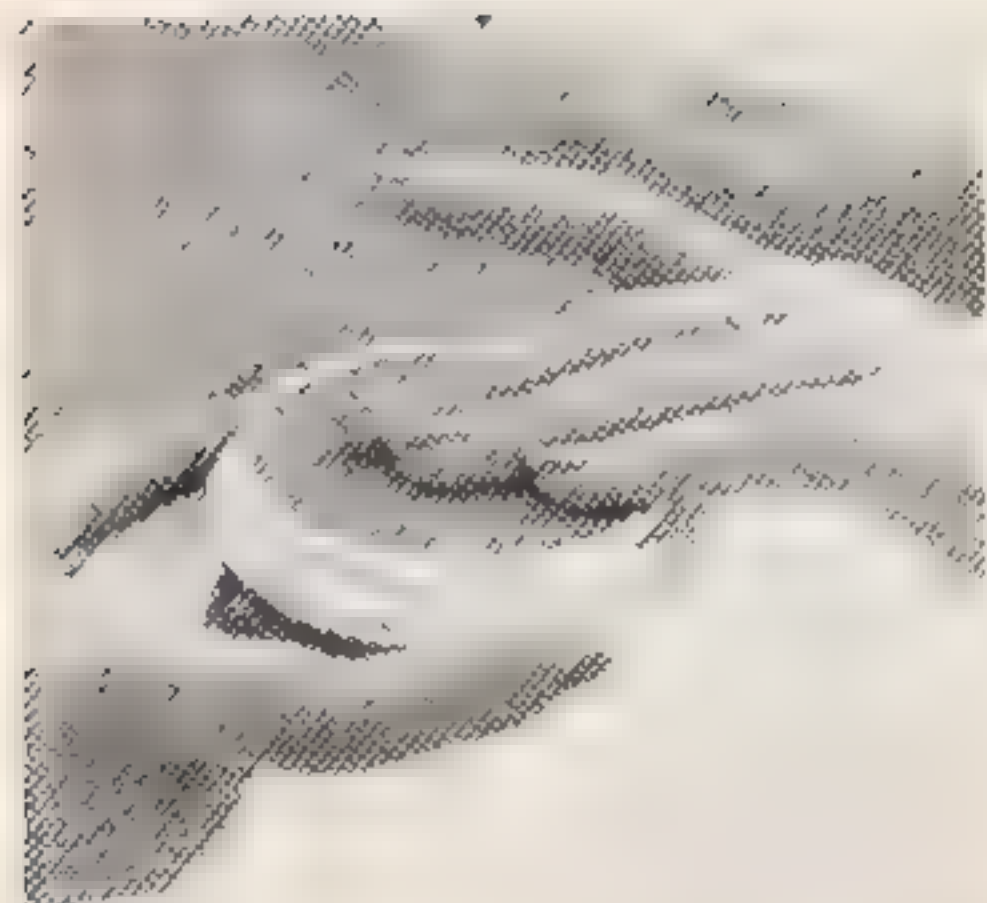
. . . Was the son of Gilbert Roland in "Apache War Smoke" Charlton Heston?
DOLORES OLIVER
Chatham, Massachusetts

No, that was M-G-M's Robert Horton.—ED.

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Rub your finger-tips lightly over creamy Magic Touch. Then with gentle strokes, smooth it on face and throat, beginning with forehead. Replenish the cream on fingertips as needed. No clumsy sponge or puff, no liquid to drip or bottle to leak, no powder to spill.



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Hedy Lamarr in a famous role. "If I find myself putting on weight," says Hedy, "the first thing I turn to is Ayds. I sincerely recommend it."



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Designed and
DIRECTED BY

WILLIAM CAMERON MENZIES

Screen
Play by

RICHARD BLAKE

An Edward L. Alperson Production
Released by 20th Century-Fox

Associate
Producer

EDWARD L. ALPERSON, JR.

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

with Janet Graves

CALL ME MADAM

20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR

The tuneful story of "The Hostess with the Mostes'" sweeps onto the screen as just about the cheeriest musical ever made, vibrant with irresistible personalities. Ethel Merman's warm self-assurance and matchless gift for selling songs make the lady ambassador a memorable figure, shrewd but susceptible, uncouth but knowing, wearing gorgeous costumes with an air. Donald O'Connor's next in line, playing her young press attaché with his unique blend of brashness and humility, his precise sense of rhythm. Sedate princess Vera-Ellen keeps step with him entrancingly in dancing numbers. But George Sanders is a real surprise. Heretofore a pretty chilly type, he eases into the film's good humor; his suave diplomat becomes a genuinely charming gent. Even the plot, about a tiny mythical country out for a U. S. loan, is as bouncy as the Berlin score.

Verdict: Lush, lovable, star-bright musical (Family)



Best Acting: Ethel Merman

"Can you use any money today?" Ethel asks George (with music)

MAN ON A TIGHTROPE

20TH CENTURY-FOX

Once upon a time, a small circus sneaked through the Iron Curtain to freedom. Here's a film inspired by that true incident, with a mixed flavor of fairy-tale and bitter reality. Fredric March, in a superb portrayal, is the harassed showman who quietly plans escape from the prying and bullying of Czechoslovakia's Reds. There are two love stories, both torrid. Gloria Grahame's at her most sensuous as March's second wife, abusing him for his apparent spinelessness. Terry Moore, as his daughter, and Cameron Mitchell, as a roustabout with a vague background, team in a spirited youthful romance. Minor roles are done with color and conviction—even the Communist heavies, notably Adolphe Menjou. As the getaway plot builds to its climax, the audience increasingly shares the desperate urge to breathe the free air across the border.

Verdict: Witty, picturesque triumph of suspense (Adult)



Best Direction: Elia Kazan
Best Acting: Fredric March

Fredric's paternal restrictions on romance leave Terry defiant

SALOME

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

The saga of the lady with the seven veils is in the tradition of the most successful Biblical-era films, providing spectacle, sex and inspirational values. Rita Hayworth affirms her rank as one of the screen's great beauties, though her Salome is more on the side of the angels than the gospel indicates. But the spare, powerful narrative of the Scriptures is expanded to generally good effect, as Christianity challenges a debauched court in a far corner of the Roman Empire. Playing a Roman convert, Stewart Granger is almost as handsome as Rita. Judith Anderson's Queen Herodias is convincingly ambition-ridden, and Charles Laughton makes King Herod evil and pitiable. Alan Badel's John the Baptist, however, has too much of the fanatic about it. Gaudy as it is, the movie's closer to the spirit of the story than earlier fictional treatments.

Verdict: Satisfying if superficial pageantry (Adult)

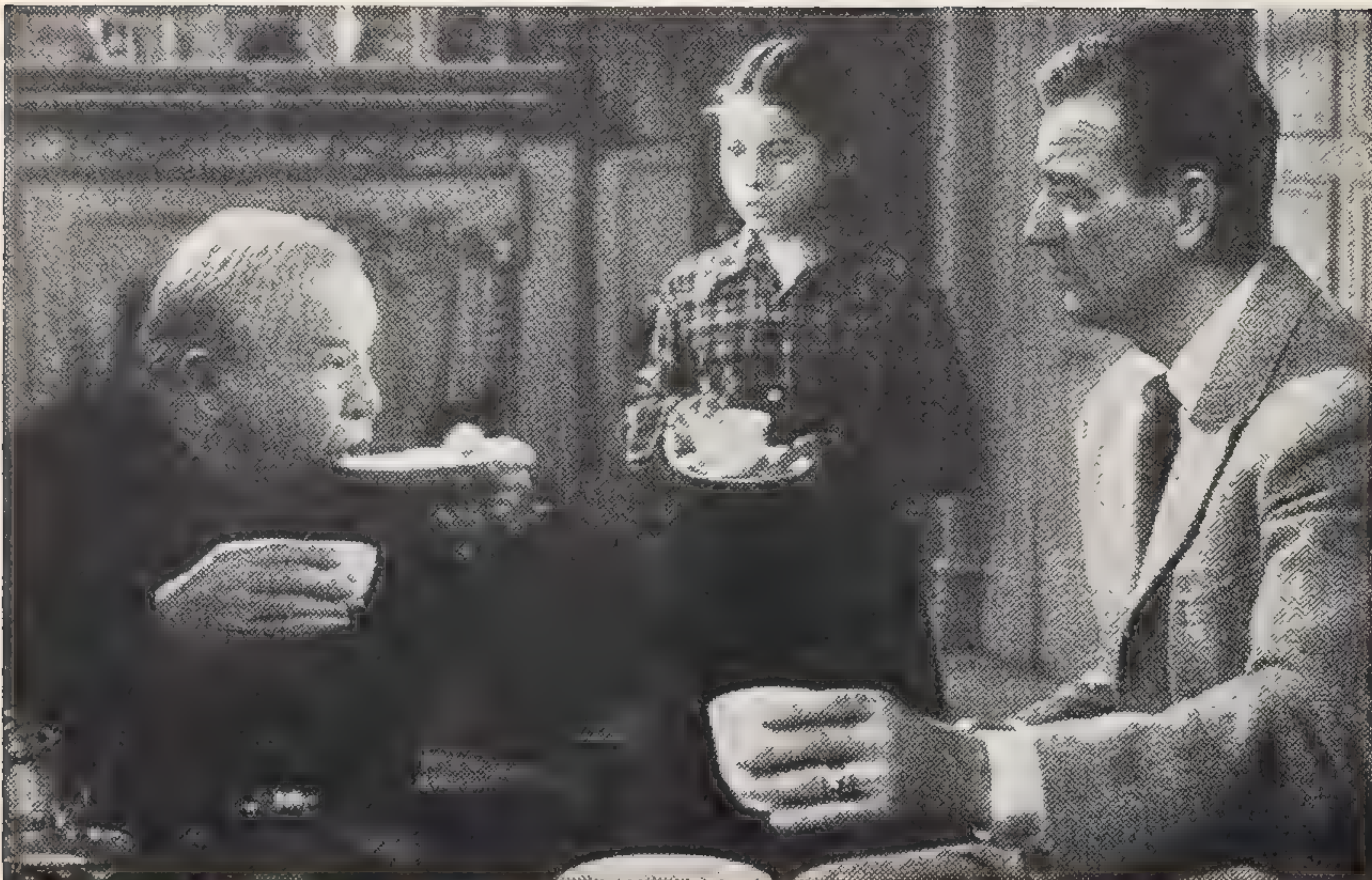


Through Stewart's love, Rita finally reaches a new way of life

More reviews on next page

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

continued



For John and daughter Sherry, Charles Coburn's a strange boss

TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY

WARNERS

Cross "Going My Way" with the yearly football epic, add a generous dash of humor, and you have this affable John Wayne movie. Charles Coburn gets his juiciest role in years as the long-time headmaster of a small Catholic college about to be closed for lack of funds. As in the Crosby film, these good fathers are very human beings, full of human crotchets. Wayne's an agreeably tough hero, a once-famous football coach blackballed because of a fondness for the bottle and a hazy sense of athletic ethics. The unworldly Coburn hires him to put the college on its feet with a winning team, and Wayne uses outrageously direct means to this end. Sherry Jackson, a forthright child actress, is the brightest part of a sub-plot involving Wayne's daughter, his selfish ex-wife (Marie Windsor) and the social worker (Donna Reed) checking on the child's welfare.

Verdict: Impudent comedy, appealing sentiment (Family)



Weird aircraft launched from flying saucers blast Los Angeles

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

Riding high on the crest of the current enthusiasm for science fiction comes a chiller that will have movie-goers nervously scanning the sky for flying saucers as they leave the theatre. We're targets of an imagined Martian invasion, starting in Southern California and then clutching at the rest of the earth. The people chiefly concerned are sketched lightly: scientist Gene Barry; his sweetheart, Ann Robinson; a general, Les Tremayne, who finds the U. S. Army's most potent weapons—even the atomic bomb!—are helpless against the invaders' superior gadgets. The cast plays second fiddle to the special-effects man. We get a good look at the awesome machines issuing from the space ships; the glances at the monstrous beings who run the machines are terrifyingly brief. Subtlety and documentary detail are missing, but the visual impact is strong.

Verdict: Good, horrible, fantastic(?) fun (Family)



Trapped by Steve in a ghost town, Jan and Keith remain gallant

SPLIT SECOND

RKO

Collect a few miscellaneous strangers; isolate them in a dangerous situation; and you have a time-tried formula for good melodrama. Tops in this group is the able, extremely attractive Keith Andes, as a reporter whose assignment is switched from the latest A-bomb trial to the prison break of some public enemies. In the western desert, Keith picks up a hitchhiker (Jan Sterling), a plucky gal who's been around. Both are captured by the fugitive-killer (Stephen McNally), whose loyal companion (Paul Kelly) was wounded in the escape. Other captives—an old prospector (Arthur Hunnicutt), a restless wife (Alexis Smith), her lover (Robert Paige) and, eventually, her doctor husband (Richard Egan)—are also trapped in the ghost town that's to be at the center of the bomb blast. Credit Dick Powell for a brisk, efficient debut as a director.

Verdict: Smart, up-to-the-minute action story (Family)

Reviews continued on page 22

Exciting!

Susan Hayward is glamour itself . . . with her titian hair, her blue-green eyes set in a heart-shaped face. Add a complexion of exquisite creaminess, and you know why Susan's fan mail is so high.

**"I've an easy way
to smoother skin"**

says Susan Hayward

**It's so simple . . . just a one-minute
Lux Soap facial can make your skin
enchantly softer, lovelier.**

What are glamour girls made of? Just look at Susan Hayward . . . at the exciting sparkle, the radiant freshness of her skin. This lovelier look can be yours—yes, take Susan's word for it! "I'm sure my simple Lux facials will work for every girl. This gentle care really smoothes and freshens skin."

Why is Hollywood's daily Lux facial such a perfect complexion care? Because it has a gentle toning action that wakes new smoothness . . . gives your skin fresh, sparkling appeal. And you'll see this lovelier look so quickly, too . . . with just one cake of Lux.

So try the beauty care that glamorous screen stars use—gentle, mild Lux Toilet Soap facials. This very week...Hollywood's Lux-lovely look can be yours!



Susan Hayward starring in "THE PRESIDENT'S LADY"
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION

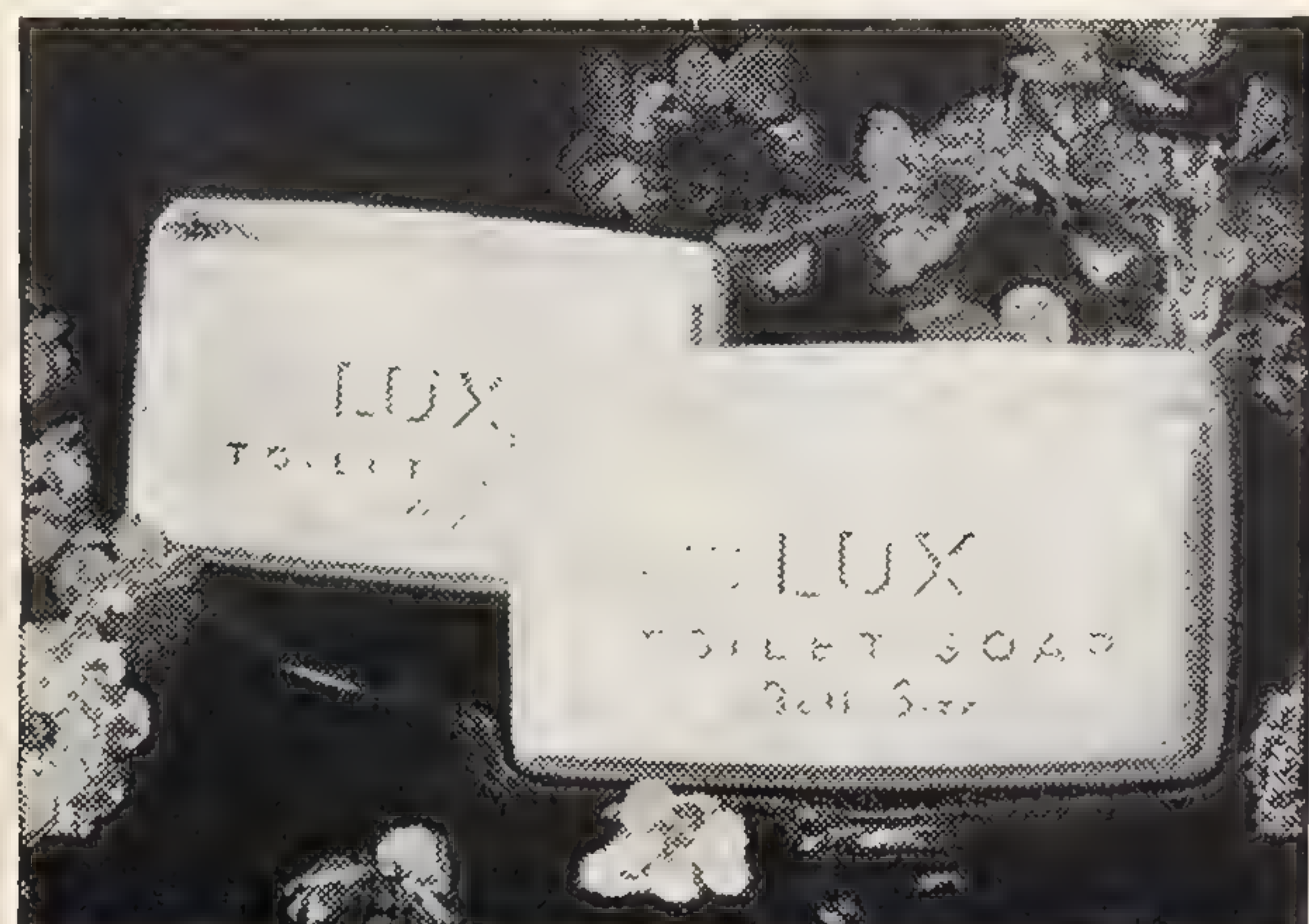
Susan lands a big one—maybe because she's such a beautiful fisherman. Susan says, "With daily Lux facials, your skin always looks its loveliest."



"Lux facials are a joy . . . they're so easy. I cream in the gentle lather . . . rinse warm, splash cold...and right away my skin responds . . . looks smoother."



9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux. This gentle beauty care is guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company to improve any normal skin or your money refunded. Try Lux beauty baths, too, for all-over loveliness.



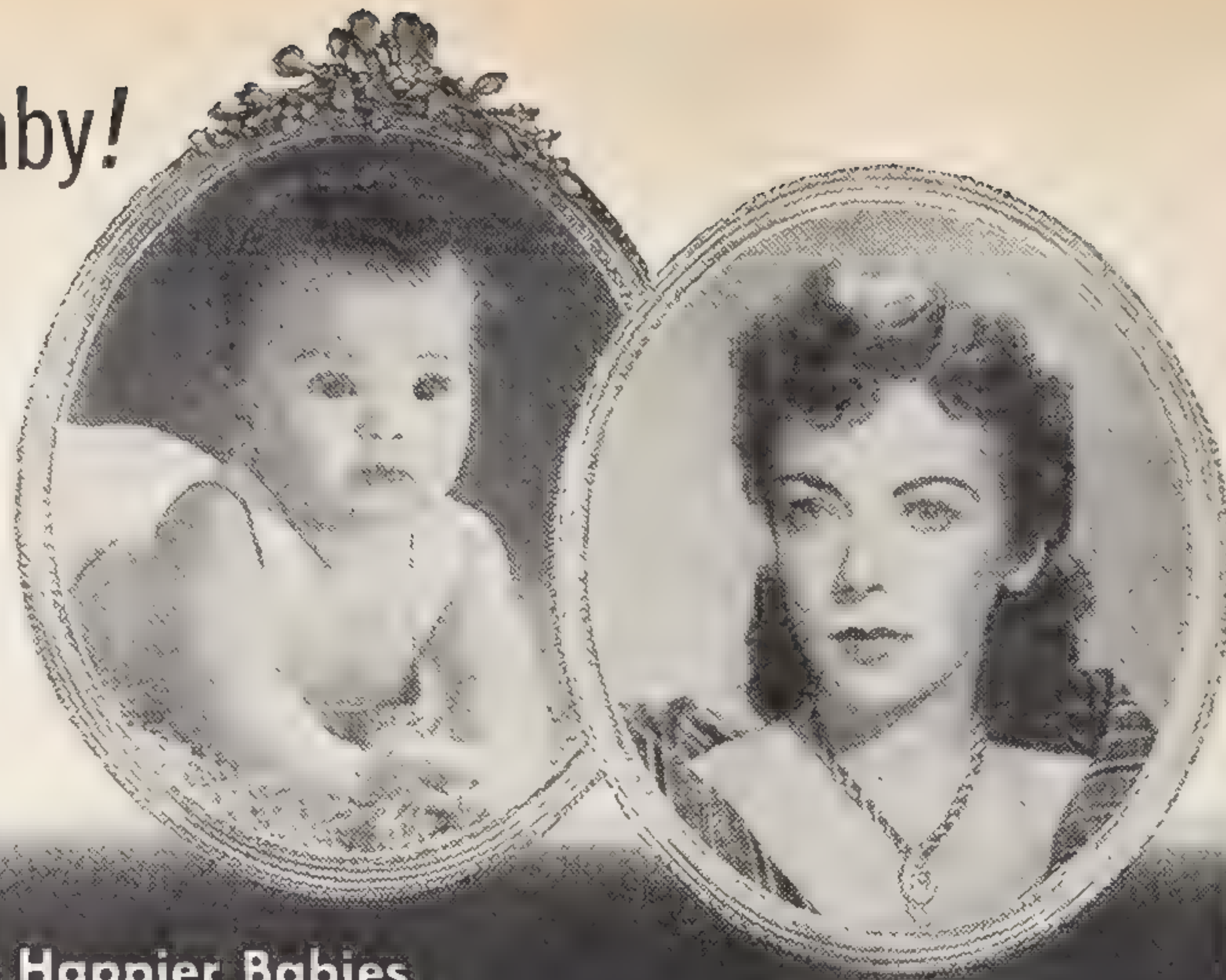
Just look at her baby!

Ida Lupino

and her daughter, Bridget

"I've used PLAYTEX for my baby from the start...and I know it's the best!"

Says Miss Lupino, distinguished actress and the only lady director in the film capital. Her latest release is "The Hitch-Hiker."



PLAYTEX Babies are Happier Babies
...Neater, Sweeter and Cleaner



Only Playtex® Panties

Fit so gently...Protect so safely...Waterproof so completely

Your precious baby enjoys a whole new world of comfort with PLAYTEX. Only PLAYTEX Panties let your little darling roll so readily...crawl so comfortably or toddle so freely. Made entirely of creamy latex, without a single stitch or seam, PLAYTEX Panties actually stretch all over to give all-over comfort—as no ordinary baby panties do. PLAYTEX Baby Panties stay soft, snug and attractive...are accurately sized by baby's weight. They slip on in a jiffy, rinse fresh in a wink, and pat dry with a towel. Get several pairs today—and let PLAYTEX Panties keep your baby "Socially Acceptable"* always!

Featured at your favorite Department Store and wherever Baby Needs are sold.

MOTHERS, HERE'S PROOF!

Prove to yourself right at the store counter that no other baby panty fits so gently, yet so snugly! Simply slip your arm through a leg opening and feel why PLAYTEX Panties never cut circulation; never bind or irritate...are stretchier than any other baby pants made.



(Prices slightly higher outside the U.S.)

More babies wear **PLAYTEX** than any other baby pants!

MOVIES continued

THE PRESIDENT'S LADY (20TH CENTURY-FOX)

History provides a batch of sure-fire elements—Indian-fighting, a tender love story, drama that aims straight for the heart—to make a satisfying vehicle for Susan Hayward and Charlton Heston. Big events are subordinated to the personal lives of Rachel and Andrew Jackson, pursued by the undeserved scandal surrounding Rachel's unhappy first marriage. As the maligned wife of the future president, Susan is beautiful and deeply sympathetic, while Heston—showing a striking resemblance to Old Hickory—gives his best performance so far. Backgrounds, with well-done minor characters, carry an exhilarating flavor of early America.

Verdict: Highly emotional close-up of a famous marriage (Family)

DESTINATION GOBI (20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR)

Wild as this yarn may seem, it, too, takes its inspiration from fact. Richard Widmark, able as always, has another of his serviceman roles, this time with a weather unit in Mongolia near the close of the war with Japan. The fast-moving plot pits him against wily Mongol tribesmen, hostile Japs and the hazards of the Gobi Desert. Casey Adams, Don Taylor and Darryl Hickman are stand-outs among his fellow GI's, while Murvyn Vye scores as a chieftain of doubtful allegiance, Judy Dan as a Mongol maiden. Excellent photography plays up the magnificent scenery (Nevada dubbing for Mongolia).

Verdict: Ripping adventure tale, rich in action, humor, good acting (Family)

BRIGHT ROAD (M-G-M)

This gentle story of a confused little boy and an understanding teacher happens to take place at a Negro grade school in the South. Lovely Dorothy Dandridge, known chiefly as a singer, approaches the business of acting with disarming simplicity, playing a young teacher who refuses to believe that the problem child of her first class is really backward. Philip Hepburn's a delightful hero, a stubborn rebel in school, though his interest in nature and its creatures shows keen latent intelligence. Only catch is, the reason for his hostile attitude is never explained; his family, though poor, is a loving group. An implied romance teams Dorothy with the principal, Harry Belafonté. Also a singer, a young man with a fine, thoughtful face, Belafonté is ill at ease as an actor. He does one ballad—irrelevant, but spellbinding.

Verdict: Winning, though slightly blurred study of childhood (Family)

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON (WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR)

The fresh, nostalgic charm of "On Moonlight Bay" tasted like more, and here it is, (Continued on page 24)



Isn't this "Juliet" pretty? The crown is smooth, sides curl gently upward. With Bobbi, no days of waiting for a natural wave. It's yours from the start.

Swing to casual hair styles demands new kind of home permanent

Tight, bunchy curls from ordinary home permanents won't do. Now here's the happy answer...Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent! The only permanent that waves so softly...so permanently...so easily.

At last you can get the casual hair styles you want in a permanent... as easily as putting your hair in pin-curls. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners. Just pin-curl your hair the way you always do. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that's all. Imme-

diately your hair has the modish beauty, the body, the casually lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And with Bobbi, your hair stays that way—week after week after week! Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin-curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.



The "Page Boy" is a young dream. Imagine a wave natural-looking as a temporary pin-curl, but without nightly settings. Yes, it's yours with Bobbi!



There's royal charm in the "Princesse"! Bobbi's just right for all such casual styles. Gives you exactly the wave you want—where you want it.



Notice the soft curls at the ends of this flattering "Peter Pan" style. With Bobbi you can easily get curls like these all by yourself—you need no help.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. **\$1.50 plus tax**

a sequel that brings doughboy Gordon MacRae back to his serene midwestern town and the eager arms of Doris Day. The upright, naive young vet, however, shrinks from marriage; he wants to get set in business first. And when Gordon's ready for the altar, Doris turns skittish, mistakenly believing that her dad (Leon Ames) is about to elope with an actress, leaving her mother (Rosemary DeCamp) alone. In and out of this frivolous plot are woven the misadventures of that lovably un-actorish kid actor Billy Gray, again playing Doris' brother. Like most sequels, this one lets the surprise value of its predecessor settle into a formula. But the songs and the people make good company.

Verdict: Amiable, slow-paced tune-film, both sentimental and comical (Family)

THE STORY OF THREE LOVES
(M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR)

Short stories on film can be excellent, to-the-point entertainment. The first episodes in this package are so-so: James Mason and Moira ("Red Shoes") Shearer do a wistful vignette about a ballet impresario and a doomed dancer; Ethel Barrymore does some magical meddling in little Ricky Nelson's quarrel with governess Leslie Caron, producing Farley Granger out of nowhere. But the third sequence is a strong suspense item. Kirk Douglas' grim style and athletic frame suit his role of a grounded aerialist, whose recklessness cost one partner her life and halted his career. Pier Angeli is tremulously beautiful as the girl he rescues from suicide and trains to fly through the air with him.

Verdict: Artistic episode movie, including one real thriller (Adult)

THE DESERT RATS
(20TH CENTURY-FOX)

"The Desert Fox," with its sympathetic portrait of Rommel, created some controversy. So here's the other side of the story, a much more exciting war picture, turned out with crisp, matter-of-fact expertness. Richard Burton's compelling personality and acting skill lead off a group of good performances. He's the British officer who commands a desperate stand at Tobruk, prelude to the ruin of Rommel's Afrika Korps. Usually too enthusiastic, Robert Newton's subdued into a forceful portrayal of a drunken ex-teacher. James Mason plays Rommel with splendid authority.

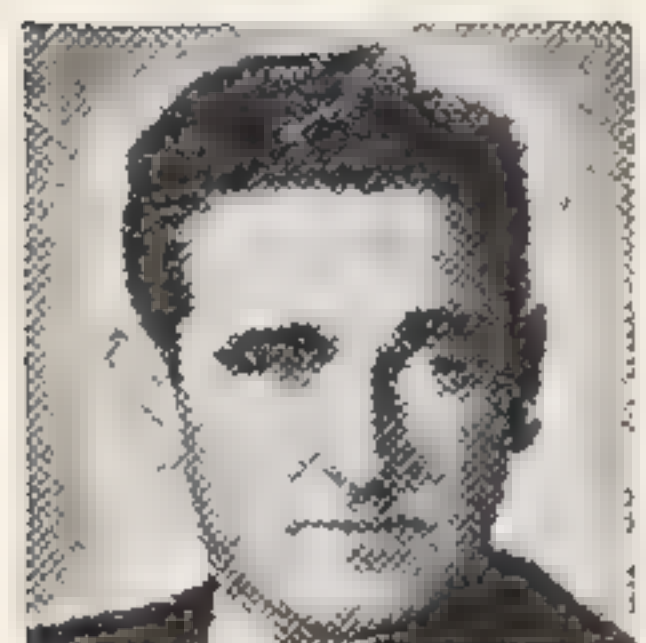
Verdict: Hard-hitting picture of heroism, with many human touches (Family)

SOMBRERO
(M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR)

Lots of good intentions, local color and vivid players get lost in this tangle of Mexican romance. Carefree Ricardo Montalban loves Pier Angeli in spite of a feud between their villages. Aristocrat Vittorio Gassman loves déclassée Yvonne DeCarlo, but his family wants him to marry blue-blood Nina Foch. Humble villager Rick Jason loves gypsy Cyd Charisse in spite of opposition from her possessive brother, (Continued on page 26)



Powers Models
reveal their secret
of beautiful hair styling



John Robert Powers

Glamorous Powers Girls, the world's most famous models, reveal their secret of beautiful hair styling—Gayla HOLD-BOB, America's most perfect bobby pins! Be like the lovely Powers Models . . . be a Gayla Girl. Use Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins . . . always!

Gayla
HOLD-BOB

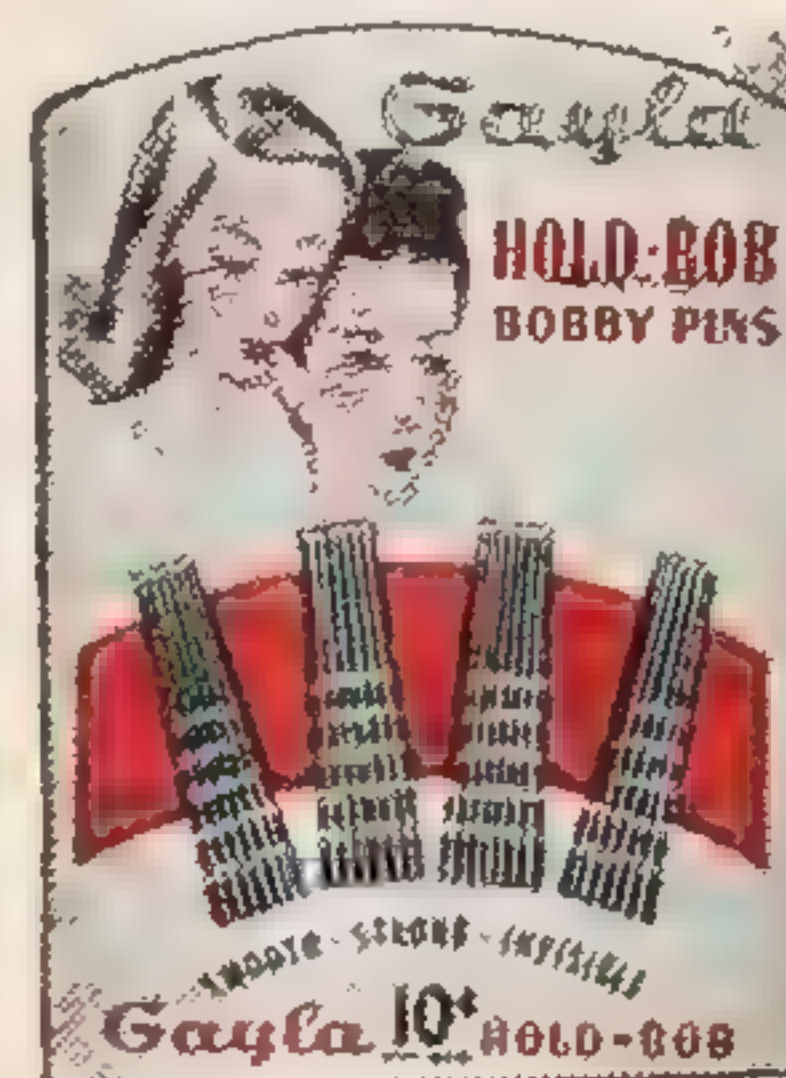
World's Largest Selling Bobby Pin

Now... Style YOUR Hair the Powers Model Way

Are you styling *your* hair properly? Do you know what is your most glamorous hair-do? The Gayla Girls Glamour Guide will tell you. It is a unique hair style selector created by John Robert Powers, America's leading beauty authority.



Also available
in 25¢ cards



Gaylord Products, Incorporated, Dept. PH-6
1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago 16, Ill.

Enclosed is 10¢ and the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB card.
Please send my Gayla Girls Glamour Guide.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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Why Dial Soap protects your complexion even under make-up!

Dial's skin-clearing ingredient washes away blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin

Here, at last, is real skin protection —*continuing* protection that works even under make-up. And it is yours in the mildest kind of face soap.

Now, no matter how lavishly or how sparingly you normally use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected . . . *underneath* your make-up.

For Dial does a wonderful thing. It washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. This ingredient clears the skin of unseen bacteria that so often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

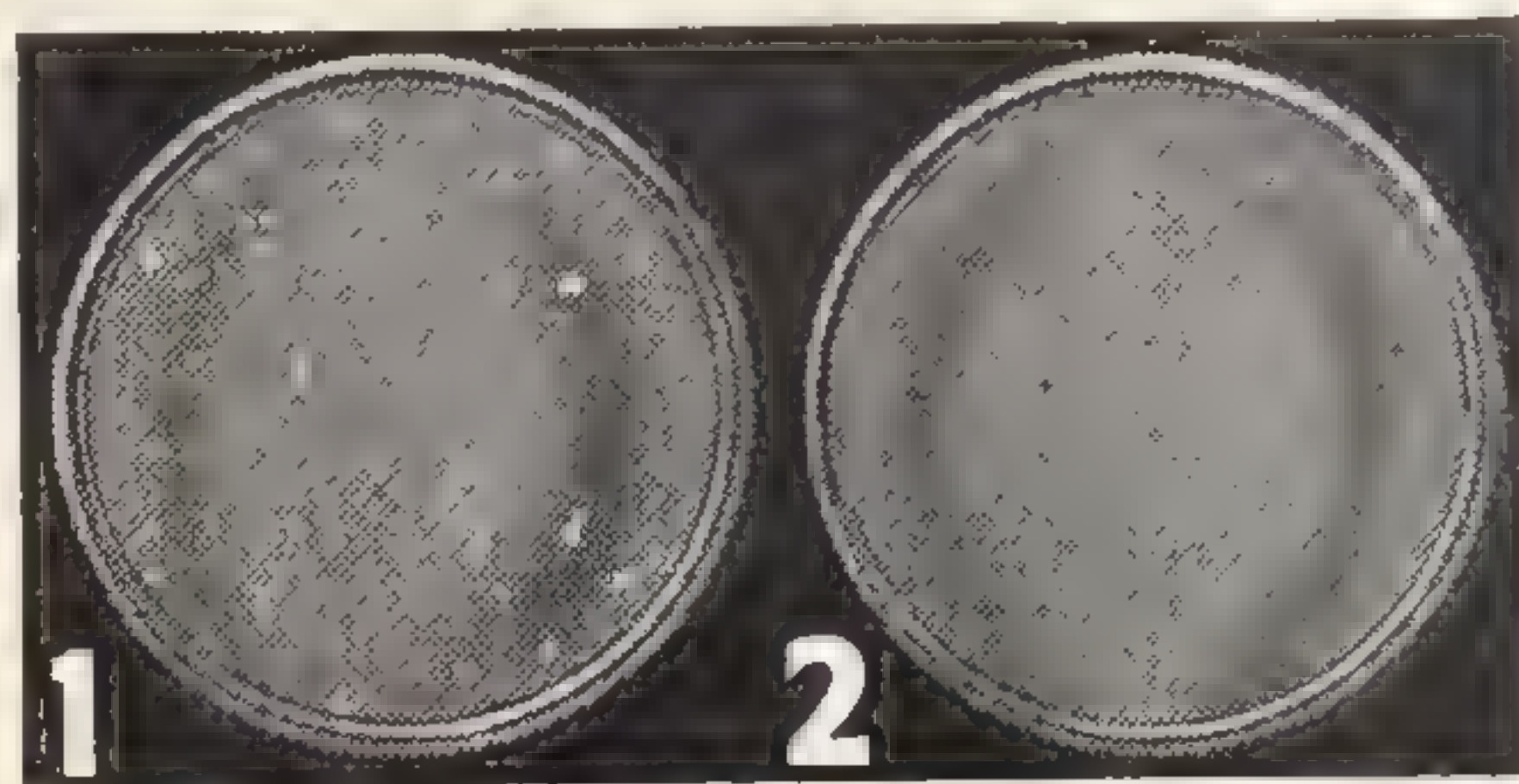
Works in a new way!

Until Dial came along, there was no way to remove bacteria effectively. Even after thorough washing with other kinds of soap, thousands are left on your skin. Then, when you put on make-up, they are free to cause trouble underneath.

But when you wash every day with Dial, it removes up to 95% of these troublemakers. No other leading soap can do this—Dial's the only one with Hexachlorophene. This ingredient also removes skin bacteria that cause perspiration odor. That's

why Dial has become the favorite bath soap of millions . . . it stops odor *before* it starts.

PHOTOMICROS PROVE RESULTS



After ordinary soap (1). Thousands of blemish-spreading bacteria on skin...

After using Dial (2). It removes up to 95% of trouble-causing bacteria.

And Dial is so mild!

You'd never guess this mild, gentle soap gives you such benefits. Dial's creamy lather gently removes soil and make-up; gives you scrupulous cleanliness, helps overcome clogged pores and blackheads. Then Dial *continues*, with its skin-clearing action, to protect your complexion all day.

Skin doctors know how Dial clears away troublesome bacteria. They recommend it for adolescents and adults. For simply by washing with Dial every day, your skin becomes cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap can get it. Why not let Dial protect your complexion—even under make-up?



DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays



P. S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try *New* DIAL SHAMPOO in the handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle.

Mild, fragrant DIAL Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner



Make your hair obey the new soft way

*No oily after-film
...just soft shimmering beauty*

Now...try the only hairdressing that makes hair obey the new *soft* way...With miracle Curtisol—so amazingly light, so penetrating it never leaves oily “after-film”! Just a touch “sparkles” hair, prevents dryness and split ends, frizziness after a permanent. Gives you “easy-do” hair instantly. Even after shampoo! No wonder women prefer Suave 7 to 1.

Suave

LIQUID 50¢-\$1

CREME 60¢



End dry hair worries
with miracle Curtisol—
Only Suave has it

created by HELENE CURTIS foremost name in hair beauty

MOVIES *continued*

matador Jose Greco. By the end, it's hard to remember who loves whom. Montalban emerges as the most appealing character; Cyd and Jose both present exciting dances. If you don't try to keep the plot straight, you'll find the players and the brilliant backgrounds pleasing to the eye.

Verdict: Muddled but picturesque tale of crisscrossing loves (Adult)

LONE HAND

(U-I, TECHNICOLOR)

Told from the small-boy viewpoint of likable Jimmy Hunt, this is a straightaway Western of admirably simple structure. Widower Joel McCrea and his son (Jimmy) arrive to settle in a section of the frontier troubled by outlaws. The inquisitive youngster is soon horrified to find his dad joining forces with bandits Alex Nicol and Jim Arness and refusing to help the vigilantes headed by Charles Drake. The lad's suspicions are shared by Joel's new bride, Barbara Hale. Maybe the outcome won't surprise horse-opera aficionados, but the picture's sure to satisfy them.

Verdict: Neat melodrama with nice open-spaces atmosphere (Family)

COUNT THE HOURS

(RKO)

An unpretentious suspense yarn about a young hired man (John Craven) wrongly accused of murder generates a reasonable amount of tension. Craven's wife (Teresa Wright) knows he's innocent; lawyer Macdonald Carey believes he is, and wrecks his own career trying to prove it. The story isn't done in mystery form. Psychopath Jack Elam is early spotted as the real killer; Adele Mara tries to do a Marilyn Monroe as his money-loving wife.

Verdict: Acceptable murder story with few surprises (Family)

THE BLUE GARDENIA

(WARNERS)

The classic whodunit requires that the murderess should richly deserve his fate. As a philandering artist, Raymond Burr certainly does. Anne Baxter, trapped in his apartment just before his death, believes she must have killed him in defending her virtue, though unaccustomed drinking hazes her memory. But Ann Sothorn and Jeff Donnell, as her apartment-mates and fellow telephone girls, and Richard Conte, as a gossip columnist of the sort known only to scenario writers, help to rescue Anne. The end is predictable.

Verdict: Undistinguished mystery with some attractive performers (Adult)

THE GIRLS OF PLEASURE ISLAND

(PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR)

Here's an idea that sounds promisingly youthful and rich in laughter: Three young girls have been raised in seclusion on a South Sea island that's suddenly visited by 1,500 U. S. Marines. But the slender story is told in painfully obvious
(Continued on page 81)

More than a Girdle... better than a Corset!



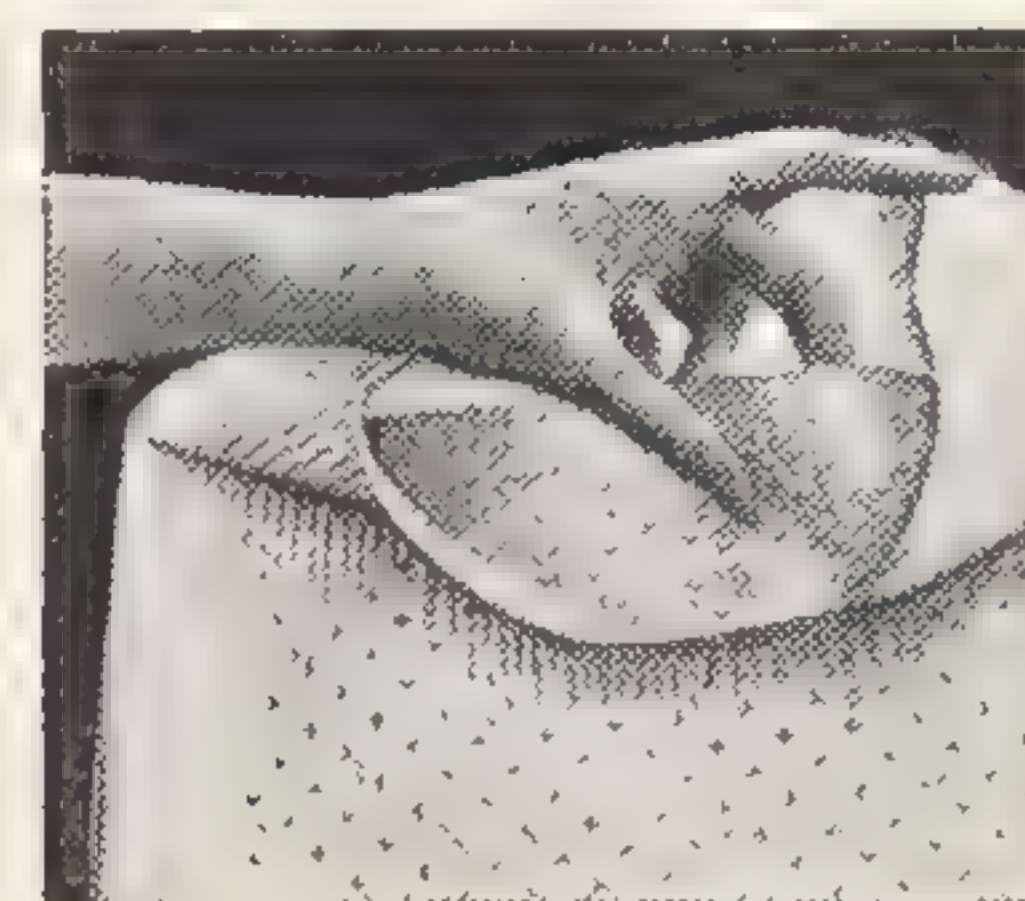
New! ... a magical non-roll top, *plus* tummy-flattening latex "finger" panels that echo the firm support of your own body muscles, slim you the way *Nature* intended! Magic-Controller acts like a firming, *breathing* second skin.



New! Tummy-flattening latex "finger" panels firmly assist the gentle lift of your own body muscles. Waist-trimming non-roll top stays up without a bone, seam or stitch.



New! See how the new boneless non-roll top and the latex "finger" panels are invisibly moulded in. The Magic-Controller itself is invisible under sleekest clothes.



New! Fabric lining inside, with textured latex surface outside. Magic-Controller is as comfortable as your own skin. And it washes in seconds, dries like a miracle!

Amazing *New* Playtex Magic-Controller*!

With new non-roll top and hidden power panels, it slims and supports you as Nature intended!

Here is *natural* figure control! *Natural* control that works *with* your body, not against it... *resilient*, firm control that revitalizes your proportions, your posture, your pride!

Simply hold Magic-Controller up to the light and see the hidden latex "finger" panels that firm you without a bone, stay, seam or stitch. Playtex slims, supports, *never distorts*!

Magic-Controller is all *one* piece of fabric lined latex. Every inch reflects *firm* control. It does more for you than *any* girdle, and frees you forever from restricting, constricting corsets.

Dramatic proof of its power to "fashion" your figure *naturally* comes when you wear it under the season's new styles. You'll think you've lost a *full* size (and *more* than a few years!)



Playtex Magic-Controller with 4 sturdily reinforced adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest **SLIM** Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere, **\$7.95** Extra-large size, **\$8.95**

Fabric Lined PLAYTEX GIRDLES from **\$4.95** FAMOUS PLAYTEX GIRDLES from **\$3.50**

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the **SLIM** tube.

Hollywood Party Line



BY
EDITH
GWYNN

PARTIES AND PREEMS in bunches this time! Heading the list was the shindig before, during and after the opening of "Call Me Madam." Ken Murray was in the foyer, greeting stars galore for the video cameras and Ethel Merman (even though she couldn't be present) became the overnight toast of Hollywood-town. What a night!



Earmarked: Jeanne and Paul

On with "the show": Jeanne Crain, wearing rhinestone earrings as big as chandeliers, with Paul Brinkman; Piper Laurie, in flower-trimmed white, with a white ermine stole—on the arm of Leonard Goldstein.

Also present were Susie Zanuck with Bob Wagner; Dawn Addams with Farley Granger; Terry Moore with Nicky Hilton; Debbie Reynolds with Bill Shirley. To say nothing of Marilyn Monroe, a slinky sylph in a simple, tight-fitting (wot else?) white satin, strapless sheath—white fox stole slung around her shoulders—and no jewelry. Her hair-do, a longish, almost page-boy bob, with just a suggestion of bangs across her forehead. And, oh, yeh—matching white satin gloves that ended exactly where her gown did—across the bust-line—low bustline! Janet Leigh, seated beside us, wore a white and silver gown—with the lowest neckline of anybody's—and a dark, starlight mink stole; Anne Francis in a silvery-coated white taffeta gown; Virginia Mayo; the Tony Martins—I could go on forever about glamour-pusses glimpsed!

Don't want to make you "hair-sick"—but Mitzi Gaynor, aside from being in floor-length white crepe, topped by white mink stole, was also wearing her new very dark hair, liberally sprinkled with silver dust. Looked right purty—but Hugh O'Brian, who danced with her, got most of the silver on his tux—and his cheeks. On account of the cheek-to-cheek way they danced! Evelyn Keyes, back from France, sported something she called "my own color," she should have said "colors"—a mixture of brownette (natural) with various shades of bleached strands from golden blonde to almost white—giving a sort of sunburst effect!

Some style tips to the style hep: When a wise lady finds a becoming color, silhouette or "accessory," she sticks with it—makes it sort of her "trade-mark." Take Lana Turner's passion for black or white—she's gone through whole pictures and entire seasons wearing no other colors. Rosemary Clooney, who knows blue is heaven for her, keeps wearing it again and again. Roses, silk or velvet, white, pink or red, have become almost a "stamp" for Ursula Thiess. She wears them with dresses, suits—or as hats. Betty Hutton is never without at least two hand-knit dresses. Barbara Stanwyck is that way about pink! There's nothing wrong with stressing the things you're happiest with, if they suit you, regardless of fads.



Monroe: No jewelry was needed

A cozy and warm party was the one the Masquers Club of Hollywood gave to honor Lucy Ball and Desi Arnaz at a "Mr. and Mrs." dinner. Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, Ozzie and Harriet Nelson (she stunning in a semi-summer pastel bouffant of starched organza), Gracie Allen and George Burns, Barbara Britton (hiding her "expectin'" with an exquisite, heavily embroidered cotton shortie evening dress); Marjorie Reynolds, Bill Bendix and lots more movie and TV personalities were there to pay tribute.



Mitzi and Hugh: The silver rubbed off!

Some of the standouts for shape, style and beauty at a party at the Bel Air Hotel included Mitzi Gaynor (with Hugh O'Brian again) in red, trimmed with black. I did a little "research" on Mitzi's oomphy figger. She was wearing no stays, push-ups, wires or "cinchers." Quite a shape to drape, that one! Jane Russell was regal in slinky floor-length black, trimmed with black beads, with a huge stole of black crepe, also heavily beaded. Leslie Caron, usually no fashion-plate, looked quite chic in starched red lace. Terry Moore wore an ivory ribbed-taffeta, strapless bodice, the long skirt draped to the back where a huge bustle of matching tulle cascaded to the floor. Marge Champion (her Gower was wearing the brightest pink shirt!) was in full-skirted white taffeta with a sash of garnet silk that formed a slight bustle in the rear. Cute Patti Lewis lifted her ankle-length green taffeta skirt to show me white petticoats—trimmed with ermine tails!

New! a shampoo that
Silkens
your hair!

Why not wear stars tonight? All it takes is one quick shampoo—and your hair will be winking with these starry highlights, silky soft, silky smooth. The sight of it, the feel of it will put you in seventh heaven!

New magic formula . . . milder than castile!

There's silkening magic in Drene's *new lightning-quick lather!* No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic . . . this new lightning-quick lather . . . because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! *Magic!* because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this luxurious new Drene with its *lightning-quick lather . . .* its new and fresh fragrance. *You have an exciting experience coming!*

A NEW EXPERIENCE . . .

See your hair left silky bright! This new formula flashes into lightning-quick lather—milder than castile! No other lather is so *quick*, yet so *thick*!

New Lightning Lather—

a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use Drene every day!



This is a
New
Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE



Blemishes*: "Noxzema helped heal my teen-age skin and I still use it," says Gloria Shearer of Jamaica, L. I. "'Cream-washing' helps keep my complexion looking fresh and smooth."

How you, too, can Look lovelier in 10 days *or your money back!*

Doctor's new beauty care helps your skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps keep it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

This sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *greaseless* beauty cream is a *medicated* formula. It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Thrilling results!

Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's wonderfully quick help for rough, dry, lifeless skin and for externally-caused blemishes.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Tonight, do this:



1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema, then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how fresh

your skin looks the very first time you 'cream-wash'—not dry, or drawn!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast! You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless*. No smeary pillow!

3. Make-up base. 'Cream-wash' again in the morning, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. **externally caused*



Noxzema works or money back!

In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. If not delighted after a 10 day trial, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back!

Get Noxzema today—40¢, 60¢ and \$1.00 plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters!

NOXZEMA skin cream

Laughing Stock...

BY

ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station)

One movie queen to another about another movie queen: "Lovely girl. Wears dark glasses and all that. Unfortunately, you can still see her."

Ed Wynn's definition of a toupee—*Top Secret*.

Steve Cochran says it seems strange that a guy will propose to a girl under a light he wouldn't think of choosing a suit by.

Two dolls met on Hollywood Boulevard. "Gosh Mabel," said the first. "What have you done to your hair? It looks like a wig."

"It is a wig," replied the other.

"Goodness," said the first, "You'd never know it."

Definition of 3-D films: A new movie process that will make Katharine Hepburn look like Jane Russell.

The plush mansion in which Bette Davis lives in "The Star" is the Beverly Hills home of the film's producer, Bert Friedlob. Movie star Bette Davis' modest home didn't look like a movie star's home!

M-G-M couldn't find a black leopard in Africa for a scene in the Clark Gable-Ava Gardner starrer, "Mogambo." So two of the beasts were flown to Africa from darkest New York.

Comedian Jack Leonard to Sam Levene: "I saw your last picture and I think it was."

A movie king who has had his share of lost weekends was complaining to his agent that he should have had the Gary Cooper role in "High Noon."

"True, true," said the agent, "but the producers just wouldn't change the title to 'High at Noon.'"

Dancer Bambi Linn was asked, "What is more important than stamina, poise and perseverance to carry on despite career disappointments in striving for success as a professional dancer?"

"Well," pondered Bambi. "You should know your left foot from your right."

Movie director to Zsa Zsa Gabor: "Please, can't you learn to pronounce it *why* instead of *vhy*?"

Gabor: "I'm *vorking* on it."

A star was describing his agent to a friend: "There's no middle ground where he's concerned. You either hate him or despise him."

Dismissing rumors of a third marriage, movie director Ray Garnett said: "I've already been sub-divided twice."

THIS SPRING HE'LL

Love you in Pink!



NEW *PINK'N SASSY*

A gay, party-going pink—feminine as it is fiery!
Wear it when you're in the mood for spur-of-the-
moment dates . . . lively music . . . a sudden kiss!

NEW *PINK'N SWEET*

Pink for a proposal! Marriage on your mind?
This is for you . . . a tempting, rosy-soft pink . . . so romantic,
it's practically guaranteed to make it happen!

STRIKE ME PINK...

dramatic, sophisticated!
For the moments when you feel very
"femme fatale" . . . in the mood for a
Paris hat . . . a new love affair!



CUTEX

puts your love-life in the pink with the
prettiest shades of the season! Try some of this
Cutex color-magic tonight . . . and listen
for these sure-to-be-whispered words
. . . "LOVE YOU IN PINK"!

Spillpruf Cutex, 15¢ plus tax

Stay Fast Lipstick, America's Creamiest Indelible.
29¢ plus tax

Lovely Cutex Trillium Case, contains 3 different
shades of Stay Fast Lipstick—color-keyed to *your*
complexion. \$1.25 value for only 89¢ (FTM) plus tax.

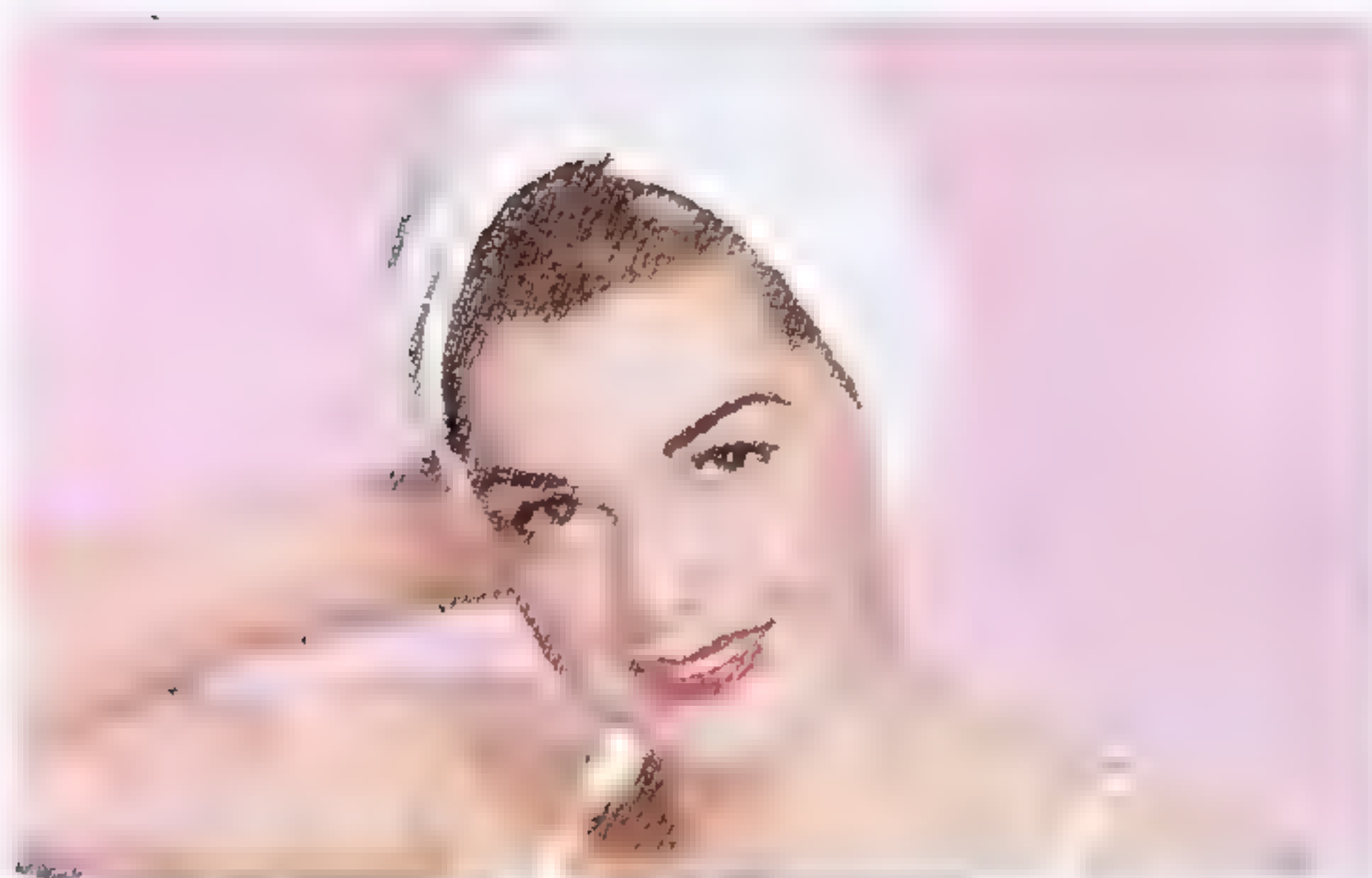
Esther Williams

starring in M-G-M's
DANGEROUS WHEN WET
Color by Technicolor



YES, ESTHER WILLIAMS uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World 4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo



Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans . . . leaves your hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin*. It doesn't dry or dull your hair!



Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen,



Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to \$2 in jars or tubes.

. . . and thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos! Lustre-Creme now available also in new Lotion Form, 30¢ to \$1.00.





ROMANCE IN THE AIR?

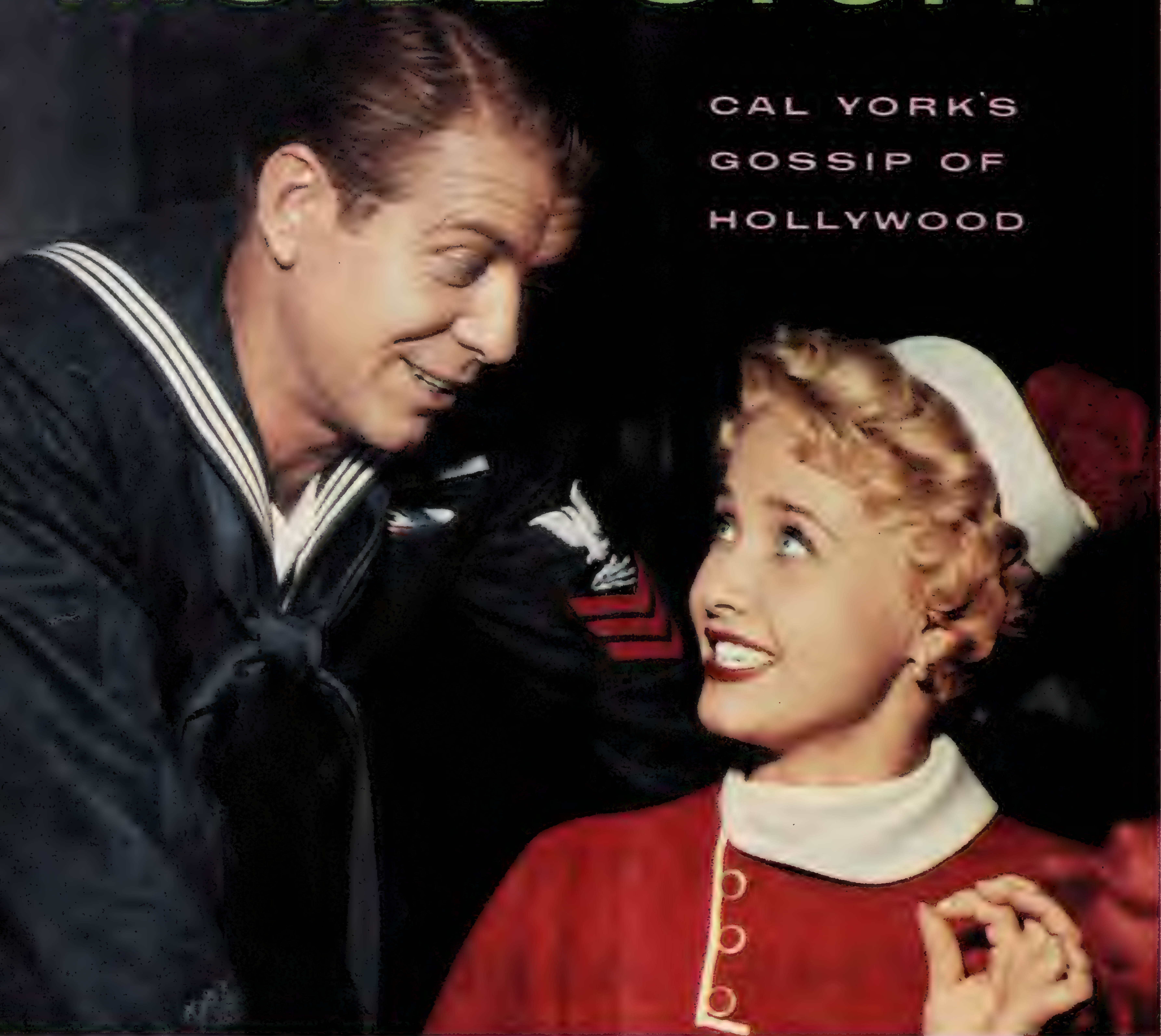
● For a long time Farley Granger has been a thorn in the side to the would-be Cupids of Hollywood. Young, handsome, talented—and almost irritatingly eligible—Farley became aloof after Shelley Winters' marriage and was seldom seen at Hollywood's social events. No matter how hard the well-wishers tried, they were unable to produce the girl who spelled romance to Farley. But now it looks as if—in fresh-faced lovely twenty-three-year-old newcomer Dawn Addams—

he's found exactly what he's been waiting for!

Wishful thinking can often be premature in labeling friendship as a big romance. But in this case everyone's hoping—for Farley is himself once more, and Dawn is turning to someone nearer her own age rather than the older men she's been dating. Together they sparkle as neither has recently in the company of others—and that's just one more reason why everyone is wondering whether it may at last be a real romance.

INSIDE STUFF

CAL YORK'S
GOSSIP OF
HOLLYWOOD



Stern

Gene Nelson's "ayes" are on Jane Powell around the Warner lot, where he's one of the gobs who's keeping things lively for her in "Three Sailors and a Girl"

Rattles and Tattle: Poor Shelley Winters, who was too sick to talk, was in the hospital twenty-four hours before anyone knew she was a mother. Born prematurely on Valentine's Day, Vittoria Gina Gassman weighed four pounds, ten ounces and was promptly placed in an incubator. Pity! Vittorio wanted a son so badly. But when Shelley called him in Italy, where he's in a play, he was, of course, delighted.

. . . 'Tis true her studio may not know where Marilyn Monroe lives (they have to contact her through her agent), but Cal can tell them. The "bad" and the beautiful one checked out of the Beverly Hills Hotel and into a brand new apartment on North Doheny Drive. It's very modern and exclusive with only six units to the building. One, incidentally, is occupied by heart-whole and fancy-free

John Hodiak. He hasn't met Maid Marilyn yet—but everyone has to borrow a cup of sugar from a good neighbor! And what a *goody* this one is!

Hollywood Believes: That despite their current companionship and the fact that they're expecting a second child, the Tyrone Powers have merely reached an "understanding" and are waiting only until the propitious time

to announce their permanent separation . . . That Joan Crawford, whose loyalty to Hollywood is far beyond the call of duty, still stuck her beautiful neck out by publicly "spanking" Marilyn Monroe for intentionally attracting too much attention and not behaving like a "lady."

Cal Salutes: Robert Wagner for keeping a handsome head on level shoulders. When a writer referred to him as a big star, Bob remonstrated: "Look—Robert Taylor, Clark Gable and Gary Cooper are *big* stars. I'm just beginning." . . . Lucille Ball for retaining no bitterness toward those who pushed her around a few short years ago. Says the incomparable Lucy: "When I left M-G-M, I was terribly discouraged, but I tried to believe it was all for the best. Now, when Desi and I return there for 'The Long, Long Trailer,' we'll receive \$250,000 for our work. Looking back, maybe I could have hated a lot of people. But I've lived to learn that hating only destroys the hater."

In Case You Care: Mitzi Gaynor's hair is back to brown again, her natural color . . . Since his separation, Dean Martin's been living with Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Lewis . . . Keefe Braselle can't wear his "Eddie Cantor" contact lenses in the sun because they make his eyes water . . . Ginger's Jacques draws \$250 a week from M-G-M until his English warrants a screen test. In the meantime, the studio hasn't actually signed him . . . Jane Wyman requires one day's notice before she receives a gentleman (or lady) of the press on the set . . . People sometimes mistake attractive Georges Saurel, who is especially attracted to Lana Turner, for Gary Merrill, who belongs to Bette Davis.

It's News That: Two operations in one week for Dick Powell may have been rough on him, but they turned June Allyson into a lovely hysterical wreck . . . Humphrey Bogart, who is a student of Greek mythology these days, suffered a tongue injury while driving a car in Naples . . . All's quiet on the matrimonial front with the Robert Newtons, who are now expecting the stork . . . The Guy Madisons may reconcile. Actually, he only moved into an apartment because "Burning Arrow" is his first movie in years and he needed peace and quiet to concentrate . . . Evelyn Keyes is back in Hollywood to make a movie with John Wayne and to collect, she hopes,



Smith



Stern

Two of Hollywood's most dazzling lovelies, Joan Crawford and Rita Hayworth never fail to turn heads when they get into glamour duds and go "on the town"



Smith



Smith

Footloose and fancy-free: Bob Wagner, Lori Nelson, Tab Hunter and Debbie Reynolds keep their hearts whole, their dating lives whirling at a dizzy pace

Helpmates: Ricardo Montalban and his lovely wife, Georgiana, and Virginia Mayo and her energetic husband, Mike O'Shea, are both inseparable twosomes

Stern

Stern



INSIDE STUFF



"Legs" Chandler's really going out on a limb—competing with co-star Marilyn Maxwell on "East of Sumatra" set!

"Let's you and me hit the road, baby," mutters Bob. But all Liz Scott wants of Hope is a handy shoulder at dinner



According to husband Paul, Jeanne Crain's new glamour routine is old stuff with her

all or part of that \$20,673 back alimony owed her by director John Huston . . . Just as Cal predicted months ago, Van Johnson is leaving M-G-M. He'll check off the lot at the end of this year. Also leaving are the Gower Champions and maybe Spencer Tracy, too. Yes, the Hollywood scene moves on.

Help Wanted: Once upon a time, Jeff Chandler couldn't get his big toe in a studio. Now, when Twentieth tried to borrow him for "The Robe," all U-I asked in return was the services of—Marilyn Monroe! . . . Due to illness, Ann Sothern's future looked hopeless. Then her comedy stole "The Blue Gardenia," and her "Private Secretary" on TV is so good that Jack Benny has now requested Ann for his summer replacement on radio . . . Paramount needs a strong dramatic actress and they want Susan Hayward. She was only under contract there for years and nothing happened. Now—try and get her!

Professional Plasma: Third Dimension or the 3-DT's, as it's kiddingly called, has arrived in Hollywood. Currently, the method, still new and experimental, has the town in a turmoil. But the general feeling is that—as a means of fighting TV—it's the healthiest and helpfulest thing that's happened since the advent of talkies! Stars come to life in 3-D.



Howard Keel's all ears, listening to Marge talk about the Champions' plans



Donna Reed, above with Esther Williams, is a changed woman in "Here to Eternity"



Change of heart? That's what they say about Dahl and Lamas

They look round and real instead of artificial and flat. Paramount's product called Paravision, features the first 3-D in Technicolor and stars Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas in "Sangaree." Wow, does their love-making come to life! At Twentieth, they're shooting "The Robe" in their own CinemaScope. Columbia's using Warners' Natural Vision—and wait till you see what 3-D does for those Can-Can dancers in "House of Wax"! Of course, you know about Cinerama, with its three curved screens. And note: those polarized glasses people are wearing to view "Bwana Devil" aren't a necessary evil. Currently, the major problem is to decide the best and easiest method, because special screens and projectors will have to be installed in theatres all over the country. Naturally, equipment will have to be standard. So Hollywood's keeping production at snail's pace till things simmer down and normalcy rules the roost again.

At the Moment: When Debbie Reynolds isn't with new actor Tom Morton or singer Alan Dale, she is with Tab Hunter, helping him find a cabin site at Lake Arrowhead, where he plans to build . . . Farley Granger, who's been fancy free for a long time, has found himself a gal! Dark-haired, lovely Dawn Addams is his constant date . . . Fair exchange: Robert Wagner has

promised to introduce Rock Hudson to Terry Moore in exchange for a formal knockdown to Piper Laurie . . . The two blond-Ls, Lana and Lex sharing a "Missionary's Downfall" (that's a drink, son) at the Beachcombers.

One Man's Family: The way things happen in Hollywood. Cal is surprised that Aldo Ray actually won the role of Sergeant O'Hara in "Miss Sadie Thompson" with Rita Hayworth. The guy, who's merely perfect for the part, called his family in Crockett, California to tell 'em. "My kid brother, who's in high school, got on the phone," grins Aldo. "He was thrilled—always wanted an autographed photo of Rita Hayworth!"

Around the Hollywood Clock: Marlon Brando's former room-mate is now TV's famous "Mr. Peepers" . . . Dan Dailey and Mrs. Donald O'Connor in the same party when singer Peggy Lee opened at the jam-packed Coconut Grove . . . John Lund, who's always the life of every party, astounded Hollywood with the serious talent he displayed on tour reading Shakespeare . . . Painting his own car in the studio transportation department, Dale Robertson invited Bill Lundigan and Jeff Hunter to drop by and "split a brush" with him . . . To inquiries about her famous husband during his long run in New York, Mrs. Danny

Kaye had a stock answer: "He's at the Palace—where he'd rather be than any other place in the world!"

Animal Kingdom: Janet Leigh is hunting for a husband for Houdina, the French poodle Tony Curtis bought her from Ann Sheridan's kennel . . . Beautiful Barbara Bates spends her spare time trapping gophers, and you would too if they destroyed your elegant and expensive garden . . . Whenever Steve Cochran has feminine guests for dinner, Clarence, his pet parrot, screams out, "What a man!" . . . Carleton Carpenter's new boxer puppy wriggles her hips when she walks, so he's named her—Marilyn!

Feed the Kitty: Talk of the town is Zsa Zsa Gabor's rumored \$7,500 weekly take-home pay for her Las Vegas nightclub stint. Fanged one fragile female: "Imagine what they'd pay her if she had any talent!"

People and Places: Gloria Grahame with Cy Howard, Robert Taylor with Ursula Thiess, Rock Hudson, Jeanne Crain, Joan Crawford, the Stewart Grangers, endless others at columnist Sheilah Graham's reception to meet Wojciechowiez S. Wojtkiewicz, the handsome new husband she refers to as Bow-Wow—and need we add why! . . . Fans mistaking Virginia (Continued on page 32)

Fathers' Day

Just like fathers everywhere,



Stern

Rochelle Robertson's just a little bit of a lady but she knows how to wind Dale around her finger

Albin

Alan Ladd never knows whether he'll be met by space men or Indians when he's home. This time it's "Superchief David" who greets him!

these glamour guys have the time of their lives being "Kings for the Day"



Stern

"Long time, no see!" said son Chris when Jeff Hunter rushed back from overseas trip



Smith

After a rugged day with son Josh, even tough guy Bob Mitchum is ready to hit that sack!



Stern

Father's Day is something special to John Derek, for son Russell was a delicate baby

● Santa Claus rules at Christmas, but on June twenty-first pop has his inning! And if you think that's not important in Hollywood you don't know your leading men. Tough guys rush home from screen villainy to dandle babies on their knees. Dashing cavaliers are tamed by baby talk. Suave sophisticates mix formulas and get up docilely for the 2:00 A.M. feeding.

This year Alan Ladd and his brood will celebrate Alan's day in Europe. Father's Day has a special poignancy to John Derek. For a long time, he and Patti wondered if they'd be able to keep their son Russell—he was so ill for so long. But now he's happy and healthy and every day is Father's Day for Daddy. At the Mitchums', daughter Petrine and her two big

brothers make the day special to Bob. And for first-time fathers Dale Robertson and Jeff Hunter the day is something entirely new.

There are Hollywood fathers who are bemused by the birth of their first child. Jeffrey Hunter was only five days away from sailing for Europe to do "Sailor of the King" when young Christopher Merrill was born. Jeff had been rushing, packing, worrying that the baby wouldn't be born before he left. Then when it happened he went into a quiet state of shock. Barbara's mother had her first look at her grandson and floated out on an ecstatic cloud to tell Jeff. "Such a beautiful baby!" she exclaimed to Christopher's father. "So perfect, so healthy. A beautiful baby!" (Continued on page 84)



A "miracle" for Leslie: Geordie Hormel

CALLING ALL UGLY DUCKLINGS:

I have had many, many letters from girls who write to me saying that you are very worried because you are not the prettiest girl in your school, or at your work, or maybe in your particular town.

You are polite, you Americans, so you do not say that you write to me because I, too, am a plain girl. But I can read between the lines. Besides, it is true. I can practically hear you saying, in those letters, "How could a girl with your looks become a movie star?"

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE PRETTY TO BE POPULAR

BY

Leslie Caron

I will tell you this. I am more astonished to be a Hollywood personality than you can possibly imagine.

The other evening a magazine gave awards to me and Marilyn Monroe at the same time. I stood beside Marilyn, and looking up at her beauty, I thought, "What am I doing here—next to her?"

But I can say one thing in all sincerity to you girls who think you're not pretty: *To be plain need not be a handicap.* In fact, it can be a help. It keeps you from expecting things to come to you too easily. It forces you to cultivate your taste, your brains, your personal-

ity. And, most important, it helps you to appreciate things when you do get them, and to have values that are true and lasting.

Let us be blunt: some of you are not pretty. The way your faces are put together there is not much chance—physically—of your ever being other than homely. Certainly you can not be beautiful—not feature by feature, that is. So what can you do?

Personally, I think the important thing is to cultivate your mind and 'cultivate your body. I think you must do both—and neither one at the *(Continued on page 87)*





DEBRA

COLLECTORS

● In a town like Hollywood a girl like Debra is bound to be a "puzzlement." But the fact is, she really does have so much fun with her family she's never wanted to look elsewhere for a good time. Recently, Debra and her family moved to a new house. The renting agent couldn't believe his eyes when he saw the gang. "Err . . . are all these people yours, Mrs. Griffin?" he stuttered. Deb's mother assured him they were—all nine of them. For sister Teala, her husband and their two babies were over so often, they decided to move in permanently with Deb, her Mom and Pop and the two younger sisters!

Everybody's "Honey" in Deb's family—including the dog



Color photos by Stern

PAGET



ITEMS NO. 6

From the patio of the new house, visitors look up with awe at the three levels above. A stairway leads from the backyard to the second floor where Debra has her room—a vision of pink walls, white satin drapes and red velvet spread. No wonder Debra's eyes light up when she shows it to her friends. But there's another reason for her shining eyes—sister Lorna has a contract with Universal-International! "She's the family clown and has great talent," beams Debra, who celebrated by painting their car lilac! "You never know what my family will do," says her dad. "And Debra's the most unpredictable of all!"



Says Debra of her family, "This is the 'givingest' gang in captivity!"

Debra's balcony. What, no Romeo?



Lorna's movie debut has Debra all excited!



Lawn ornaments: Debra and a model burro



"STOP TELLING LIES ABOUT US"

—DALE ROBERTSON

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

*"Until now we've
never made any statement
about our marriage.
It's all been gossip."*

● For a long time now, Twentieth Century-Fox's big he-man from Oklahoma, Dale Robertson, has been the subject of talk and gossip items hardly calculated to advance his popularity with moviegoers.

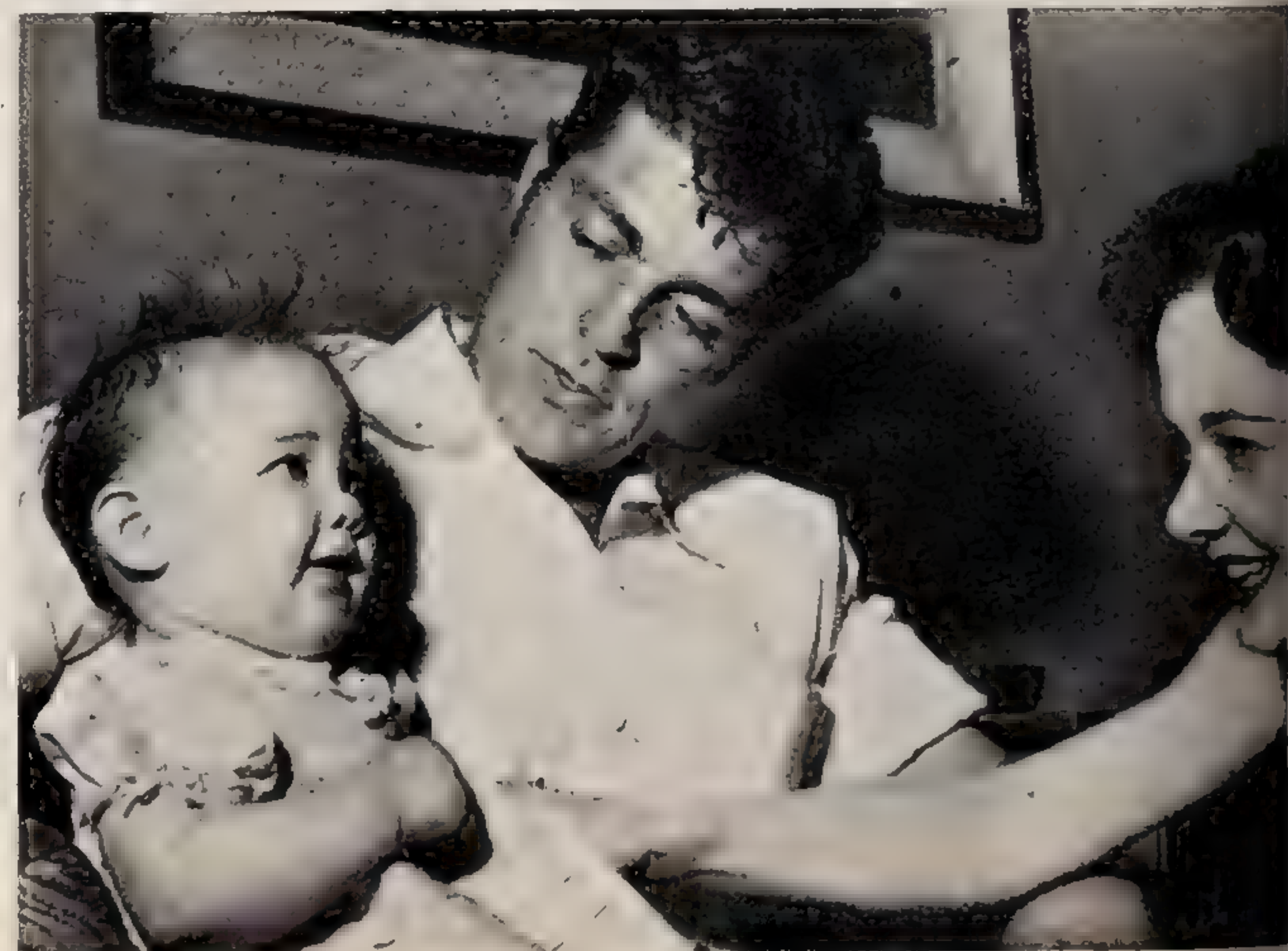
Dale had changed completely with his stardom, reports said, and success had gone to his head in a big way. . .

Dale was spending more and more time away from home, they said—golfing, hunting, riding, even night-clubbing—leaving his wife Jackie to cry her heart out alone with baby Rochelle. . .

Dale and Jackie had reached the parting of the way, gossips claimed, and he was seeing an incendiary blonde young actress recently married; others said he was beaving a top-drawer movie queen who had just shed her third husband. . .

Jackie's reaction to all this has been one of mounting indignation. "They're not being fair to Dale!" she'd exclaim. And close friends have said that if the Robertson marriage is shaky, it is just these items of gossip that are to blame; no household could ignore them completely. (Continued on page 93)

Rochelle: she's the apple of her parents' eye







With this ring, I thee wed, for richer, for poorer,

Ann Blyth

BRIDE OF THE YEAR

• June 27, 1953, is *The Day*—the day Ann Blyth will walk down the aisle of St. Charles Church to become the bride of Dr. James McNulty. Ann will be given in marriage by her Uncle Pat Tobin, and the dazzling list of her bridesmaids reads like an all-star movie cast. These attendants will be Jane Powell, Jeanne Crain, Jane Withers, Joan Leslie, Betty Lynn and Ann's stand-in (though not on this very special occasion), Alice Kraysiva. Dr. McNulty's best man will be his brother, Dennis Day. And all members of both families will be there.

Like all young lovers, Ann and her Dr. Jim were faced with the problem of where to live after their marriage. The day after they became engaged they started their house-hunting, and—unlike many young lovers—they found their dream house with a "For Sale" sign in the front yard! It's in the Toluca Lake district near Hollywood, and they purchased it immediately. Ann's home-to-be is a Connecticut-farmhouse type, exactly the dream house she has always wanted. In fact, Ann laughs, the house is so perfect they will not even have to repaper or repaint a single room in it.

Afternoons these days—and mornings too when Ann hasn't been busy at M-G-M for her role in (Continued on page 73)



James McNulty knows that Ann will make a perfect doctor's wife



Their home in Toluca Lake—exactly as Ann dreamed it would be

for better...

HAS ANYBODY



SEEN MY GIRL ?

Somewhere I'll find her. And when
I do, I'm warning her. My intentions
are strictly matrimonial!

BY ROCK HUDSON

T

HE NEXT FEMALE REPORTER who asks me when I'm going to get married is going to be dragged to the nearest Doctor of Divinity and get hitched to me. And what happens to her in the next fifty years will serve her right.

At least, that's what I keep telling myself I'm going to do. Twenty-seven isn't exactly juvenile, but there are a lot of guys who don't get married until they're over thirty. Nobody pesters them. They just slide through life the way they want to. But somehow people expect an actor, the minute his voice changes, to go out and get himself a bride.

Sure, I want to be married some day. But a guy doesn't pick a wife the way he does an avocado. There's more to it than that. With me, it's a question of finding a girl I like who likes me, and the second part is harder to achieve than the first.

A girl can tell right away about a lot of my faults. I take my shoes off all the time, for instance. And there are few women who can love a guy enough to look at his bare feet all evening. There are other things about me that only my mother knows, and a girl would have to be married to me for a while before she'd find out about them.

Take Hudson in the morning, as a case in point. Once I wake up I'm a bear before coffee, but it's going to take a bit of doing on the part of my bride before she can discover that awful truth. This is because I don't wake up unless and until I've been hit in the head with a pile driver. Noise won't do it. Soft little noises like alarm clocks or kettledrums sail over my head like a morning breeze.

Under these circumstances I have no right to pick and choose about the method (*Continued on page 91*)

I dream about a girl with Piper Laurie's mouth . . . Vera-Ellen's legs . . . Susan Cabot's nose . . . Gene Tierney's hair!





Through her husband, Geary Steffen, Jane has found the deep inner security she needs



LOVE

We asked for it and we got it — the most



This is the story that started the deluge!

• No doubt about it, Jane Powell is firmly set in the affections of the movie-going public—and they feel that her new maturity can only enhance her appeal as a star and as an actress.

Your answers to the Powell Poll in PHOTOPLAY were in the amazing ratio of nineteen to one in Jane's favor. Of the 9,788 tallies, some 9,367 were an emphatic no to the question, "Will maturity end Jane's appeal?" Many of you accompanied your ballots with letters saying that although Jane's progress to mature roles has been sudden, it has nevertheless been graceful and easy, a natural follow-up to her young adolescent roles.

Actually Jane continued her adolescent roles under protest long after her own effervescent girlhood had



To Jane, it seemed as if she grew up overnight. "It all came about naturally," she explains

THAT JANE!

amazing response to a story and a star we have ever known! • BY MIRIAM ROGERS

been left behind. And now at long last her roles are catching up with her. Her first young adult role was in "Royal Wedding," and in the new "Three Sailors and a Girl," she wears lovely, glamorous clothes, and her own carefully styled hairdo, boyishly short in the back and softly curled around the face.

"In a way," Jane explains, "it seems as if I grew up overnight. There was nothing conscious about it. It was just that I fixed my hair differently—I had it cut short, styled it myself—and I found I liked suits, and dresses with more style. It all came about naturally!"

Hollywood is a place where you can't stand still, you have to go forward or be dropped and forgotten, and no one knows this better than Jane. Still on the threshold

of her adult career, she is alert and eager for each new opportunity, and smart enough to be prepared. Through her husband, Geary Steffen, she has found the inner security she needs, and in motherhood, the full flowering of her love. The pattern of her life is rich in youthful achievement, richer in mature promise. There can be no doubt that maturity has brought new beauty, and a new and glamorous appeal to the youngster with the lyric voice!

"My life may look to an outsider a little like a three-ring circus, but it isn't really! A little confusing at times, perhaps—but not too difficult.

"It helps," she says, "to have such an understanding husband. In fact, I don't think (Continued on page 89)

WHY GENTLEMEN PREFER

Blondes

THE GOLD RUSH IS ON WHEN HOLLYWOOD'S BLONDE

● It was a jealous brunette who invented the lie that blondes are dumb and that's why gentlemen prefer them. I never met a blonde who wasn't smart—especially in Hollywood where it's the blondes who steal most of the headlines.

There always seems to be something newsworthy happening to gals like Marilyn Monroe, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Betty Hutton, Shelley Winters and June Allyson, to name just a few of the

more formidable fair-haired types. And if things don't happen in the natural order of events, these gals are smart enough to cook something up that will keep them hot and sizzling in the public eye.

Take, for instance, Marilyn Monroe, who has drawn a lot of criticism for her antics lately, and who keeps on doing what she thinks is right for Marilyn, no matter what people say. One such "I'll play it my way, thank you" incident took place at

June Allyson—her helpless pose pays off

Zsa Zsa Gabor—a sophisticated smoothie

Shelley Winters—a way with the press



BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

BOMBSHELLS GO TO WORK!

the annual PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Dinner. That night Darryl Zanuck tapped his foot impatiently, glared at his wristwatch, and finally—good and irritated—walked to the raised dais in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel and sat down. Every seat for the jam-packed dinner was now occupied—except one—Marilyn Monroe's, next to Zanuck.

She was a full hour and a half late when she finally wriggled in, wearing the tightest (Continued on page 97)

M-m Monroe—excitement as planned

Virginia Mayo—her silence is golden



*You'd think it would take a lot
to tame a big guy like Rory Calhoun.
All it took was little Lita*



DOMESTICATED

Color by Stern and Smith





DREAMBOAT



What Rory minds most are the rules and regulations of city life

BY RICHARD LEON

TAKE an outdoor guy and plunk him down in the middle of Hollywood glamour life. The result is an unhappy guy. That's what you'd naturally expect. But take a real f'rinstance: outdoor guy Rory Calhoun plunked down in Hollywood picture-making, and a more contented fellow you've never seen. And why? Chief reason: Rory's wife, Lita Baron Calhoun.

"Maybe we're naive about it, but we can't get away from the fact that we're more in love now than when we got married," Lita says. "We don't think people get married to get away from each other. We don't take separate vacations. Except for Rory's occasional hunting or fishing trips, we are always together." (Continued on page 102)



**This year, next year, sometime . . . it began
to look like never. Then suddenly Susan and Jess
were off — having the time of their lives!**

● There were, that night, just two people sitting in the sleek, black Cadillac convertible parked far back on the ramp at the drive-in theatre in Encino. It was cool in the Valley; the stars, aloof and diamond-hard, sparkled in a steel-blue sky. The red-haired star in the mink coat stopped munching her popcorn and drew a little closer to the tall, blond man beside her. On the distant screen a dozen skiers raced down the crisp snow of an Alpine slope.

"Nice skiing," said the blond man. "Don't you think so, honey?"

"Ummm," said the lady with red hair. Then, "Jess?"

"Yes, dear."

"Why don't we go *this* year? To Europe?"

"But, Susie, what about the boys?"

"They'll be all right. They'll be eight soon; Mother and my brother Wally could take care of them. . ."

"We could phone home every week. . ."

"Of course. Oh, Jess, we've talked and talked about it now for three years; let's just pick up and go. To Spain and Sweden, to Ireland in the spring, when it's soft green."

Jess Barker grinned at his red-

haired wife. "Right," he chuckled. "This time we'll really go. But I'll bet you nobody at the studio will believe you're really going to go through with it."

Susan Hayward looked sidewise at her husband out of those impish hazel eyes. "Darling," she laughed, "are *they* ever going to be surprised!"

Most unbelieving of all, when Susan actually left for Europe late in February, were those closest to her at the studio: Emmy Eckhardt, her hairdresser; make-up man Tommy Tuttle; and even Vicki Coe, Susan's long-time stand-in. As Susan admitted, "It was an old, old tale. No reason to believe it this time."

Salty, outspoken Emmy, who has washed, set and combed those flaming Hayward tresses for eight years, listened and looked skeptical on the set of "White Witch Doctor" while Susan pored through a lapful of travel folders and talked endlessly about itineraries.

"You'll never get there," said Emmy. "It'll be like that salmon-fishing trip you were going to take to Alaska last year, remember? Or the trip to (Continued on page 95)"

WITH A SONG IN THEIR HEARTS

BY GERRY ROBERTS



The happy humming of bees on a sunny day . . . bubble and squeak . . . country butter in a silver dish . . . starched petticoats . . . Dogwood trees in bloom . . . a domesticated Peter Pan

Photograph by Engstead: June's next is "Remains to Be Seen"



June Allyson

Rosemary Clooney



Photograph by Fraker. Rosemary is in "Here Come the Girls"

Cornflowers on a black lace handkerchief . . . nightingale at a jam session . . . salt-water taffy and candy hearts . . . parade on Fifth Avenue . . . a gingham girl in a Paris gown

CHARLTON LOVES LYDIA

*Their story began in a college classroom
when a shy, shabby boy looked at a pert
coed. The rest is Heston family history*

BY RUTH WATERBURY

● That afternoon in the spring of 1941 love was at work. The class studying "Fundamental Theatre" at Northwestern University were the brains group, the college highbrows.

In the class was a broad-shouldered, shy and shabby boy named Charlton Heston. A scholarship student, he was running an elevator at nights to keep himself eating. In between classes and the night shift he did all manner of odd jobs. He got little sleep, of course, but that was all right; he was determined to become great in the theatre. That was why he was working so hard, and he was annoyed with himself for not keeping his mind constantly on his objective. For as the spring days wafted one past another, he found himself increasingly aware of a coed named Lydia Clarke.

He had taken the habit of sitting behind Lydia in class so that, without seeming to, he could watch her—her pert, dark curls, her huge, dark eyes, her neat rounded figure. He wasn't the only guy in class aware of her; this he jealously noted. But Lydia Clarke was obviously an intellectual artiste. To ask such a girl to shoot the breeze at the college malt shop was virtual sacrilege.

And then, this particular balmy day of that spring of 1941, it happened. Lydia Clarke, as the lecture ended, turned in Charlton's direction. She addressed him.

"I wonder if I could ask your advice, Mr. Heston?"

What a dream question from any girl to any fellow! In one bound Chuck was on his big feet, standing close to Miss Clarke. Because of his height, she had to turn her face up to his. Seen this closely, it was an even (Continued on page 99)



The Hestons at entrance to their Hollywood apartment



HOW TO LOOK LIKE A MOVIE

PHOTOPLAY
★
STAR
FASHIONS



MERMAID

This is it: how to look stunning in the sun. Secret? A swimsuit that's new . . . exciting . . . and fits like a dream. This summer, anyone can look like a movie mermaid. Now there are suits (from \$3 up!) that are miracles of fit and allure.

New suits have built-in secrets to give them that mermaid fit. One has a real, built-in girdle. Another, a separate Lastex pantie. Some have their own body-beautiful bras. Many do it with strong, light-weight Lastex; shirred, elasticized cotton; intricate panels to mold you in the right places. *All* the new silhouettes are good—and great for your figure!

Here, some of Hollywood's loveliest lassies show you how to improve your place in the sun!

— 3333 —

Curvy Terry Moore, in 20th's "Man on a Tightrope," shows off (and vice versa!) shirred, elasticized cotton Jantzen suit, in Wavy Rhythm print. 32-40, under \$9. Jewelry by Mosell

TURN THE PAGE
FOR MORE FASHIONS

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sea nymph

glamour suit



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alluring picture by the sea
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sweetheart collar. Lastex
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of the Rockies.*

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come in Juniors too!
Sizes 9 to 15.*

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Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal*

HOW TO LOOK LIKE A MOVIE MERMAID

Corinne Calvet, in a lo-o-ng, lazy stretch, shows you one new way: Rose Marie Reid's exciting, vivid-toned two-piece Lastex suit with contrasting floral trim. 10-16, under \$18. Her thong sandals, U.S. Rubber. She's just made Twentieth's "Dangerous Crossing"



Ready to ride the surf, Ursula adds an exotic petal cap by Kleinert



Just to prove mermaids can look angelic too, gorgeous Ursula Thiess (RKO's "Son of Sinbad") shows the hourglass suit in sweet Dutch print cotton, by Brilliant, 32-38, under \$8. Sea-shell jewels by Ruby



**MORE
BATHING
SUITS** —→



***Ze French Calvet**, now a mermaid in typical American style: trim and slim-
ming suit with little-boy shorts in Cone multi-striped, water-loving denim; own
patent belt. Rose Marie Reid, 10-18, under \$13. American Optical sunglasses*



Slim sensation: describes Ursula and red Lastex suit, a figure-moulding Sea Nymph by Jordan, under \$11, 32-38. Beautiful background: rocks at Malibu, Kleinert striped terry stole

Sleek sophistication is Mayo mood in exciting Form Control suit by Surf Togs, right, with built-in Phan-Tum girdle, nylon-acetate doeskin Lastex, under \$13, 32-38. Non-tarnishable gilt trim, Straw hat, Pan American Shop

Virginia is ultra-modern, far right, in orlon gingham suit, Flexees, 32-38, under \$13, with separate Lastex Fancy Pants for girdle fit. Kleinert bag, Ruby shell necklace that's bracelet as well



★
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

HOW TO LOOK LIKE A MOVIE MERMAID



Marvelous Mayo soaks up sun in cotton boned-bra sun-suit by Lovable, priced sweet as its name, under \$3! 32-36 A, 32-38 B cup. Glentex scarf. Claire McCardell-designed sunglasses. For her golden tan: Tartan lotion.



Embroidered chambray denim enhances this torso type swim suit with a gay 90's touch. The shirred bloomer effect adds a charming high-fashion note. Charcoal grey, sailing blue, tan. Sizes 32 to 38. About \$8.

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Footprints in the sand: Virginia's in U.S. Rubber beach shoes; matching hat

You can buy these Photoplay Star Fashions in stores listed on page 77



HOW TO LOOK LIKE
A MOVIE MERMAID

←
Virginia Mayo, starring in Warners' "South Sea Paradise," is heavenly in pale blue Lastex Sea Goddess by Shepherd with shirred front, 32-38, under \$8. Terry cape-stole, under \$5

Ursula's elfin charm echoes in enchanting Carolyn Schnurer suit with versatile leash-halter straps, in ABC leaf-print cotton, 32-38, under \$11. Frederick Mosell golden earrings

All fashion photos by Christa



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Down Mexico Way



PHOTOPLAY

PICTURE

STORY

• What does a he-man star like John Wayne do on a holiday in Mexico? Sit in that South of the Border sun? Water ski? Go fishing? John invited PHOTOPLAY's ace photographer, Phil Stern, along on his holiday to record some of his activities. Having finished his work as a producer on "Plunder in the Sun" and his work as an actor in "Trouble Along the Way," John was more than ready for a few days down Mexico way as a Yankee *caballero*.

MORE PICTURES ON FOLLOWING PAGE





Down Mexico

Way

Continued

● Another Hollywood - in - Acapulco visitor was Wayne's pal, Gary Cooper, who had just finished the filming of "Return to Paradise." Wayne and Coop are long-time friends, and since Gary was tied up in Mexico making "Blowing Wild," he asked John to act as his proxy at the Academy Awards ceremony and accept his Oscar.

"All the Brothers Were Valiant"—shoppers have been running into Ann as she gathered together her linens and other items for her trousseau. Like any other June bride, Ann knows exactly what she wants, but her plans for her trousseau didn't crystalize until after Dr. Jim's proposal last December. And in the months since then, Ann has found—again like many another young bride—that the demands of her work have cut heavily into the time she'd hoped to be shopping and planning for her future.

But no matter how rushed Ann may be, Helen Rose, one of Hollywood's most talented designers, has made sure that Ann will be one of filmtown's loveliest brides. For Miss Rose has created for her a wedding dress, bridesmaids' gowns and accessories that would make any bride-to-be long for the day.

Ann's gown, in satin overlaid with *mousseline de soie*, has a long bodice with lace yoke and a full, full skirt. On her hair, she will wear a heart-shaped lace cap, pearl trimmed, from which cascades a veil of illusion net. Long, white, lace gloves and a bouquet of lilies of the valley will complete the lovely bridal picture. For the bridesmaids, Miss Rose has designed dresses in the most heavenly shades of delphinium blue with ballerina length skirts. Each girl will carry a muff of fresh delphiniums.

The wedding date of June 27 is a happy compromise for Ann, one which will enable

*A true friend is one who doesn't
require you to make excuses.*

GREGORY PECK

her to fulfill her lifetime dream of being a June bride and also will enable her doctor groom to take the least busy two weeks off from his practice for a honeymoon. Where the bride and groom will honeymoon has been a carefully guarded secret; even to her closest friends Ann has declined to reveal their destination.

After they return from their honeymoon, when Ann and Dr. Jim settle down in their Toluca Lake home, she intends to go back to her career; a new picture is slated for her at M-G-M in the early fall. As for Dr. McNulty, he'll be right back at work, too, for he is one of the most prominent young obstetricians in Hollywood.

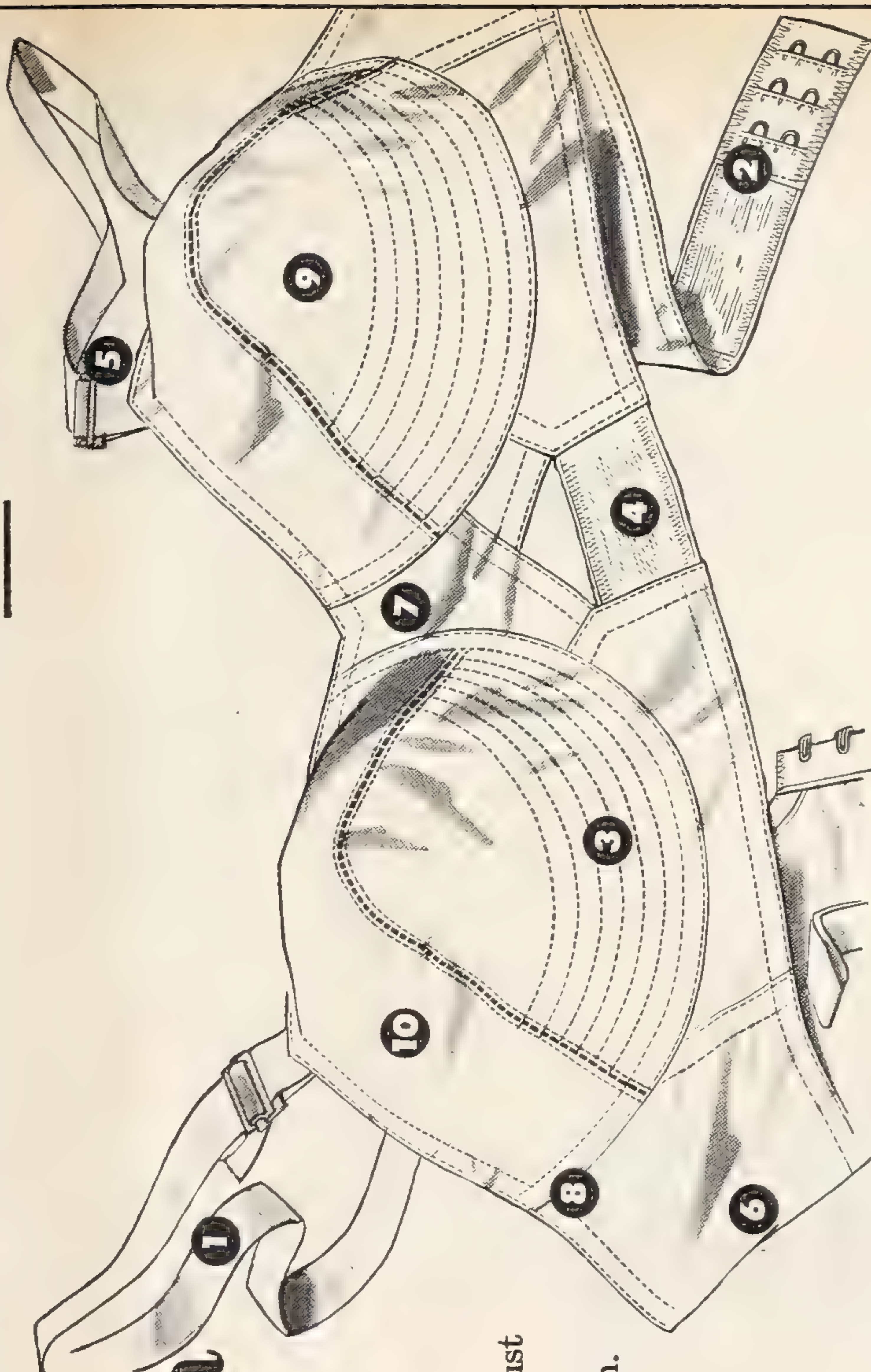
Children? Yes, of course—Ann beams in delight at the thought and admits to hoping for a big, big family of ten or twelve youngsters. The prospect pleases her enormously, and her big desire is for a houseful of happy children, particularly in view of her own lonely girlhood as an only child. Besides, Ann realizes that the life of a doctor's wife can be a lonely one as she sits at home while her husband is at work, and often on call twenty-four hours a day, and Ann wants a big family around her for that reason too.

There may have been bigger and splashier weddings in Hollywood history, but certainly none has had warmer approval than this one, which joins two people whose love is so inspiring to watch.

Ann, ever since her days as a youngster in Hollywood, has been a favorite with everyone. Her friends, her co-workers, all those who know her, join with her many screen fans in best wishes for the happiest days of her life.

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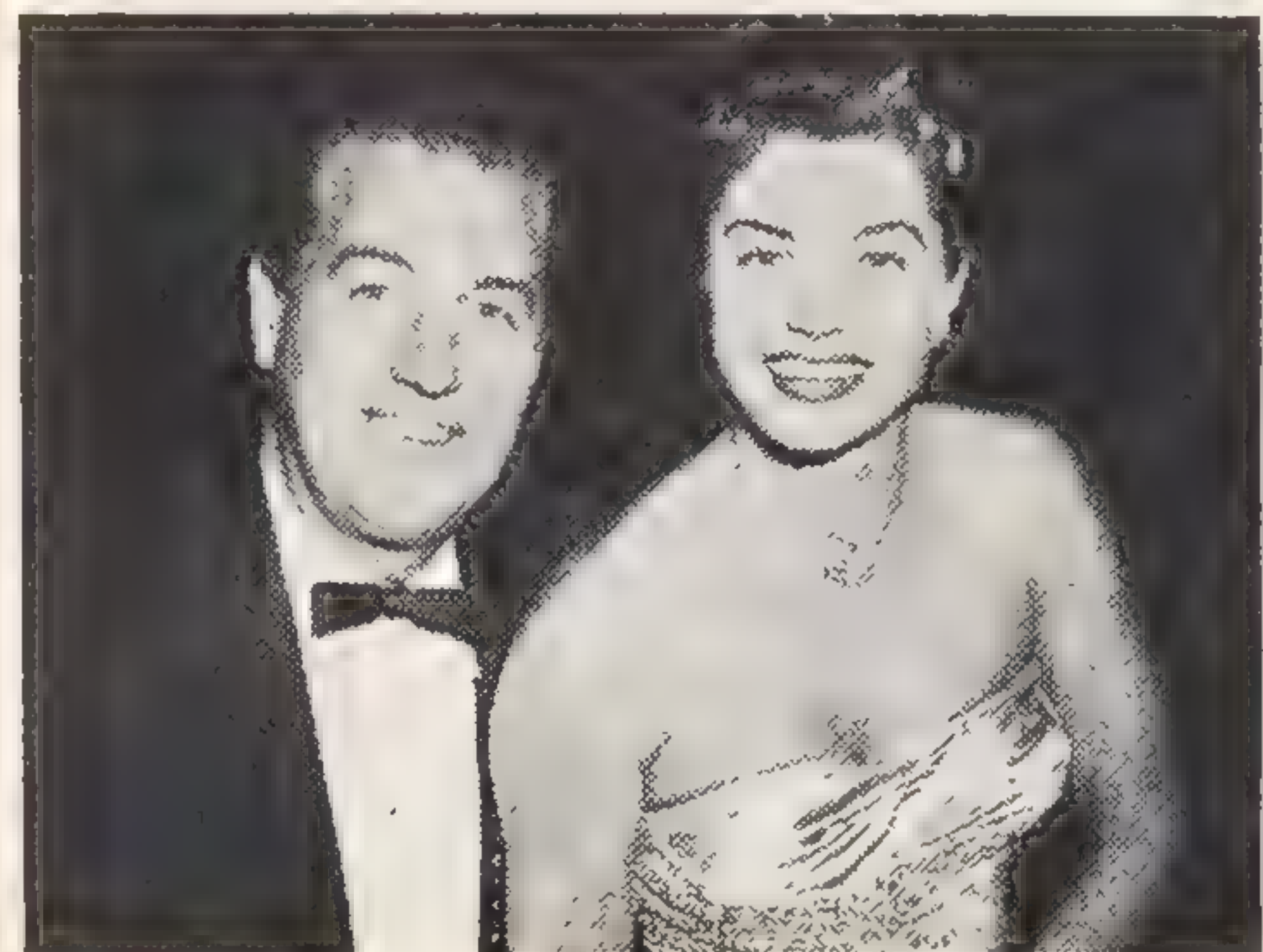




That's Hollywood For You

BY
SIDNEY
SKOLSKY

I'D SAY MARILYN MONROE has increased my acquaintanceship with males. Ever since I have escorted The Monroe to several parties more fellows say hello to me than ever before . . . Bob Wagner may appear innocent, but he knows what he's doing. He should be in diplomatic service . . . Liz Taylor and Jean Simmons look like sisters.



But, Sidney, Ben might have his plans!

There's no other actress I know who has the good humor of Esther Williams. I'd accept her any time for a desert island companion. Debbie Reynolds is always bubbling and always talking. I like Debbie, but I wonder how long I could take the bubbling . . . Dawn Addams is another name I don't quite believe.

The Sunset Strip is one of my favorite places in Hollywood. I especially like the name, which has a burlesque flavor . . . I keep tuning in "Dragnet," not so much for the yarn as to see if Jack Webb will overact . . . I like box-office champ John Wayne's honesty in admitting he's not much of an actor. He explains it: "I don't act. I react." . . . Pamela Mason doesn't act in the movies and gets more publicity than husband James Mason, who does . . . I think Ursula Thiess is proof of the fact that you can get tired of looking at a too beautiful face. Anyway, I can . . . Terry Moore interests me in more ways than two. Terry told me: "Just because I switched to sexier roles, people find me sexy. I was always the same. I guess it's how you sell it." . . . Marie Wilson to her poodle, "You're going to walk there if I have to carry you."

Burt Lancaster sleeps with nothing on except yesterday's beard . . . Ava Gardner is registering as a good actress. This should prove what can come of sheer determination and study . . . I don't think Maureen O'Hara got enough credit for her performance in "The Quiet Man" . . . What's with me? I confuse Arlene Dahl and Rhonda Fleming . . . This is nothing compared with the confusion in the movie industry, what with CinemaScope, 3-D, roundies, flats, etc. It's enough to make an exhibitor run home and watch TV . . . By the way, a restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard displays this sign: "We feature 3-D food—Delicious, Dlectable, Delicatessen." . . . Olivia de Havilland still likes to hear a whistle, a man's.

Lauren Bacall is beginning to sound more like Humphrey Bogart than Bogey . . . I believe next year's Oscar Derby for the best performance by an actor will be a Battle of the B's: Brando, Burton and Brasselle . . . I hope the movie industry gets smarter and uses the televising of the Academy Awards to sell movies and not TV sets . . . Rock Hudson is considered a good date because he doesn't kiss and tell . . . Newcomer Tom Morton was very impressed by the first Hollywood party he attended. "I noticed that every face belonged to a nationally prominent person," said Morton. "In fact the only person there I didn't know was me" . . . CinemaScope should make the newsreels better, and they need to be! . . . I can't picture Rosie Clooney and José Ferrer together even when I see them together.



Rosemary and José—together!

I'm rooting for Frank Sinatra to come through with a great performance in "From Here to Eternity" . . . Want to know how to tell who's important in Hollywood? Just watch where the headwaiters at Romanoff's and Chasen's seat the various patrons . . . Love in Hollywood: A movie couple are celebrating their silver anniversary. It's been twenty-five years that they've been separated . . . Wonder if there's an actress brave enough to be photographed as she looks when she arrives in the studio make-up department at seven in the morning.



Ethel Merman: the power of TNT

I know of no one else in pictures who can belt out a song like Ethel Merman . . . Denise Darcel is putting it on too much, and in places where she already has enough . . . Sign in Mike Curtiz' office: "Everybody is able to give pleasure in some way. One person may do it by coming into a room, another by leaving it." . . . I get the impression that Gary Cooper is sometimes doing an impersonation of Gary Cooper . . . Betty Hutton could create a sensation by playing a role relaxed . . . It's amazing how Mitzi Gaynor has developed into a glamour girl. And I use the word "developed" advisedly . . . People think I don't like Piper Laurie. This is not true. I just can't get used to her as an actress, but personally she's nice . . . On returning to Hollywood, Gregory Ratoff remarked: "The way things are these days, any guy who's normal should see a psychiatrist." . . . I know that Tom Jenks told Joan Davis that she's a fool to pose for her own photographs . . . And that's Hollywood for you.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD

BING CROSBY HAS HIT THE ROAD—one way or another—a good many times in the last dozen years or so. But he's never headed out on a trip—real or reel—where he was half as tickled with his traveling companion as he is on his current easy-going ramble through Europe. He and his fifteen-year-old son Lindsay aren't worrying about a thing on this jaunt—just getting a lot of golf in and having a leisurely look around before Bing has to be back in Hollywood to start work on "White Christmas."

If there has to be a *reason* for the trip, Bing put it, before they sailed, "call it a chance for Lin to learn French at the source." But both Bing and his boy know that the real reason is to give a father and son a chance to know each other better.



Bing and Lindsay in New York—just before they sailed for European holiday



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BY FLORABEL MUIR

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Larry and Vivien: no more pictures for her?

THERE IS A POSSIBILITY that Vivien Leigh will never again appear in a motion picture following her nervous breakdown after three weeks of shooting on Paramount's "Elephant Walk," and that she may also be forced to quit the stage. Her health, always delicate even when she was much younger and playing *Scarlet* in "Gone With the Wind," may have been seriously undermined by her collapse in Hollywood. Only time will give the answer to her worried husband, Sir Laurence Olivier, who flew to California to take her home to England.

Chances are that the Ida Lupino and Howard Duff marriage is not long for this world. They've been squabbling right out loud before a lot of people who've been telling all the details to other people until everybody in town knows what's going on. Duff's fist fight with Jack Buchtel in a Sunset Strip night spot with Ida as participant didn't pour any oil on the troubled matrimonial waters. They're betting around town that they won't be Mr. and Mrs. when the New Year rolls around.

Dick Haymes' new romance is Yvonne Rivers, Mexican actress, while his wife Nora is trying to make up her mind whether or not to sue for divorce. Joanne Dru, his ex-wife, asked for a contempt of court complaint against him late in March because he didn't pay her the alimony the judge ordered. With income tax and alimony troubles piling up, the singer has been having trouble sleeping lately.

John Wayne's eyes are starry as he gazes at Pilar Pallete, Peruvian beauty, who's on his arm nearly every time John appears in public lately. He not only escorts her everywhere but also has her under contract with his motion picture company. Maybe it's Pilar's influence, but all of a sudden he's not only making the rounds to parties but he's tossing

them, which is a switch for him. He's always hated parties.

Joan Crawford is seeing a lot of Jennings Lang these days. When Lang's wife, Pamela, died from an overdose of sleeping pills, Joan was hysterical with grief. "She was one of my best friends," she cried. The popular actor's agent appears to be completely recovered from the gunshot wounds he incurred when Walter Wanger, husband of Joan Bennett, fired on him one evening in a Beverly Hills parking lot. On the subject of his marriage, Wanger said in an announcement there would be a reconciliation with wife Joan. So far, no word from La Bennett.

The obstacle to the romance of Pier Angeli and Kirk Douglas appears to be her religion, which makes marriage with a divorced man taboo. Little Pier's mama is ever vigilant and isn't likely to let her daughter stub her little toe. But gossip hints at the possibility of a marriage in Europe this summer with both Kirk and Pier over there on picture assignments.

The Nicky Hilton-Terry Moore romance seems to be generating much heat one day and just simmering the next. Terry has eyes only for Nick when she is with him, and he acts as if he loves it. Then—next day she's off dating another.

José Ferrer appeared with his wife at the preview of "Three Angels" (one of his ex-wives was in the cast) and Rosemary Clooney was nowhere in sight. Is that warm, warm Clooney-Ferrer friendship at an end?

Her fans are going to see a new and infinitely more delectable Betty Grable when "How to Marry a Millionaire" hits the theatres. The picture was shot in CinemaScope, Twentieth's new 3-D process and what it does for Betty is sheer magic. And wait till you see co-star Marilyn Monroe sashay in *three* dimensions!



Pier and Kirk: will religion bar a wedding?

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Previews:

"MELBA"

OPERA LOVERS everywhere have long thrilled to the sensational success story of the great Nellie Melba—the simple Australian girl whose magnificent voice brought her the plaudits of millions and the devoted love of many men.

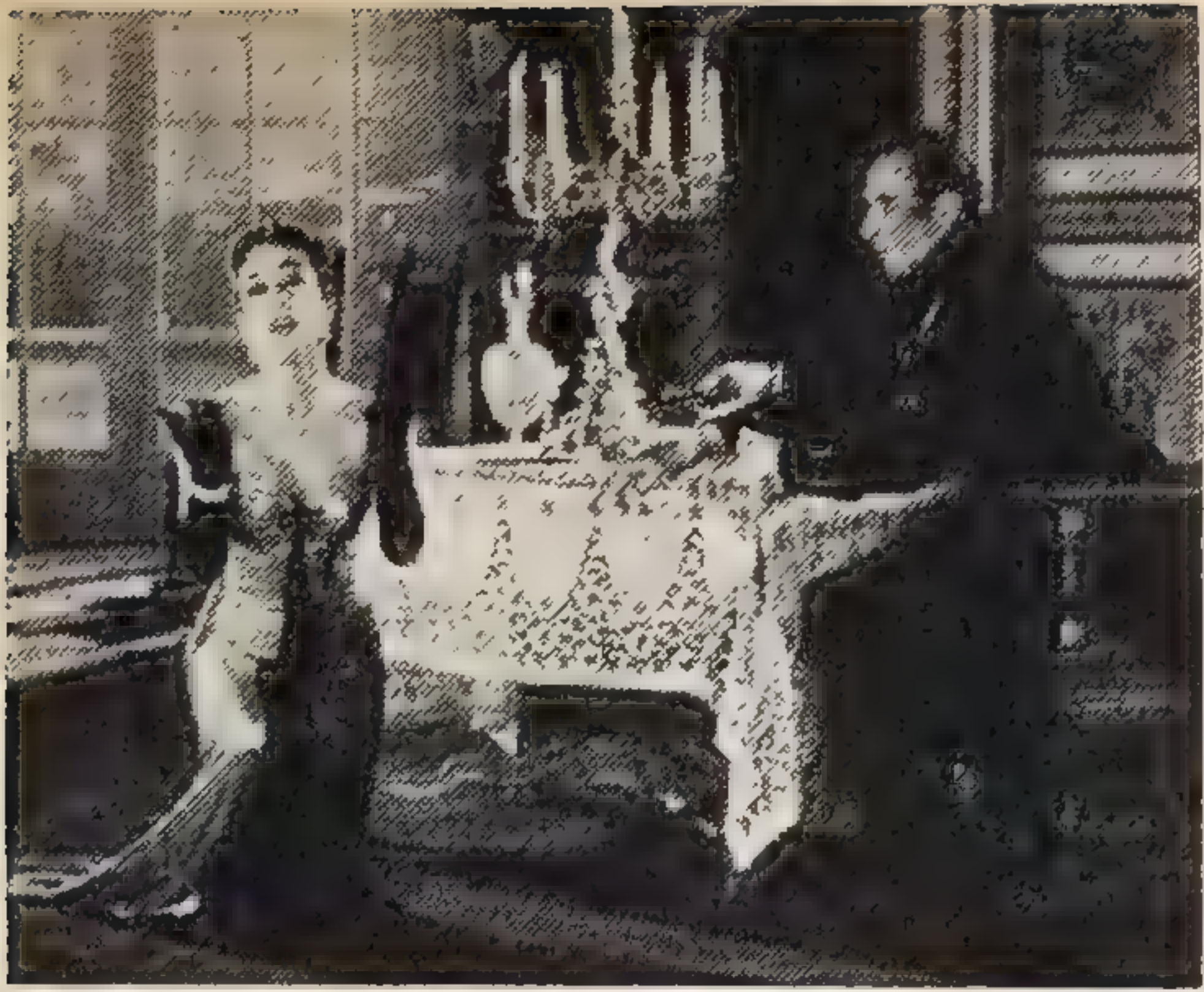
So when Patrice Munsel—the unaffected American girl whose operatic triumphs have been almost as spectacular as those of the brilliant Australian—was chosen to play Melba in a film, those same opera lovers were delighted.

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(Left) Melba (Patrice Munsel) dines with one of her ardent admirers (John Justin)

Munsel performs many of Melba's great roles. (Opposite) "The Barber of Seville"

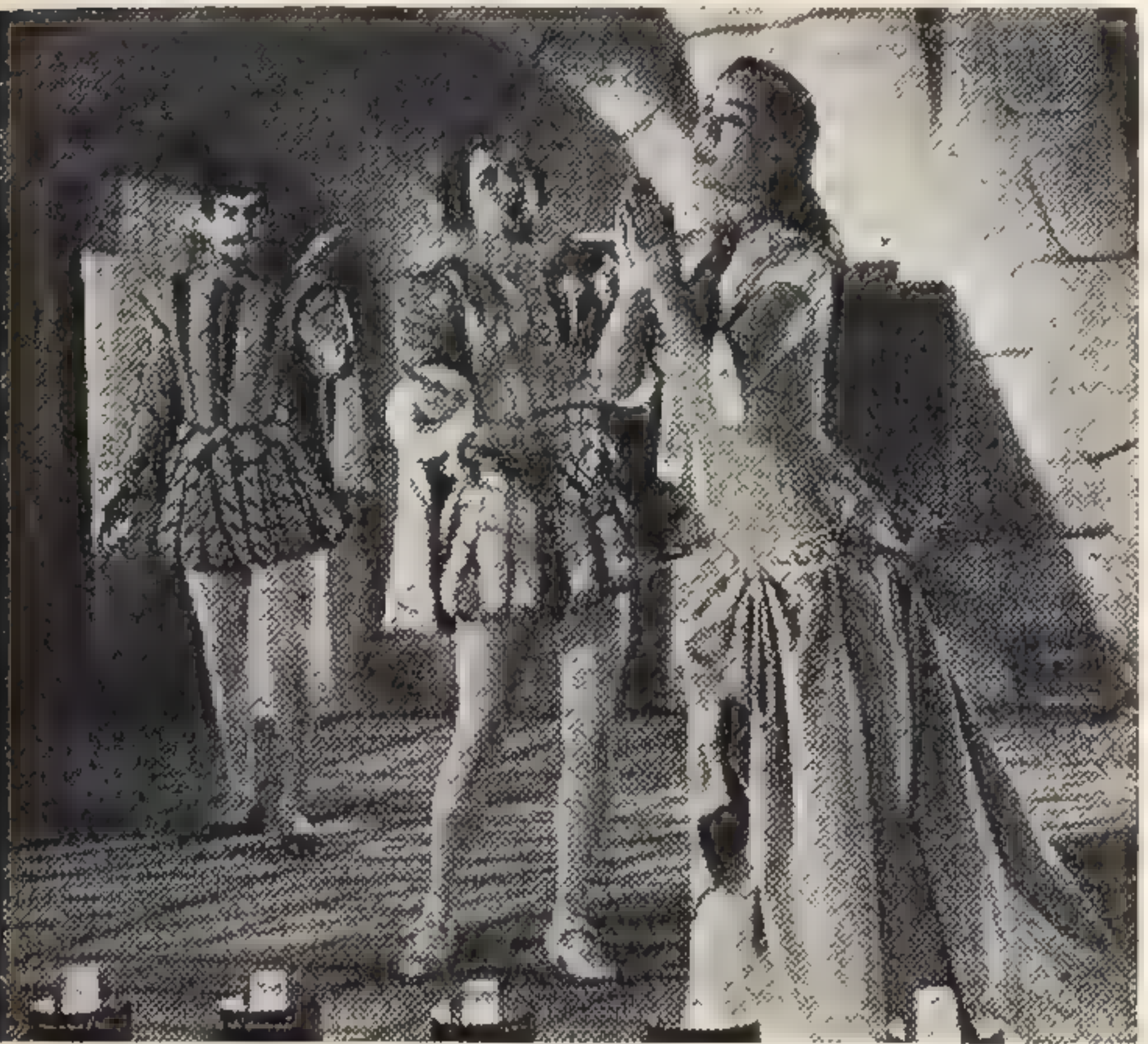




The American singer triumphs in "Tosca" just as her Australian predecessor did



Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment" provides one of the movie's gayest bits



As the abandoned Marguerite in "Faust," Munsel is a figure of haunting tragedy



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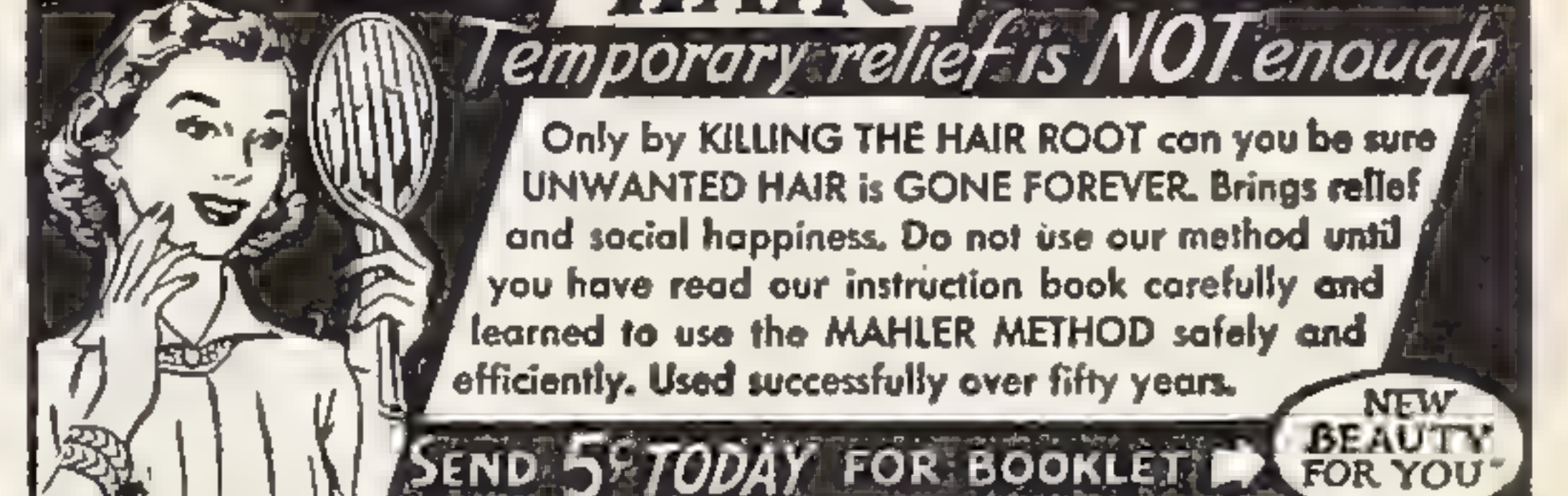
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OSCAR GROWS UP



Shirley Booth hit the peak in "Little Sheba"

CELEBRATING its twenty-fifth anniversary, the annual Academy Awards ceremony outdid all previous Academy affairs in a program which this year reached an estimated total of 91,000,000 people via TV and radio. And Oscar—as the award is affectionately referred to—turned twenty-five with a party that for drama, thrills and nostalgia has never been matched.

The winner of the award as Best Actress, for her role in "Come Back, Little Sheba," was Shirley Booth, while Gary Cooper got his second Oscar (his first was for "Sergeant York") for his perfor-

mance in "High Noon." The awards for Supporting Performances went to Gloria Grahame, for "The Bad and the Beautiful," and to Anthony Quinn for "Viva Zapata!" "The Greatest Show on Earth" was voted the Outstanding Production of the Year, while its producer, Cecil B. DeMille, was also awarded the Irving Thalberg Memorial Award for distinguished contributions to the art of motion pictures. The award for Best Direction went to John Ford for "The Quiet Man."

Almost as impressive as the awards themselves, however, was the galaxy of stars assembled to make the presentations—past Academy Award winners such as Janet Gaynor, Mary Pickford, Ronald Colman, Luise Rainer, Greer Garson and many more. The scene of most of the presentations was the Pantages Theatre in Hollywood, but Shirley Booth received her award in New York, where she is appearing in "The Time of the Cuckoo."

In recognition of the splendid work of the NBC-TV network in bringing the awards ceremony to millions of Americans at home, PHOTOPLAY presented its special Award of Merit to NBC. Truly, this year the Academy ceremonies took on added meaning for the millions who were able to see them. Oscar steps into his twenty-sixth year with a record of which he may well be proud!



John Wayne accepted Oscars for two good friends who were away on location. Janet Gaynor presented Oscar for Best Actor, Gary Cooper; Olivia De Havilland for Best Director, John Ford

MOVIES *continued*

manner, and even the ingratiating players can't save it. Leo Genn does his best as the father who's cloistered his trio in an implausibly luxurious island paradise; Audrey Dalton, as the most spirited girl, proves she rates better opportunity. Sisters Joan Elan and Dorothy Bromiley, marines Don Taylor, Gene Barry and Peter Baldwin hardly register.

Verdict: Comedy that misses fire. (Family)

LAW AND ORDER (U-I, TECHNICOLOR)

This Western goes about its familiar business at an ambling pace. Ronald Reagan looks at ease on a horse, but he'll get no chance at an Oscar with his role of a marshal who tries to retire. Unhappily, he moves to a town ruthlessly ruled by Preston Foster, and when Ron's brother (Alex Nicol) is killed, the ex-marshal puts the badge on again. Dorothy Malone's a comely heroine; Russell Johnson and Ruth Hampton also romance.

Verdict: Okay for Western fans (Family)

CRY OF THE HUNTED (M-G-M)

Colorful settings and a likable lead performance by Barry Sullivan fail to salvage a chase picture that's fatally slow. There's a certain mutual respect between pursuer Sullivan and fugitive Vittorio Gassman. (In outline, the plot's similar to "The Wild North," though the film's far less effective.) Jailed for his first misstep, Gassman escapes and heads for his remote bayou home in Louisiana. As Barry's wife, Polly Bergen's pleasing to look at, but her dialogue is painfully arch.

Verdict: Mild, repetitious action movie with sympathetic touches (Family)

DESERT LEGION (U-I, TECHNICOLOR)

At a comfortable distance from reality, an unabashed adventure yarn sends Alan Ladd, peace-loving officer of the Foreign Legion, into a Shangri-La country lost in the North African mountains. However, its serenity is disturbed by the power-hungry plotting of Richard Conte, and Ladd has to put up a mighty battle before he's made the place safe for princess Arlene Dahl and her gentle subjects.

Verdict: Innocent thriller of romantic doings in faraway places (Family)

THE GIRL WHO HAD EVERYTHING (M-G-M)

The lackadaisical love affair of rich-girl Elizabeth Taylor and racketeer Fernando Lamas doesn't generate anything like the warmth you'd expect. A remake of the lusty old Gable-Shearer film, "A Free Soul," this puzzling movie muffs all its chances. Scenes between Liz and William Powell, as the lawyer-father who has given her too much freedom, are lacking in drama, and Gig Young is colorless as a socialite.

Verdict: Weak love story with hackneyed crook-film trimmings (Adult)



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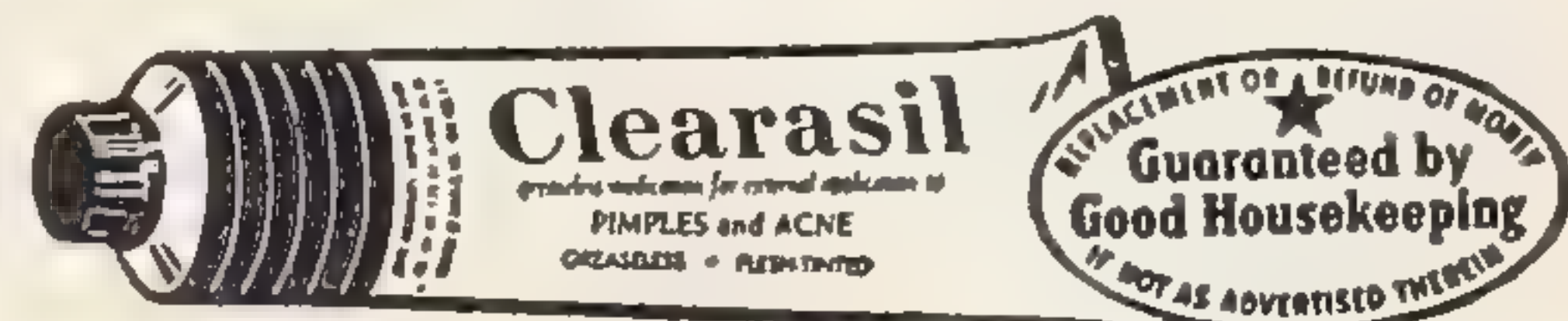
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INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 37)



While daddy's shooting the works on film in Capri, Ingrid Bergman and son Robertino Rossellini try out local burro



Salome in her seven veils had nothing on Rita Hayworth in a mink-trimmed evening gown! Star got crushing ovation when she appeared at New York premiere of film

Mayo to be Mrs. George Sanders at the "Call Me Madam" premiere. Virginia signed their books—Zsa Zsa Mayo!

The Gower Champions and the Gene Nelsons at the Biltmore Theatre, watching Katharine Cornell on the stage and silent-screen siren, Theda Bara, who sat right in front of them.

Blues in the Night: Hades and Hollywood are paved with good intentions. Certainly Doris Day's motives were the best when she happened to hear Merv Griffin singing in Las Vegas and induced studio executive Bill Orr to send for the singer and test him. Merv actually wasn't too eager to try his luck in pictures, so you know the answer to *that* one! The successful singer *got* a contract! Now they're saying that Doris used her influence to get herself a new leading man and put an end to making movies with Gordon MacRae. How can you win?

Paging Pinkerton: The Gary Cooper situation continues to mystify everyone. Now their old home is up for sale and they're building a new one—together. No, they haven't reconciled and they have no plans for a divorce. Rocky continues to date the eligible males about town. In Mexico mak-

ing "Blowing Wild," Gary seemed to be captivated by a fascinating female known as Chanelle. Rocky is planning to visit Europe, where Gary will be working to complete the eighteen-month tax sojourn.

Love's Like That: Friends believe that it's only a matter of time (and timing) before Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl give their romance back to Dan Cupid, with the sexy South American heading in the general direction of Rita Hayworth—he hopes!

Hollywood Wonders: If John Wayne has a new lady-love who visited the "Island in the Sky" location set and resembles Duke's first and second wives? . . . Why Kirk Douglas calls syndicated columnists from Europe, asking them to give his love to Pier Angeli? Her phone out of order or sum-pin'? . . . When will Vera-Ellen find happiness? She's lost so much weight she now has a twenty-inch waist and continues to live on a starvation diet . . . Where Scott Brady gets the ideas his remarks are amusing, like those made to entertainers invited to his table at the Macayo?

Memory Course: Has it ever happened to you? If it has, you will know how the Ricardo Montalban felt when they walked

into a total stranger's house. "Sally Forrest was being married there," recalls Ricardo. "But we didn't know a soul and everyone kept glaring at us. That's when we discovered we were a week *too early*!" It happened again, recently, when agent Paul Small entertained for Ginger Rogers and husband Jacques Bergerac. "Georgiana looked so beautiful in a new gown," Ricardo sighs sadly. "When we arrived the house was dark. A servant answered our ring and informed us that we were a week *too late*!" Maybe Cal should send the Montalbans a Marilyn Monroe calendar.

Starbright: Readers of PHOTOPLAY certainly can pick 'em! Last year's winner of the "Choose Your Star" contest was blonde Lori Nelson. Now Universal-International seconds the motion! Lori has been elevated to full-fledged stardom and assigned to co-star with Audie Murphy in "Three Were Renegades." Congratulations to Lori and to readers of PHOTOPLAY.

Off the Cuff: Ingrid Bergman has plans and hotel reservations in New York for the month of July. She definitely wants to spend a month with her daughter Jenny Ann, whom she hasn't seen in two years. In the meantime she hoped to finish filming

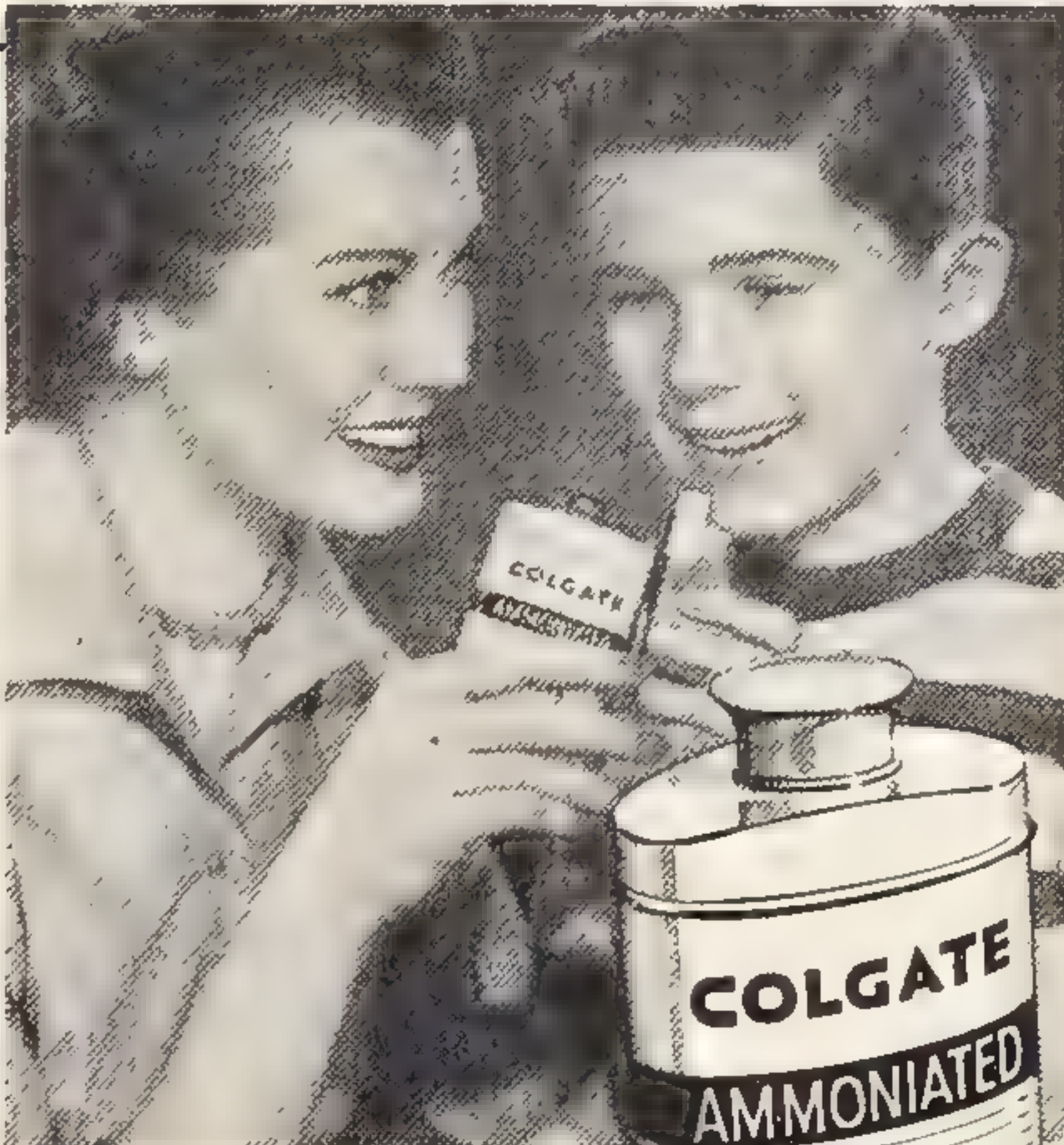


Vera-Ellen's dancing in "Call Me Madam" is dreamy but her thinness has Hollywood worried

her director-producer husband's latest picture. Picture progress developed a snag when husband Rossellini lost the leading man. With no shooting script and incomplete financing, Rossellini signed George Sanders to co-star with Ingrid. After a few weeks of the Rossellini system of filming on the peaceful Isle of Capri, George was a nervous wreck and left Italy for England and another picture commitment. 'Tis said he might return if and when Roberto Rossellini shows him a finished shooting script and financing for same.

Together Again: After the absence of her husband, Bob Mitchum, from their home, Dorothy Mitchum announced their separation. But on the following day, Bob called her up and explained that he had been entertaining some visitors from Texas and had stayed with them at their hotel and that he'd be right home. That same night Bob took Dorothy to dinner and she announced that they were together again . . . Dean Martin bought his wife, Jeanne, a new Cadillac and announced that their trial separation is off. They're together again . . . The on-again, off-again marriage of Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens is still on and off, but—you guessed it—they're always together!

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Fathers' Day

(Continued from page 39)

"That so?" asked the glassy-eyed father politely.

And then there was Ricardo Montalban, who—despite the fact that he had been a new father three times before—found life a great fluster when Victor, the fourth baby was en route in April, 1952. The picture Ricardo was working on at the time was behind schedule, and that meant production had to be stepped up—no matter what. Ricardo, however, was determined to break away in order to get his wife to the hospital on time. The cameras cranking on him that day did not record his jitters, but people in the cast reported afterwards that they were sure the loud thumping of his heart could be picked up on the sound track.

His careful plans went sour, though, and Georgiana was rushed to the hospital while he was still on the set. When word reached him, Ricardo tore off like a jet plane. By the time he arrived at her side, Victor was already waiting for him. And both mother and baby were doing just fine.

But the father? He fainted dead away!

Alan Ladd's another old hand at the father routine—and he seems to take it all in easy stride. Fathers' Day, as far as he's concerned comes 365 days a year, and all plans he makes to do anything or go anywhere always include his youngsters. Before he and the family left for England early this year, where Alan made "The Big Jump," he had a million and one things to do—naturally. But he stopped them all dead because young David wanted to spend just one day, "Just one, Dad, please . . ." on the family ranch before they took off. It's a long, long drive and it took a lot of time out of a schedule that was already much too crowded. "But how," Alan wanted to know, "could I possibly have said no?"

Some of the stories of Hollywood fathers and their relationship to their kids are chockful of fun; some are crammed with happy nonsense. And far more often than you'd think, the stories are filled with qualities that can be described only by such words as tender and courageous.

One of the tenderest of them all is the tale of Burt Lancaster and his son Billy. When Billy was stricken with polio, the doctor advised—along with massage, hydrotherapy and a wide variety of exercises—that the boy do some dancing to strengthen his muscles. Little Billy was horrified! He was a he-man, just like his

pop, and he wasn't going to have anything to do with that sissy stuff!

So Burt went off quietly on his own and did a little extra-curricular work. Dancing then, was as out of character for him as Billy thought it was—but not, Burt was determined, if it would help out in the difficult father role he was playing. One day, he came whirling and tripping into Billy's room. And it worked. If dancing wasn't too girly-girly for Pop, then Billy couldn't see anything wrong with twirling about himself.

The process was slow and painful. But the first real steps that Billy took were dancing with his father. And today, he shows no trace at all of the crippling polio.

Gene Nelson's son, Chris, wants to be all he-man too. But it was tough going for him for a while, because he's the youngest and the littlest kid in his neighborhood. So it was only natural—children being what they are—that Chris got picked on, and even roughed up once in a while. He hated it, but he was so much littler than the others that he didn't know what to do about it—and every once in a while he'd come home and weep and mope.

Finally, Gene had one of those man-to-man talks with the boy. He explained to him that crying wasn't going to do him a bit of good, and that the other fellows would think he was a sissy and would keep right on picking on him—as long as he came running to his parents in tears.

"Yah, Pop, I know," Chris mumbled out of a tear-stained face. "But they're all bigger than I am."

Gene was full of fatherly philosophy. "If you're big enough to play with them, then you're big enough to work out some way to get along with them." He pronounced his edict and then he wondered what was going to happen next.

He didn't have long to wait. Chris walked right out of the house, picked up a stick, and clouted the biggest, bulkiest boy of them all over the head with it. And life has been peaceful ever since.

"It wasn't exactly what I had in mind," says Gene a little sheepishly. "I don't want Chris to be *that* kind of a tough guy. And I know how far from tough he really felt as he was using that stick. He was so scared you could see his little shorts shaking. But it was his own system. And it worked. And that's good enough for me. And for Chris!"

In the Roy Rogers household, there's

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always some amusing or exciting kid stuff going on. Right now, Roy is keeping busy getting acquainted with the two youngsters he and Dale adopted last year, shortly after their little daughter Robin died. Young Sandy still hasn't quite gotten over his original shyness with his new family, and, as a result, he speaks very little and usually very timidly when he speaks at all.

So Roy was delighted when, not long ago, Sandy got impatient with Little Doe, who was teething, and was as far from good-natured as teething babies usually are. She cried and cried and cried, and after watching Dale's fifth unsuccessful attempt to put her to bed one night, Sandy spoke up, "Dad, do you think we ought to give her back to those Indians?"

"With that kind of comment," says his proud pop, "you'd think he was being raised by Will, not Roy Rogers!"

Keepin' up with his young 'un keeps George Murphy a lot younger than he really feels he has to be. Dennis Michael is all boy—and all busy boy, at that! For the moment, he has hired himself out as a hand on Dick Powell's ranch. That, says George, may keep him fully occupied for a while—but he's not counting on any long-range respite. Dennis is always up to something says George with a tone that's far more proud than irritated. "You never know what to expect next." Like the time, for instance, when George settled down quietly for an afternoon in front of the TV set when who should grin out at him from the screen but his own small fry; Dennis had heard about a pet contest, gone off and entered his cat, and the next thing George knew, there they were—the whole cat and caboodle—calmly being televised.

That cat, incidentally, has as much to do with keeping George Murphy spry as Dennis does himself. It loves to climb trees—up trees, that is. But getting down out of them is something else again. And by now, the Murphy neighbors are used to the sight of papa George, shinnying up a tree to rescue Tabby.

Of all Hollywood's fathers, the most out and out lady's man is probably Robert Mitchum. He's always treated his two sons, Chris and Jim, as a couple of regular guys—which they are. But baby Petrine, just a little over a year old, has brought out the cavalier in him. He can't get over the wonder of having fathered something so delicate and feminine. And he can't stay away from her.

When he was on a personal appearance tour not long after she was born, he found an old-fashioned baby carriage in Denver, Colorado—a perambulating surrey with a fringe on top. The carriage was banged up and battered, but Bob could see it as the ideal coach for his baby princess. So he lugged it home, repaired and repainted it. And that's where Petrine rides whenever Pop's around. He wheels her from the kitchen to the study, from the study to the garden—wherever he stops to roost for a moment. And there's conversation every minute of the time, with Bob confiding gravely to Petrine any matter that happens to be on his mind. And Petrine, gurgling happily back at him in that mysterious baby language which nobody else can understand, but which Bob insists means, "Gee, my pop's a great guy!"

They take to their duties and responsibilities in a million different ways, do these Hollywood glamour boys! But there's one thing they're all unanimous on: that nothing that's ever happened to any of them in their exciting, romantic and action-packed careers can possibly compare with the downright fun and the full-fledged pride they get out of having somebody call them Pop!

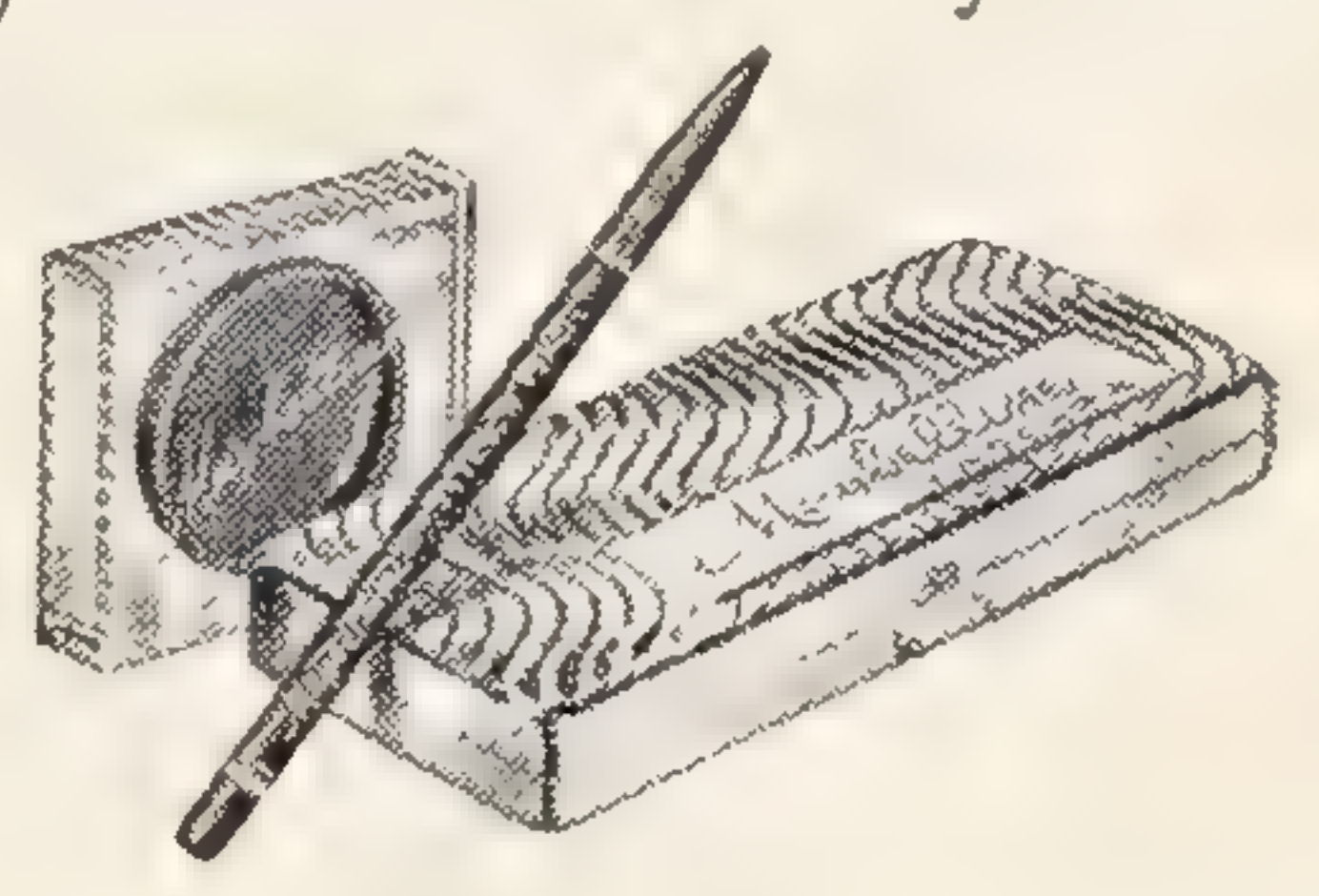
THE END



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Doing Nicely, Thank You

WHEN DICK POWELL was taken critically ill, all of Hollywood stood vigil in spirit at his bedside. And when the news came that the hours of danger were over, all of Hollywood rejoiced for the pair whose romance is one of the tenderest, whose love one of the most enduring that Filmtown has ever seen. During the days of crisis, June Allyson refused to stir from the hospital, and she herself all but lost pound for pound with the terrifying twenty-two that Dick shed.

There was an added twinge of irony in Dick's illness coming just at the mo-

ment when he was so successfully launching into the third phase of his career—from singer, to actor, and now to director. Those who know directing best say that his work in "Split Second" guarantees an exciting new future for him in this field which Dick has for some time been longing to try.

Now Dick is back at home again, and under June's watchful care he's regaining his health. Keep well now, Dick, to give that future a fair chance to flourish—and to keep June as happy as she has every right to be!



You Don't Have to Be Pretty to Be Popular

(Continued from page 41)

expense of the other—each is a part of the whole, which is you.

When I was first in my teens, I used to ride back and forth in the Paris subway on my way to and from my ballet lessons. The year was 1944, and like all the other French people who were young, I had accepted the cruelties of war.

I mean, I thought the only way anyone lived was to be always hungry. You could never buy enough to eat. And you were always shabby, because in order to get anything new, you had to give up three old dresses, or coats, for one, and the new ones were made of such dreadful materials that they wore out almost immediately. You grew accustomed to being cold and uncomfortable. You even grew accustomed to the Germans.

But there was one thing I could not stand, when I was thirteen. If anyone looked at me, I was very embarrassed. I would turn my face quickly, so that no one would see me in profile. I would hold up my chin in a certain way that I felt concealed my protruding teeth a little better.

From the time I was a tiny girl, I hated everything about my appearance, and I was always trying to improve it. In France little girls can not get at cosmetics and they do not even have hair curlers and never, never permanents. So about the only thing I could hope to do that would better my looks was to chop my hair.

Even the color of my hair was uninteresting. It was absolutely straight and just hair-color, a sort of lightish brown. It still is that.

Each day my mother would say to me, "Leslie, promise me you will not chop away at your hair today," and I would promise. But almost always the impulse was irresistible. I would pull up some locks somewhere, and snip, they were off! Once I had braids on one side of my head, short locks on the other. Another time I let my bangs grow down to my eyebrows and my back hair to my waist. One day, when I was about ten, and the war had been going on for two years, I did up my hair on strips of paper, trying to make curls.

When I looked at myself in the mirror, I cried. I still do not like my hair curled. And I still can't resist chopping bits off it.

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I do not know whether it was the trials of war or her understanding of me that kept my mother from punishing me for this disobedience. She is very sympathetic, my mother. In her youth, she had been a dancer, but she never once urged me to it.

Of course, in war time, you can not look ahead. One is grateful, day to day, to be still alive. I did not think of my future. I was thin and short, and very anemic. But when I was eleven, I saw my first ballet, and then I knew what I wanted to do. I begged my mother to let me take lessons, and she agreed.

I entered the ballet class and I saw the other girls' eyes on me. They seemed to say, "Who wants this clown?" I was absolutely flat-chested, I had pipe-stem arms and legs, and my hair looked like a witch's. Also, in terms of beginning ballet, I was old. Most of the other girls had been studying since they were five or six. But I wanted to dance, and I worked hard to catch up with the others.

Ballet is very strenuous. You really should be stuffed with beefsteaks all the time you are studying it. You should be warm, and you should have the right slippers. From the ages of eight to sixteen, I had none of these things. Yet I grew strong through the ballet. I began to understand grace. I began to know what it meant to move correctly, and therefore beautifully. I never became a *prima ballerina*—that is, the "star" of the particular company in which I worked. But I did advance to where I was a *premiere danseuse*—that is, I did individual solo dances, in which I could personally stand out.

Then, one night, when I was just fifteen, the miracle happened. I danced out from the wings, I did my solo and I heard the applause. I must have been better than usual that evening for the applause went on, and as I took my bows, I suddenly thought, "They like me. I am such an ugly duckling, but they still like me."

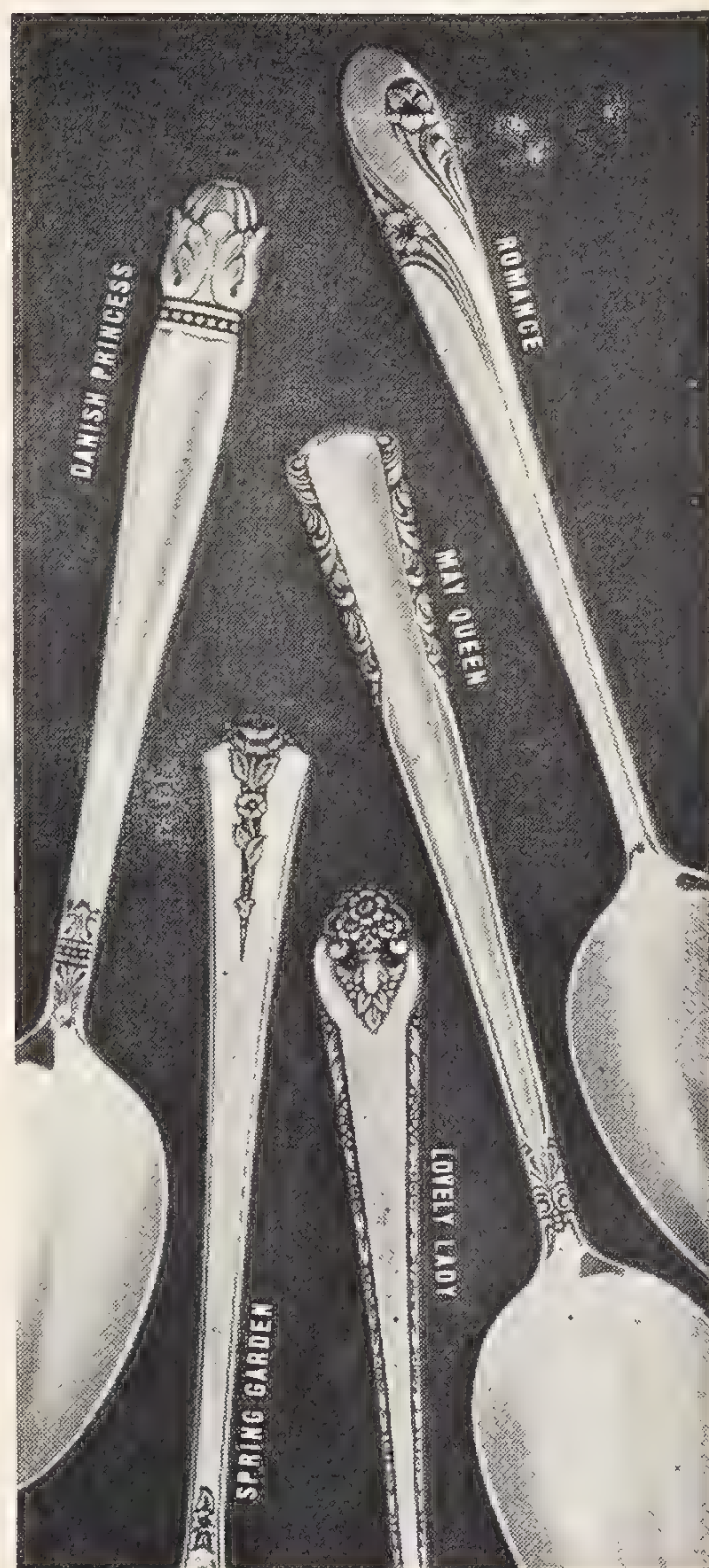
I believe you girls who are plain can work this miracle for yourselves. You do not necessarily have to study ballet—though even a few months of it would help anyone under the age of twenty, I think. But you can certainly study ball-room dancing. I am very much for swimming, too. But I mean real swimming—not just once or twice across a twenty-foot pool or some such thing. I mean you should study swimming to the point where you can do a quarter of a mile at a time—and you should do some swimming or dancing daily. Or if you live in a community where you can only swim in summer, or where it's difficult to find a place to swim at all, you can surely do some other sport. There are tennis, golf, fencing. Choose whichever you prefer—but do it daily, and try to keep on with it until you are tops, or nearly tops.

You will get more than grace from such physical training. Too many girls do not comprehend how attractive sheer vitality and strength are—for instance, as they are in Esther Williams. When I was in my early teens, I used to slump and be round-shouldered because my back was so weak I honestly couldn't hold it straight.

As I took my ballet lessons, however, all my muscles strengthened and the more I worked, the more energy I had until today, when I am in training for a new ballet for a picture, I have so much energy that after twelve or sixteen hours of work, I can come home with enough left still bubbling in me to make me want to build a brick wall.

So please do not mope. Do not feel that life has been cruel to you in not giving

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Where ballet is better even than sports, I think, is in the by-products it gives you. You learn good music. You learn decor. You learn make-up, and on stage, at least, you are dressed in a classic, beautiful way.

Personally, I took a very long time learning about off-stage dressing. In matters of chic, I was as I had been with my hair. I kept experimenting. In one way this was necessary. If I was to have any clothes at all, while I was growing up, they had to be old things of my grandmother's, my mother's or my father's—yes, that's right—my father's, cut down. Some of them didn't look much better than the frumpy things I wear in the beginning of my latest picture, "Lili."

I kept right on being flat-chested till I was past sixteen. I had perfectly awful, scrawny shoulders, with bones at the ends of them that stuck up like wings. In France, all little girls know how to sew and I think it would be quite a good thing for many American girls to know, too, even though you do have so many charming ready-to-wear things.

I remember, when I was sixteen, I tried to make a dress for myself from an old suit of my father's. It was very good tweed, and I thought it would make me look plump. And right where my bosoms should have been, I carefully put two pockets! How my family laughed when I came in wearing that outfit. My heart was broken then, my pride was seared, but now I know how good it was for me, for from that moment on, I began really studying fashions.

Eventually I learned what I believe is the first rule of attractive dressing: *Forget about your bad points, and don't waste your time disguising them. Instead, emphasize your good points.* And, remember, the clothes themselves aren't so important; it's how you feel in them that counts.

My personal good fortune was that as I grew a little older—a vast seventeen, some of the older girls in the company (they were a shattering twenty-four and -five) took over my cultural education. I believe that "culture" isn't a particularly fashionable word in American teen-age circles. If you don't like the word, that's all right. But what it stands for is terribly important, especially to you girls who aren't going to get by on "flash."

I believe there is a slang expression in this country that says if you are around money, some will rub off on you, or if you are around dirt, some of that rubs off, too. I would like to put in my own two cents' worth by saying that if you are around beauty, that also rubs off on you. I am not remotely highbrow. I love jazz and driving in cars with the top down and drinking malts and concocting wild meals with my husband in our little house where the living room, dining-bar and kitchen are all in one.

Yet I know what I absorbed, in terms of beauty and understanding of living from studying good poetry, through visiting museums and absorbing paintings, sculpture, antiquities. I feel such beauty helps you know your own place in all of life. You feel surrounded by all the other dreams that men have had since the beginning of time. You aspire to better things. You dream. You, you believe, are sensitive. When you are surrounded by the art of the ages you see that other people, feeling such things, have mastered them. For me, this was a sure cure for loneliness, for weariness, for lack of food and money and pretty things.

But I was still shy. American girls grow up earlier than we do, date earlier, marry

much earlier. In France, no nice girl "dates" before sixteen at the earliest and then she sees the boy in her own home, with her parents present. I had no dates in France, because, for one reason, our young boys were in the war. Then, I was only seventeen when I heard the amazing news that Gene Kelly was interested in me—for films in Hollywood!

I felt it could not be. I ran away and hid. Mr. Kelly was leaving Paris the very next day. No one could find me and I breathed safely when I knew he was gone. I felt I had saved myself a big humiliation.

But he remembered me and the next year, M-G-M in Paris sent for me. I said, "But you can not want me. You would have to change me utterly." They said, "We want you just as you are." It was impossible—but what they said was true. They photographed me just as I was, my straight hair in its natural color, my mouth which is too big and my cheeks which are too round. And when they sent the test to Hollywood, Hollywood cabled that I was to rush overseas at once.

That was the second miracle that happened to me, and I came very humbly and shyly but very, very happily to Hollywood. I saw all the beautiful girls about me, but every one was very kind, and I forgot myself in the dances before the camera, and just tried to concentrate on projecting how very beautiful life itself can be.

My third miracle, you know, of course. My first date in all my life turned out to be with the man who is now my husband. I had gone to that date out of sheer loneliness, with two other girls from the ballet, and their dates. I was alone—and then Geordie Hormel, my Geordie, walked in. I spoke almost no English—but he spoke French. And from the very beginning we

*The thing that is probably most often
opened by mistake is the mouth.*

JERRY LEWIS

understood one another, in things that go deeper than words.

That is because we are similar people, Geordie and I, even despite our so dissimilar upbringings. We both love studying things. We both love simplicity, the simplicity, that is, which means books, and music, and amusing people who are young in spirit, rather than the pretentious folk of any age.

I hear you thinking, some of you readers, what more can a girl want? I agree with you. There isn't any more I could want, except, soon, our children.

And behind it all, I have, as I look at my funny face in the mirror, one reassurance. It is the same one that every plain girl has, that the beautiful girl never has. You know you are loved for yourself, for the personality that in my case is named Leslie Caron, and in your case is named Mary Smith, or Helen Jones, or Betty Brown—the individual you, the unique you, which God sent into this world.

In turn, you love the man who falls in love with you, even more, perhaps, than a beauty could—because you know he wasn't caught by any surface glitter, any superficial thing that you can't possibly maintain as the years go by. No, he will have been won by the things that you can develop and deepen in your character, that can make your life richer and richer as time goes on.

This is the gift life presents to us girls who didn't get the Grecian noses, the slumberous eyes, the flawless lips. Personally I am deeply thankful for it. THE END

Love That Jane!

(Continued from page 51)



Here's evidence that Jane's developing into a pinup girl, too

it would be possible if the husband weren't understanding. But I'm lucky—mine is!

"I can't imagine myself being happy without my career—I've worked too hard, too long, it has been too big a part of my life! It may be pretty much of a merry-go-round, and there are times when you'd like to stay home, just relax and enjoy being the lady of the house. But after awhile, you begin to miss the work, you find you have too much time, and you are not accomplishing anything. Life seems to be at a standstill, and you can't wait to be busy again!"

Outwardly, success seems to have come easily to Jane. But remember, this is a girl who has worked since she was a child. Ever since her first Hollywood break, when she was thirteen, her life has been dominated by hard work, to the exclusion of play, of the casual fun that is such a large part of the lives of most girls. And out of her early experiences, she has derived her philosophy. "I try to take things as they come," she explains. "I know that time heals everything, takes care of all your problems. What is to be will be, and all you can do is accept it, and be ready for what comes."

That means being on your toes, ready for each new challenge, each new break. In the past ten years, Jane has had little time off, except to have her babies. When you add to her screen work her tours, the radio and benefit performances, and more recently the night-club appearances, you wonder where this tiny person finds the sheer physical stamina to keep up with it all!

But even this isn't all, for in addition, there is her marriage, and the start of a family, in the small persons of Geary Anthony Steffen, III, and tiny Suzanne Ilene, better known as Sissy. Jay and

Sissy were born exactly sixteen months apart, to the day.

Actually, having her babies did not interrupt Jane's career for long. Eleven weeks after Jay's birth, she was off on a tour. Five weeks after Sissy's arrival she was at work again, on loan-out at Warners for "Three Sailors and a Girl," with Gordon MacRae and Gene Nelson. For one thing, she is careful not to gain too much weight, watches her diet, and exercises faithfully morning and night. Today, she weighs only ninety-six pounds, less than she has for some time, but she looks wonderful, feels fine, and hopes to stay that weight.

Lacking brothers and sisters of her own, Jane has always insisted that she wants a large family. Now that she has two babies, she says emphatically, "We want four more!"

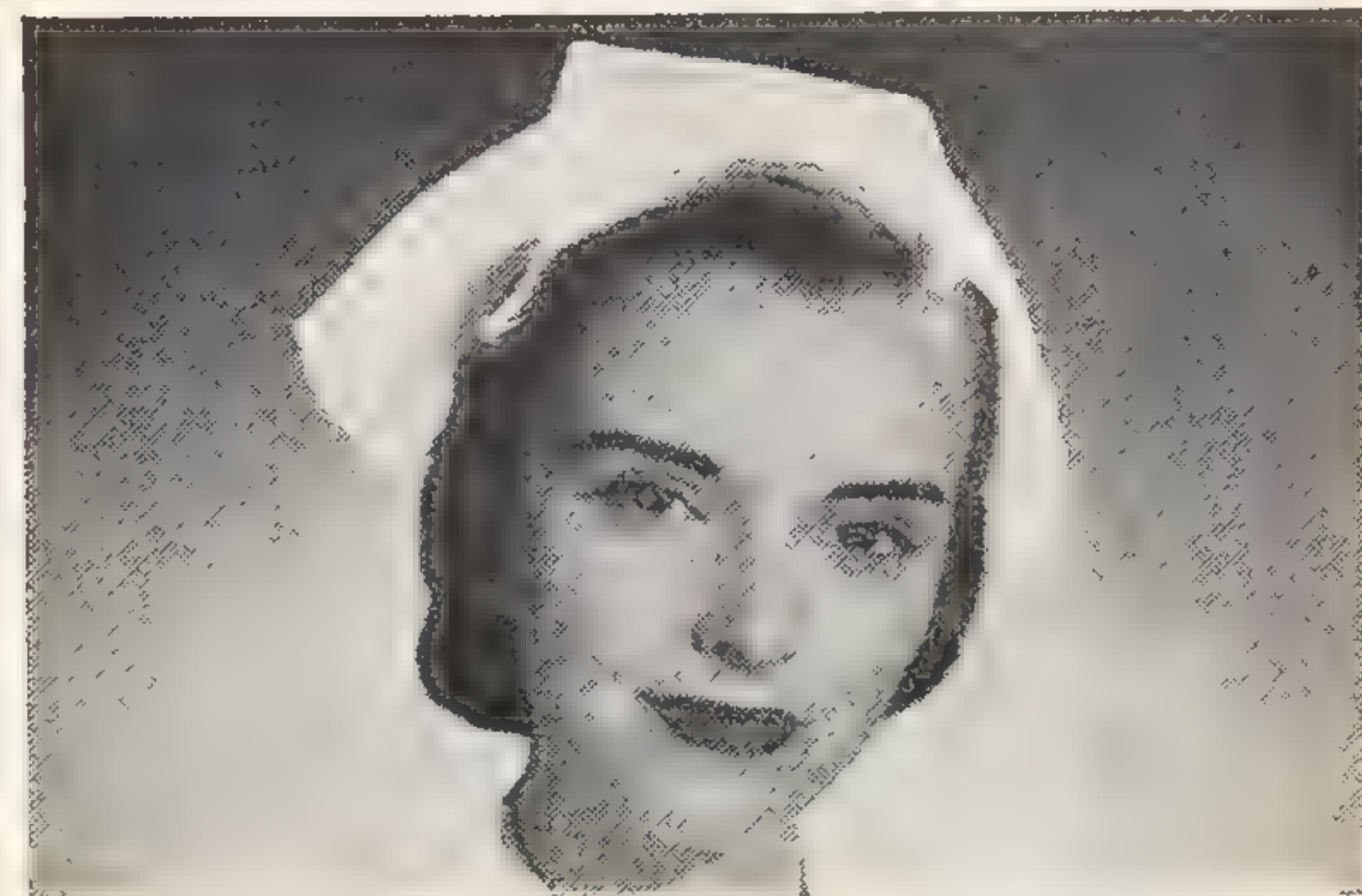
But undeniably, the years, and the babies, have brought changes—changes however, that Jane feels have come about as naturally as has her own growing-up process. Just as a year or so ago, she found she had outgrown the long hair, the pleated skirts and Peter Pan collars of her teens, she accepts the need for a larger house for her growing family.

With quite typical Steffen prudence, Geary and Jane did not look for a larger place when they first knew there was to be another addition to the family. "If it should be a boy," Jane murmured, "we won't need to move—the two boys can certainly share a room."

But with the arrival of Sissy, they got busy. Dreaming of a house was all right, but you couldn't ask the stalwart young Jay to share his room with a sister, could you? The answer to their needs was a lovely colonial house in Westwood, with four bedrooms and plenty of yard space

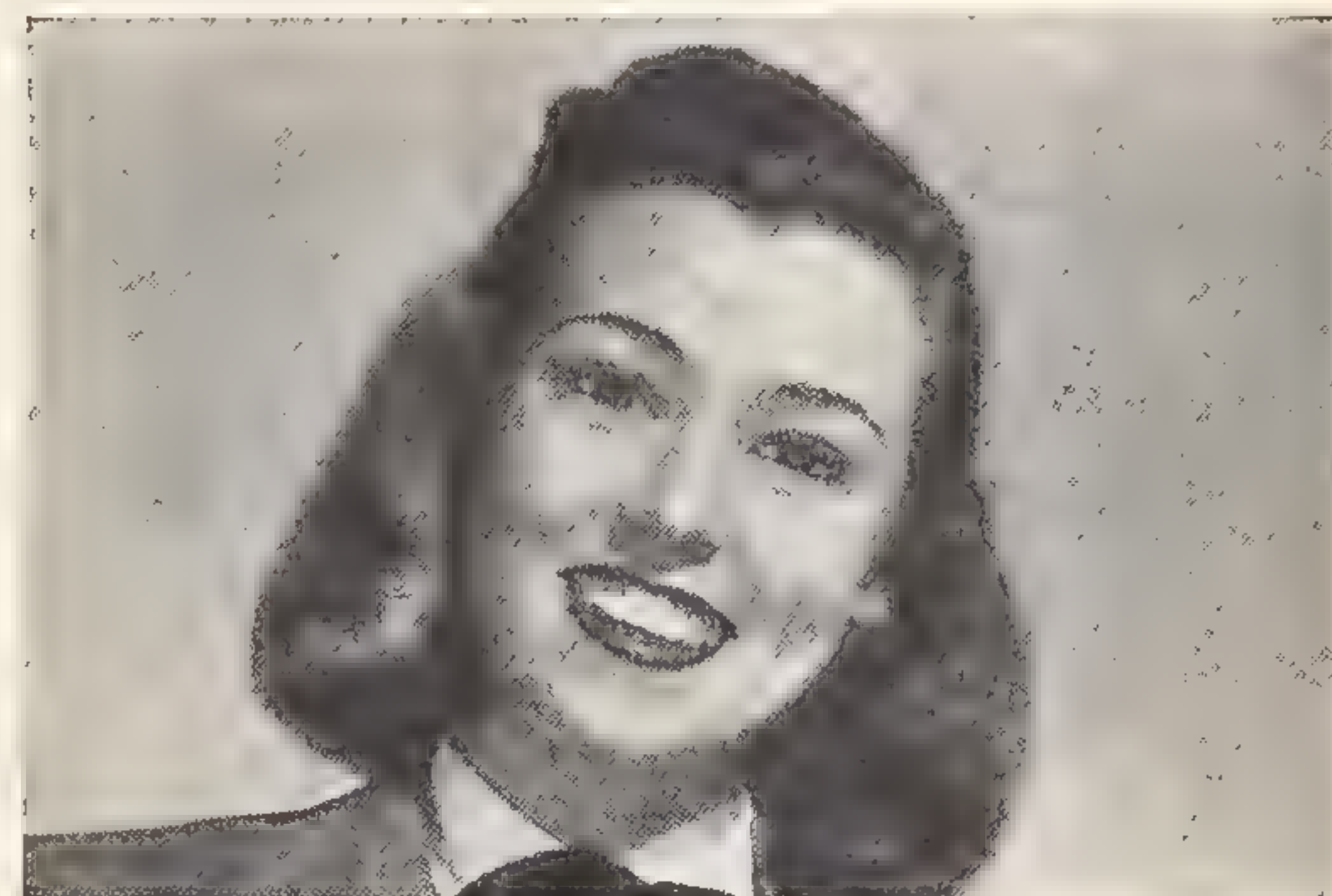
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for the youngsters. They found it and bought it all in one day.

The larger house will entail changes, too: more furniture, more help. But Jane says simply, "We don't have enough furniture, so part of the house will be shut off for awhile. Later, we'll have to find a maid, to help Gladys."

The indispensable Gladys has had a great share in smoothing out the path for her employers. What they would have done without her, Jane just can't imagine.

"When we can afford it" prefaces all Jane's plans for the house. Some day they will put in a pool, but first, they will have to redecorate, a room at a time, and gradually acquire more furniture.

Inevitably, in the Steffens' three years of marriage, there have been difficulties, adjustments. "It is not career trouble," Jane hastens to explain, "but just a matter of two people learning to live together."

There have been some rough spots in their marriage. After all, no marriage is perfect. But no matter what—whether their disagreements have been trivial or serious—Geary and Jane have always talked them out. They've learned to compromise.

The hardest compromise of all came several months ago, when there was even talk about their separating. But they both knew, then as always, that their marriage is too important to let anything happen to it.

On Geary's insistence, a careful fifty-fifty arrangement has been worked out financially, but in other matters, when arguments arise, Jane insists a sixty-forty arrangement is necessary, on both sides!

"You have to work at marriage," Jane believes, "but if your marriage is the most important thing in your life, then you're more than willing to make sacrifices, to give everything you've got to it. It isn't a matter of trying to change each other, but to adapt to each other! Geary likes music a little less than I do. I care less for sports. I am nervous and high-strung. He is very easy-going. I like to have everything in its proper place, am a do-it-now sort of person, and Geary is inclined to leave things around—his socks, his neckties, a messed-up newspaper. The important thing is understanding.

"Jealousy? Yes—I'm jealous! I'm jealous of his tennis if you want to call it jealousy! I'm going to take lessons—when I have time—but I don't expect ever to be as good as Geary."

Early in her marriage, Jane insisted that she and Geary liked all the same things, did everything together. As far as possible, she has made that come true. For a girl who had no time to learn sports, it has taken some doing to keep up with Geary, who was not only a professional skater, but an all-round athlete. Jane has learned to skate, to ski, to water-ski. "Not too well," she interrupts. "I couldn't do any of those things while awaiting the babies, so I haven't had much time!"

She is frank about not caring too much for ice shows, but knowing that Geary never tires of them, happily drives a hundred miles to see one with him. He has a lot of friends among the skaters, for one thing. On the other hand, Geary definitely does not care for the theatre, though he will go without too much protest. They both like movies, and badminton; both like to dance, but seldom appear at night clubs, unless they are entertaining friends.

Their friends are mostly non-professional, except for Elizabeth Taylor—Liz and Jane have been close friends since school days on the Metro lot—and husband Mike Wilding, the Marshall Thompsons, and a few others. The Thompson daughter plays with Jay frequently, and Liz and Jane fully expect Sissy and young Mike Wilding to be close pals.

Jane has no hobbies, but has a notable collection of records, both classical and popular, and she knits occasionally. Her present project is a pair of socks for Geary.

Of the two, Jane considers herself the more frugal. Geary joyously produced diamond earrings when Jay was born, and when Sissy arrived, happily presented Jane with gold earrings and a ring to match which he had had made for the occasion. This was in spite of the fact that Jane had insisted that he should not give her anything!

Jane's eyes twinkle as she tells about it. Geary's generosity is only one of his many endearing qualities, even when that generosity sometimes creates problems, as when he has to take a taxi because he has loaned his car to someone he felt needed it more at the time than he did.

Nowadays, you see Geary around town wearing the air of a successful young business man, and wearing it with the warmth and charm that are his special attributes. As an insurance salesman, he is doing very well. He takes his work seriously and works hard.

By taking no vacations and developing opportunities in distant places, he manages to accompany his wife on her tours, for at least part of the time. He doesn't feel he can afford to be idle, but by arranging business in Florida, he was able to join Jane there when she appeared in Miami, and they had a few days of relaxation and water sports. He can be a lot of help to Janie on the tours, and besides, these two do not take separations casually. Last year, Jay accompanied his mother, too, but now that he is toddling about, she realizes it would be too difficult, and besides, she has decided it is better for both youngsters to remain at home, where their normal routine can go on undisturbed.

This isn't easy to take, for Jane spends as much time as possible with her babies. She always puts them to bed at night, and weekends, Jay goes out to dinner with his proud parents. Jay even accompanies his mommie to her singing lessons, and tries to sing along with her! Last summer, while Gladys was away on a well-earned vacation, Jane kept house for sixteen weeks, doing all the cleaning, washing, cooking and baby care, and loved every minute of it. She particularly likes fancy cooking—there is no thrill to preparing just ordinary fare! Geary, too, can be a handy man around the house, if he wants to be. Mostly, though, he feels that is woman's sphere, and wants no part of it.

Geary and Jane do not believe studying books of psychology is necessary in raising children; the important ingredients are love and common sense. They believe it is most important to make the children mind. "Who," asks Jane, "likes little brats?"

They have no definite plans for the children. "How can we tell what they will like, or want to be?" Jane comments. Naturally, Geary hopes his sons will be athletic, but neither would ever try to force a child to be anything he was not.

Jane balances her divided life with twin careers of night club singing and movies (this includes tours, radio spots and benefits) against the satisfying but ever-increasing responsibilities of home and family. "More children can't make it any more difficult than it is now," she says, and laughs merrily. And when you ask her how she manages this three-ringed circus, her eyes widen, she creases her forehead thoughtfully. "I've always been busy—I have to be busy! And I've been so lucky."

In other words, Jane puts first things first, and in that lies her strength. Three careers or one, it all adds up to a well-adjusted young woman who has matured graciously—off-screen and on! THE END

Has Anybody Seen My Girl?

(Continued from page 49)

used for hauling me out of bed, but I'm fussy about it. I can't help it. Mom used to call me and call me and call me, and on the seventeenth try her exasperation had made her voice sound like chalk screeching across a blackboard. This brought me to my feet half awake and furious as a bull full of banderillas. In the event that my wife's voice has such an exasperating quality, I'm just as likely as not to leap out of bed sound asleep and land a right jab to her flower-like facade.

You know what I want my wife to do? I want her to lift me into an upright position, make sure my head is resting on some sharp object, and then tiptoe out of the room. Inasmuch as I weigh in at 200 pounds, it'll require a wife with the strength of Samson and/or nurse's training. To say nothing of tolerance.

This means I'll probably marry a fairly large female. Except for the necessity of strength, I don't care whether my bride is tall or short. Like it says in the old song, "Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, the long and the short and the tall."

I seem always to wind up with short blondes, but it isn't a matter of preference. A tall brunette is a lovely sight in any man's language. Neither am I fussy about a girl's figure. Why should I be, when no matter which way you look at me I look like a retreating hippopotamus? The truth is that having given myself more than ten years of dating, I've discovered that the manner in which a woman is slung together would have very little to do with true happiness in a marriage.

What I want, I think, is somebody I can love and have fun living with and, although I don't know exactly how this could be accomplished, somebody who could like me the way I am.

I don't care what she looks like, although I sometimes dream about a girl who is blessed with Gene Tierney's hair, Vera-Ellen's legs, Susan Cabot's nose, Piper Laurie's mouth, and the deep blue eyes of Jill Clifford, the actress I met in England. There would be a dish fit to set before a king! But even if I did manage to interest such a mythical creature, other things would be more important.

If I suggested that she go deep-sea fishing with me and she closed those Clifford eyes and wrinkled that Cabot nose in disgust at the idea, I'd lose a lot of interest in a hurry. Looks may be the first thing that attract a man but if there isn't anything to go along with them, the girl becomes like a painting that you don't want to own because you'd tire of it.

I like girls who can whack a tennis ball or handle a gun, or at least girls who will try. I think if I ever got married and found that my wife liked to spend evenings whipping up needlepoint bath mats, I'd feel a little lost. Sure, it'd be nice to have her home tatting while I'm earning the bread, but when I'm with her I want companionship. I want my wife to be feminine but not to get so carried away with the idea that she can't share her leisure time with me.

It's anybody's guess whether I'll eventually marry an actress, but I'd prefer my wife not to work. I don't have any dominant male ideas about her having certain domestic duties, like darning my socks or making soup every day. I hope some day to have enough money to employ servants to take care of those things, and I don't care who does them as long as they're done. All I want is to find my wife there when I come home. She'll have to put up with a lot of beefing about my work, and

if she isn't an actress she might not understand the demands of the movie industry. But even at that, I'd rather try to teach her than come home to an empty house while she's off pretending she's Gisela Stump, girl piano tuner.

If my bride is on the wide side I'd prefer she wouldn't wear slacks or blue jeans, but I think slender girls look wonderful in them. I really don't care what kind of clothes the future Mrs. Hudson wears, so long as she wears them well. If she likes suits and looks nice in them I won't mention that I like dresses better. But there's one point where I'll draw the line. I will not go shopping with her.

Women's stores make the hair on the back of my neck stand up. There's something awful about them I can't describe. Once I went and got my mother a formal dress and it was the worst day of my life. I went from shop to shop, and although everything looked all right on the hangers, I couldn't picture what Mom would look like in them. I finally got something that was made out of that material—I don't know what you call it but it's soft and always looks as though it needs pressing. Anyway, Mom wore it, maybe out of courtesy—I don't know.

Aside from that, the only clothes I ever bought were sweaters for Vera-Ellen. They're easy, just like mine, only smaller. Other than sweaters, I draw the line. If my wife ever asks me to go shopping with her I'll sit outside in the car and wait.

One thing I can't stand in a girl is a sort of pseudo-elegance. The kind you see in the fashion models who are always leaning against the wind in a hat that would cover a circus and in a pose that would break anybody else's back. The kind you see in girls who lead leopards on gold chains down Fifth Avenue (although this I've yet to see.) This scares me to death, the girls more so than the leopards. When a girl points her little finger away from a coffee cup I get suspicious that she might be the proper type, the kind who will dab at her food like *Scarlett O'Hara* and never admit that she'd like to tackle a three-inch steak. Me, I like women who love to eat, because I find invariably that that's the way they go at life in general—with warmth and gusto—and that's the way I'd want my wife to go at our marriage.

There's a happy medium somewhere between the clinging-vine type of female and the fiery, self-assertive girl. The extreme types have their drawbacks, like the independent young lady who won't let a guy open a door for her. There's nothing that will quash the male ego faster than the girl who bowls a better game and then insists on opening her own coke, picking up her own handkerchief and getting into your car by herself. Guys *want* to wait on women—at least I do.

Just as bad is the helpless type who expects to be waited on hand and foot and all but carried across streets. I remember one small number I knew years ago. She looked perfect, so doll-like that just watching her walk down the street made me feel I wanted to spend my life protecting her. But on our first date she was so destitute of strength that I had to do everything except put her wilted lettuce salad into her mouth.

I had a sudden revelation that night. I saw the cottage we might have in years to come. Our son came limping into the kitchen, a nail through his foot, and our daughter had just put her hand on the hot waffle iron and was howling in pain. Genevieve took one look at the situation,

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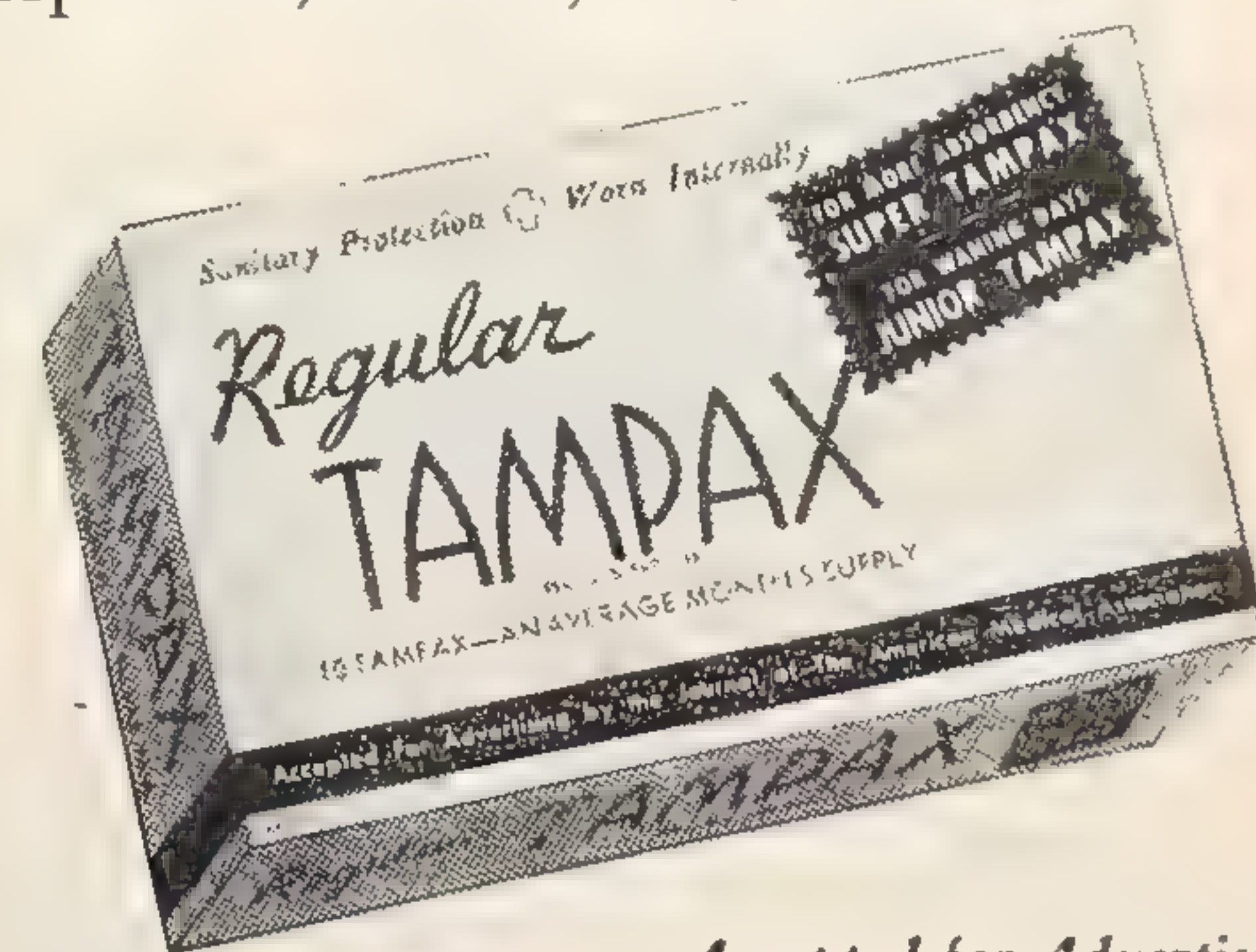


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fluttered her eyelids and fainted dead away. The helpless type, I told myself, was not for me.

I don't mean to sound choosy about all this. My wife is going to have to live with an Irish temper and German stubbornness, and on top of it all, I squeeze the toothpaste tube from the middle. Not only that, I sling wet bath towels over doorknobs or Chippendale chairs or whatever happens to be handy when I wander out of the shower. And the water from my showers, I might add, always ends up by the bucketful all over the floor.

I tease, too, and I suppose sometimes I go beyond the limits. If a girl can't stand to hear knuckles crack, I'm just the kid who can do it for her. Betty Abbott, a script girl at the studio, gets duck bumps if anybody closes one eye and leaves the other wide open. So I spend five minutes on each of our dates like a one-eyed owl while she shrieks for help. I tease Betty about her walk, too, even though it makes her furious, and then I talk her out of it by teasing some more. I suppose I'm only letting off steam after going through boyhood as an only child and not having anybody around to plague.

There's one thing about Betty, though, that I can't resist—her sense of humor. Take the night I was driving her to some place in downtown Los Angeles.

"You're sure you know how to get there?" she asked.

"Look," I said. "I used to drive a truck around this town, remember?"

So we got in my car and every time I took a wrong turn Betty just sat there and said nothing. Pretty soon I wound up on the freeway leading to Pasadena and as soon as I realized it I made a quick turn out of there, hoping Abbott hadn't noticed. Her face was buried in the collar of her coat and I was telling myself happily that she might be asleep when suddenly she threw back her head and went into hysterics. That's all. She never once said, "I told you so." She just laughed.

For me, this is great. I guess I'm typical of all men when I say I can't stand having women tell me how to do something. If I'm driving the car I'm at the wheel and don't take kindly to backseat driving. And when I get married, I'm afraid I'm going to be even less open to suggestions. If there's a lamp in the house that needs fixing I'd like to find out about it myself, and when I do, I'll fix it. But if the little woman brings up the subject every hour on the hour, we're apt to sit around in the dark.

Like I said, I'm stubborn. I know this is asking too much, but I think it would be

delicate handling of the situation if instead of telling me about it she would put the book I am reading, plus a swiss cheese on rye, on the chair under that lamp. The bait would lead me to it and it would be fixed in no time.

I have an open admiration for women who can get a man to carry out their wishes by making him think this is what *he* wants. Not many of them can do it, but those who can have my blessing. Even when I *know* I'm being steered around corners so that they can reach their goal, I get a bang out of it. I've lived long enough to know that I'm not going to be the boss in marriage, but if the little woman wants to let me think I am, it's fine with me.

I only hope she doesn't use tears as a weapon. I've known enough girls to be aware that sometimes they cry just to get their own way, but even though I know it, a woman's tears make me helpless as a man watching his home go up in flames. I want to help but I can't, and it's a terrible feeling. When a girl turns on the tears I just go away somewhere.

The tactic that makes me angry is the one where, when you're discussing a point with a girl, she stops the argument unfairly. This is done by sticking to her guns until the guy says, "How do you know?" And then she gets a mysterious look on her face and says in a faraway voice, "Because I am a woman." This is supposed to make me adore her no doubt, because she's up on that well-worn pedestal, but its only result is to make me boil. Even though the man may be right, what can he say after that?

I like a girl who'll discuss things with me on a level that is fair and square. According to cartoonists, people who have been married a few years haven't anything left to talk about, but I hope my own marriage isn't like that. To me, every day brings new food for thought and conversation, and, if my bride has the kind of personality I like in a girl, we'll be nattering away into our old age.

It is my wholehearted wish, however, that she will not be an authority on anything. This is mostly because I'm not one myself. I'll listen to anything once, understand, but I appreciate girls who don't take malicious glee in driving home the point that I am an ignorant cipher.

There is just one more point concerning conversation that I'm fussy about. If she is a joke killer, she can go trundling on her wet-blanket way. It seems to me there are two types of women to come under this heading (and men, too, if I have to admit it). The first wife lets the old man get half way through his story and



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then informs the assembled listeners that he is a notably bad teller of jokes and that she will take over forthwith. The second is the type who, the minute her husband starts telling the story she's heard six times, yawns loudly and says, "Oh, no! Not that one *again!*" Let my wife forget the punch line on her own jokes, but leave mine strictly to me.

I hope my wife is not a confirmed ash-tray-emptier. I like clean people and clean houses, but there's nothing so disconcerting as having your ashtray emptied while you're still smoking, or what's worse, having the vacuum cleaner run under your legs while you're on the last few pages and just about to find out who killed Clyde in Macy's basement.

As a matter of fact, other than these things, I'm extra fussy about cleanliness. I think the best-looking girl in the world is the one with the well-scrubbed look. I like it so well that make-up bothers me, particularly that powdered look some girls have. It reminds me of a death mask. Make-up's all right as long as it isn't overdone. I like a casual-looking girl, and am left cold by the one who's always consulting her mirror to make sure she's at her raving best, or the type who combs her hair in public.

On the subject of hair, I hope my wife's hair will be its natural color. I'm told this is an irritating quality in all men—that

we'll whistle at anything in mascara and lipstick and bleached hair, but we want our own wives minus the accoutrements. If this is true, then I go right down the line with the rest of the guys.

There are other things I'm obstinate about. My suits must be pressed, my ties must be given away before they're sent to a cleaner, I like to go to any movie starring Lana Turner, I won't have in-laws living with us—mine or hers, I like music for listening played loud enough to be heard down at City Hall, and I don't like to dance, although I suppose if my wife felt her happiness depended on it, I'd take her out shuffling once in a while.

Another thing. When I'm sick I'm an unadulterated mess. I like people around me even when I'm well, but when I'm sick I can't be alone a minute. Mrs. Hudson will be trying to season the stew or change Junior's diapers, and I'll be roaring at the top of my lungs that I need her, now, this minute.

To tell the truth, I'll be wanting to be with her all the time, for although she may not like it, I'm an extremely possessive guy. If I ever find a girl who'll put up with me and who has even one-sixth of the attributes I have in mind for a wife, I'd be crazy if I *wasn't* possessive with such a doll. Somewhere I'll find her. And when I do, I'm warning her. My intentions are strictly matrimonial. THE END

"Stop Telling Lies About Us"

(Continued from page 44)

Dale himself, however, has said not a word throughout the entire barrage, partly out of a stubborn conviction that he was answerable for his behavior only to his own conscience. But now, with the situation showing signs of getting out of hand, he has finally decided to speak out in his own interest and in no uncertain terms.

"From start to finish, the stuff the columnists have been dishing out on me is pure, unadulterated hogwash," Dale says flatly, his eyes tightening noticeably at the corners. "Where they've been getting their alleged information, I wouldn't know, but it hasn't come from either Jackie or me—that's for sure. Up until now, we've never made any statement about our marriage, and anything that's been written was either random speculation or loose gossip. Why don't they stop telling lies about us?"

"Regarding this latest item in the papers, to the effect that Jackie and I are ready to call our marriage quits," Dale continues, buckling down to cases, "nothing could be farther from the truth. Actually, we're happier than we've ever been! And as for any so-called 'reconciliation,' we were never separated in the first place and there hasn't been any question of a divorce—at least, not on my part!"

"There was a time not so long ago when I was under a lot of emotional pressure and Jackie and I, like countless other couples in and out of the picture business, had some serious thinking to do. I thought we could do it better by being alone for a few days, but I never did leave home. I said I'd be back and I was. After all, deep down I'm a thorough-going family man and on top of that I'm crazy in love with this Jacqueline of mine.

"As for this business of my having acquired new feminine interests, of all the items that have been printed this one takes the prize for being the most ridiculous! The only blonde-haired, recently-married actress I know is a girl I worked on a picture with a while back. She's a brand-new bride who happens to be very much in love with her husband and whom I haven't

seen twice outside the studio. And as regards the movie queen I was supposed to be beaung around, I did run into the lady in question on Hollywood Boulevard and stopped to chat with her for a second. But that's all there was to that, and the romantic build-up it got from the columnists was sheer poppycock.

"The same goes for the numerous published reports that Jackie was being made a number of varieties of widow—golf, hunting, fishing, and horse. And while these reports have a theoretical basis of truth, in that I've been extremely fond of outdoor life from the time I was a kid and still am, they have no foundation in actual fact.

"I've always been especially keen about hunting, but I've gone hunting only once since we've been here. I love to fish, but I've been out fishing exactly twice during the past five years. I like to play golf—and I used to play a good deal. But if I play at all now, I do it on Sunday mornings while Jackie's asleep. I get up at five o'clock and I'm home by the time she wakes up so that we can be together for the rest of the day. And I haven't even done that since the baby came."

Regarding the printed allegation that for a while he had whooped things up in regular playboy style among the glittering *boites* along the Sunset Strip while Jackie sat languishing alone at home with the new baby, Dale declares emphatically that it just isn't so.

"My so-called playboy romp among the bright lights was confined to a single visit to Ciro's when my mother and uncle came to visit from Oklahoma. But neither then nor at any other time has Jacqueline been left to sit at home by herself. When I'm working on a picture at the studio, I'm home every evening. And if I've had to be away on location or for personal appearances, I've made sure before I left that somebody was going to be there to stay with her during my absence."

Dale is equally vehement in labelling as a base canard the intimation that he and Jackie are roughing it in the modest but

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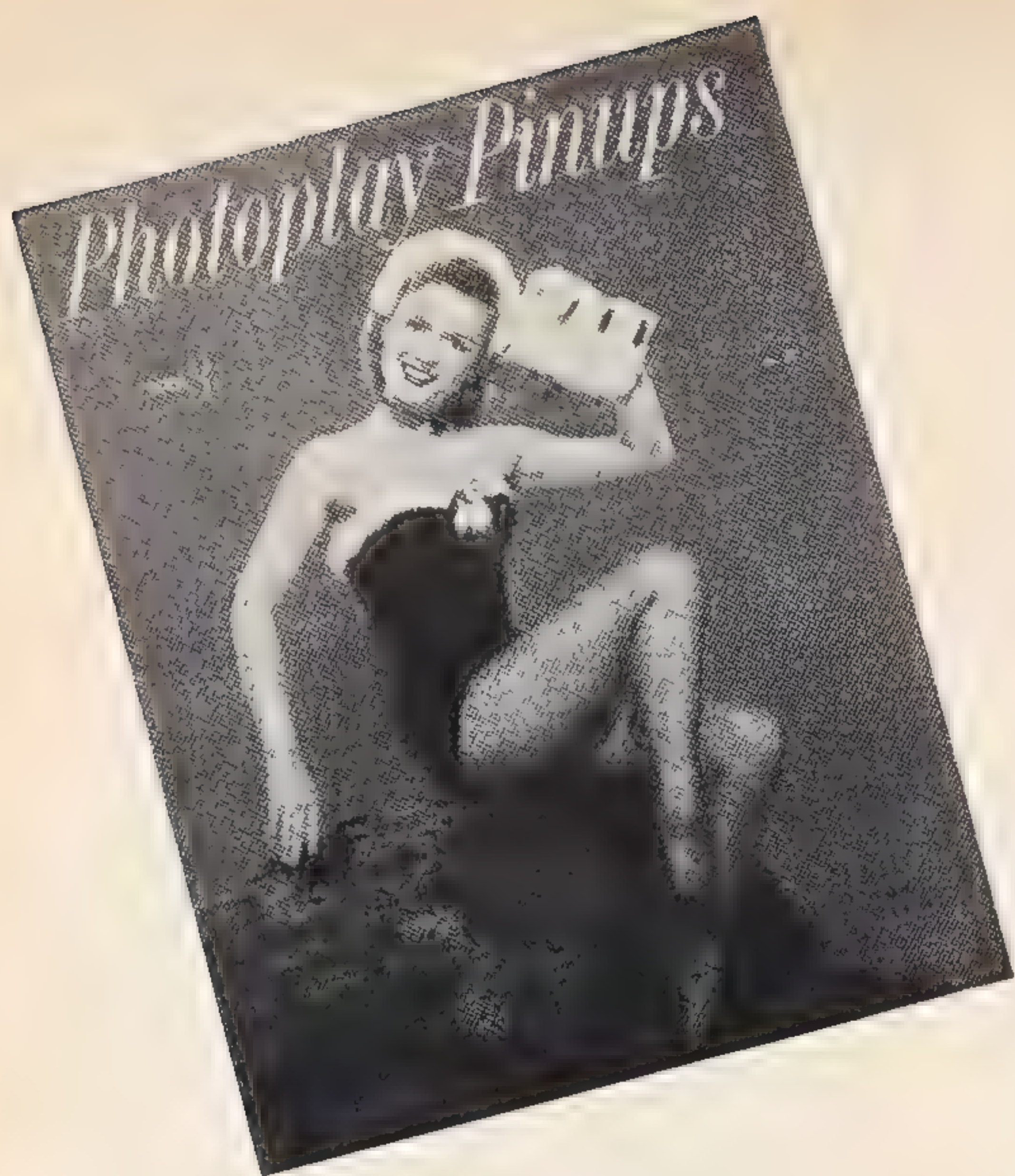
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nevertheless exceedingly pleasant home which they live in, in Roseda.

"From the way the columns have described it, you'd think our home was a primitive, one-room, log-cabin affair! Actually, it's an attractive, modern, brown stucco and fieldstone, three-bedroom job. And it's decorated in cocoa, chartreuse and flamingo—with modern furniture to match," he remarks, jaw jutting out. "Sure, it's nothing fancy, but it's comfortable and it's more than adequate for now. Later, when we can afford it, we'll build something better."

While Dale has been understandably resentful of the malicious misstatements that have appeared in the press, his ever-loving Jackie is burned to a crisp at the whole theme of "The Cowboy and the Lady" . . . and at the attempts many writers have made to draw a sharp line between her background and Dale's by painting her as a well-bred, ultra-refined lady educated in Switzerland, and her spouse as a rough, moody cowpoke wafted to Hollywood direct from a remote Oklahoma ranch.

"I don't know who's responsible for the toney la-de-da build-up I've been getting in the columns—and at Dale's expense," she exclaims with a toss of her pretty head, "but it's high time it was nailed down for the pure piece of fiction that it is. And as for Dale, he's certainly no cowboy. He's never roped a cow, I'm sure, and I can't imagine him bulldogging a calf. I doubt seriously that he's even come within hailing distance of a team of mules, much less had experience handling them.

"Furthermore, no matter what the reports have been, he comes from a wonderful family and was raised in a lovely home that reflected the best of taste and an appreciation of the finer things. He went to college and he has a keen knowledge of art, music and literature—and he can quote poetry by the hour. A cowboy! What a notion! Why he actually studied the violin for ten years."

Ask Dale point-blank whether it's true, as the stories have alleged, that he's changed completely with success and stardom and he smiles good-humoredly.

"About the changing part, a man isn't the best judge of a thing like that, but I don't think I've changed to any appreciable extent," he says. "I still want the same things I came to Hollywood wanting. I still have the same interests and the same friends, and I still have the same attitude toward people, and I accept individuals for what they are.

"But as for stardom and success having gone to my head, nothing could be more absurd—and for two good reasons: In the first place, with me, making movies is strictly a business—one that I happened to select in preference, say, to being an oil man or a construction engineer. Having a businessman's viewpoint toward my job, I entertain not the slightest feeling of glamour or personal prestige for any phase of it, including stardom.

"And secondly, even if I were the rank egotist some columnists make me out, I couldn't possibly confuse my current status in pictures with even a reasonable facsimile of success when there are any number of people right in my own studio who have made fewer pictures than I have and are getting twice as much money every week. I'll admit that I've done more thinking about success lately than I ever have before . . . because I'm trying to put something aside. I want to make sure that if anything should happen to me, Jacqueline and the baby would both be amply provided for."

Speaking of the baby, Dale still smoulders at the item that appeared in one of the columns, to the effect that he was "keenly

disappointed" that his first-born wasn't a boy. "For sheer stupidity this item really takes the cake," he says. "Actually, before the baby came, I vacillated. One day, I'd think I'd like a little boy and the next, I'd think a little girl would be awfully nice. And when the hospital phoned me out on the set where I was working to say that Jacqueline was all right and that we had a healthy baby girl with five tiny little toes on her feet and five fingers on her hands, I couldn't have been happier."

To appreciate how happy her father is and also how very proud, one has only to see Rochelle and her Dad together . . . to watch Dale playing with her and putting her to bed.

"I wouldn't trade this little angel of ours for eighteen boys, in case anyone should ask," Dale declares with a flush of paternal pride. "She weighs nineteen pounds now and she's twenty-seven inches tall—which is better than average, according to the doctor. And on top of that, she looks exactly like her mother, which means she's got more than her share of natural beauty."

Jackie offers some additional details on the subject of Dale, the doting parent.

"Dale just can't wait for Rochelle to grow up," she says with a hearty chuckle, "and he even has his own ideas about the way she'll wear her hair—long and waved softly. He can't wait for her to get big enough to wear the beautiful little dresses he's bought her, so that he can get her all decked out in her Sunday best and take her with him to the studio for the day."

As for the reports that Jackie had left Dale in a huff to go trooping off to Oklahoma City for four weeks following their alleged separation—Jackie actually did make the trip, but not for the reasons indicated. She did so at the insistence of Dale's mother, who didn't want to go back home alone and prevailed upon Jackie to keep her company. And during the entire time she was away, she and Dale were separated only by the geographical miles between them. Almost every other night, Dale phoned to tell her what a dog's life it was being a bachelor and how sorely she was being missed.

That hardly sounds like a man who doesn't care about his wife!

Their four weeks apart, however, coming as they did on the heels of their recent misunderstanding, gave Dale and Jackie an opportunity to find out just how much their marriage meant to them. And as a consequence, there's a new radiance—brighter than ever—in their daily lives.

"I suppose it was my old-fashioned notion of what a husband should be, as much as anything else," Dale gallantly volunteers when you try to pin him down about the source of the misunderstanding. "I was raised to believe that a man was the head of the home and . . ."

"Even though we had our differences, we never really raised our voices at one another," Jackie hurries to add. "We used to argue about little things, but there doesn't seem to be anything at all to argue about any more."

"We always talked, but not about the right things," Dale chimes in again, grabbing the ball. "Sometimes women are a little hard to talk to, and at times it was hard for me to talk to Jackie. And it takes more than talk anyway. You can't just talk yourselves into being happy. . . ."

"But Jackie and I are definitely happy as of right now, all opinions in certain quarters to the contrary," Dale comes back like a shot. "And furthermore we intend to remain that way come hell, high water, and the writing efforts of the entire breed of Hollywood columnists lumped together!"

And that, it would appear, is that.

THE END

With a Song in Their Hearts

(Continued from page 56)

Mexico before that. And then there was . . ."

Even Susan herself confessed that Emmy's "I'll believe it when I see it" air was justified. "Jess and I," laughs Susan, "had been yakking about Europe for three years. But there was always something coming up to keep us home: the studio wanted me for a new picture, or Jess had a TV deal brewing, or the twins, Timmy and Greg, were entering a new school."

"But one day I said to myself, 'Why don't you just go and stop talking about it?' Anyway, I was dead tired; after 'Snows' I'd done 'President's Lady' and then 'White Witch Doctor' and I was drained dry. I needed to replenish my spirits—get a fresh viewpoint. So Jess and I decided it was now or never."

The twins, told of the forthcoming trip, naturally wanted to go along. But Susan and Jess had a sound answer ready. There was the matter of schooling, which couldn't be neglected, because education always comes before pleasure. There was the fact that Mommy and Daddy hadn't had a real vacation in a long time, while the boys got a three months' vacation from school every year. And then there was the promise that in a couple of years or so, when the twins were older, they'd get a chance to go to Europe, too, and spend an entire summer. But on this first trip it was necessary for Daddy and Mommy to go alone, look over the ground and see what there was to see.

"Okay, then," said Timmy and Greg, after this reasonable explanation, "you go and we'll stay with Grandma and Uncle Wally. But you have to bring us back some new tin soldiers."

"When I told my mother that we were finally going," Susan says, "all she did was stare at me and snort, 'Hmmmph! What do you want to go to that old Europe for?' And then, of course, once we set the actual date, there were about ten thousand chores staring us coldly in the face."

"We'd never been abroad before, so we had to wire to Brooklyn for my birth certificate, and to South Carolina for Jess's, else we couldn't get our passports. There were extra things to do about plane reservations, because Jess and I fly on separate planes, to protect the boys. I had to track down a practise piano for Timmy so he could get started on his piano lessons, and Jess had to get up on the hill behind our house and fertilize all our eighteen fruit trees. The last few days I couldn't even sleep; everything kept building up and building up to one mighty climax."

With all the mounting clamor of the preparations, there was still Timmy's and Greg's eighth birthday on February 19. The Barkers naturally wouldn't leave until after the big celebration. There had to be two big birthday cakes and two parties—one for the family and one for the neighborhood kids. There were last-minute fittings and publicity stills; typhoid and small-pox inoculations, and packing.

There were also complicated arrangements for the new car they would pick up in France, forms to fill out for the inter-

national driving permit required at border crossings. All this, while guide books, travel folders and maps blanketed the floor of the den.

"But," says Susan, "I left with a very happy heart. There couldn't be a better time. Right now the studio is in the midst of all the new 3-D, CinemaScope excitement; the picture business is changing and Mr. Zanuck doesn't have an immediate script for me. So no one will be yelling for me—I hope. We'll be terribly, terribly lonesome for the boys, but they'll keep busy with their schoolwork and games. And, anyway, we'll be phoning them at least once a week. All the omens are there; it just proves God is still looking after me."

Sheer sentiment, rather than logic, guided Susan in choosing the lands she most wants to see. Spain because of its romantic vistas, Sweden because of its modernism and social progress, and Ireland . . . "well, Ireland because I had an Irish grandmother who was born in County Cork."

That's Susan—sentimental and emotional, with a mixture of Irish and Swedish and French-Huguenot in her. Such a gal would understandably take along, as Susan did, a unique medallion to carry on her journey—one given to her by Otto Lang, the producer of "White Witch Doctor." There's St. Christopher on one side, and on the other, the Star of David.

There were other countries, too, that Susan thought she ought to visit, and as the days went by she kept adding places to the list until Jess, the logical one, laughingly called a halt.

"Hold it, Susie; hold it," Jess counseled. "If we eat in all the restaurants and go to all the 'darling' little places our friends have recommended, you'll have us on a six months' Cook's Tour."

"I know," Susan pouted, conceding temporary defeat, "but there's so much to see."

Paris, the Mediterranean, Mont St. Michel. ("They say that there they make the finest omelettes in the world," Susan said.) Then Madrid, Nice, Rome . . .

Languages? Red-haired Susan wasn't worried. "I can already say *hasta la vista, muy bien, si, oui, muchas gracias* and 'you said it kid.' And I can always pick up one of those little language books and point to the words. With some limber fingers and an active imagination, we'll get along fine."

She and Jess had two cameras: a Rollei-flex, and a new Stereo-Realist in a leather case already branded with her name burned into the leather. She did it with Timmy's new wood-burning set which he got on his birthday.

As for real fancy eating . . . well, as Susan says, "What's to eat is to eat."

Nor did Susan plan any real shopping sprees. Trinkets, perhaps, or earrings, and easily-carried gifts for family and friends back home. But that's about all. Possibly she'd order a half dozen pairs of gloves from Rome's famed Audaria, because her secret passion is gloves. Clothes, however, were out. "There's nothing I could buy even in Paris that I couldn't get at home," says forthright Susan. "Besides, I won't have room for new clothes in my one suitcase. We're both going very light."

"With a change in skirts and blouses," Susan said, "I'll manage beautifully. I'm taking only a dozen nylons and four pairs of shoes—two brown and two black, and two pair will be good, sturdy walking shoes. Some cosmetics, of course, and some rhinestone jewelry, and my make-up kit for odds and ends. Everything will be streamlined. I'm even keeping my hair long, because I won't have too much time

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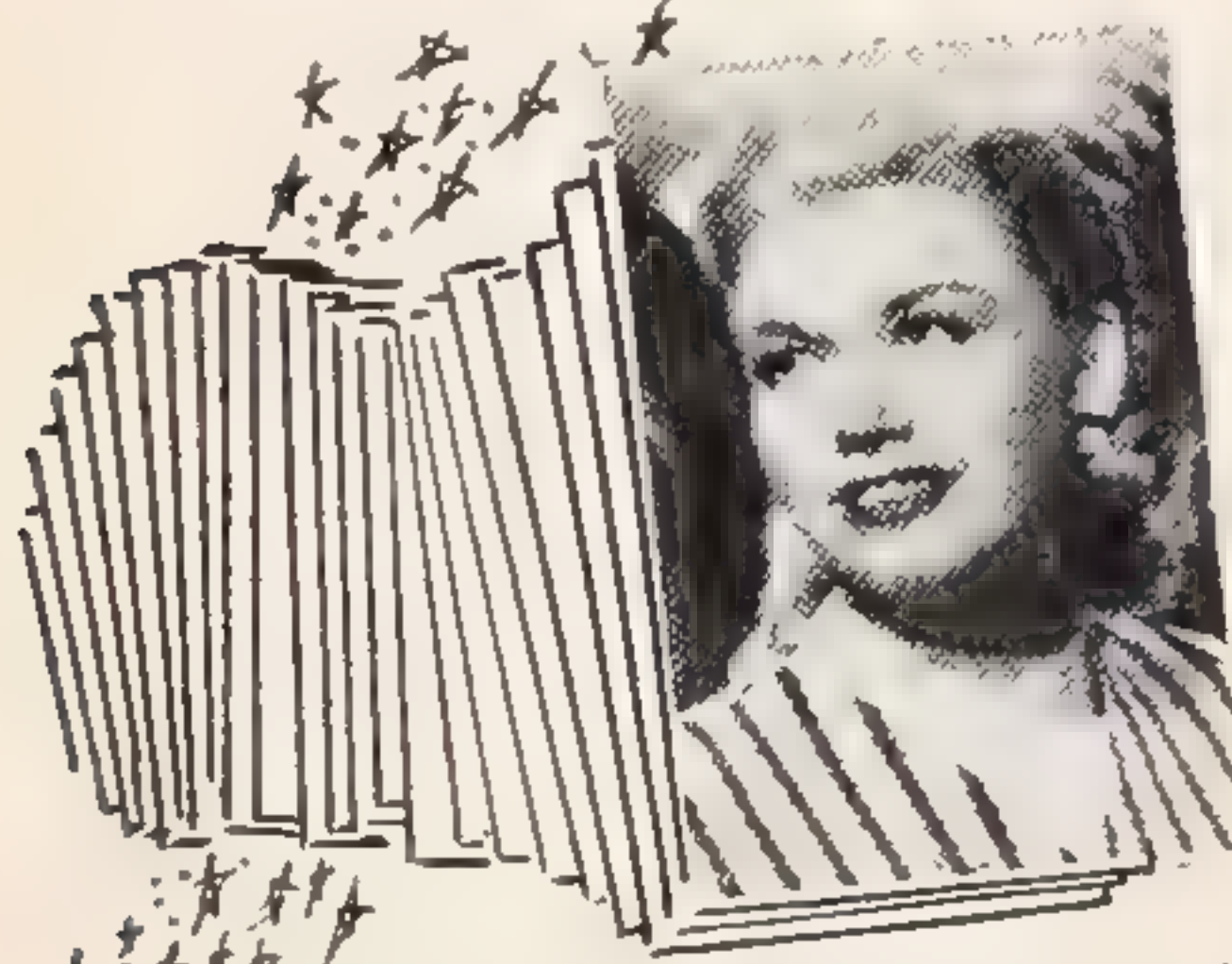
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to spend on it. I'll just tie it up in a chiffon scarf and let it go at that."

Susan's first letter home was an air-mail letter from Spain, with her report on how her dreams were coming true.

"Here we are in Madrid (she wrote) and Jess and I have just had a wonderful talk, via trans-Atlantic phone, with our twins at home. We had been so homesick for them, and concerned about their health, like any absent parents. But we needn't have worried. They've been fine, they told me, and both of them—Timmy and Greg—assured me 'they've been doing their homework like mad!'"

"The trip over by plane from New York, though tiring, was a tremendous experience. I had seen Jess off just an hour before my plane was due to leave. And Jess was waiting for me when my plane swooped in at Orly Airport an hour or so later. Jess was with a trio of suave studio representatives, all talking pure Charles Boyer. Jess was still holding the so feminine-looking Pan-American overnight bag I had asked him to carry for me. I remembered how, in New York, he had pretended to be so embarrassed, even hiding the bag under his coat as he boarded his plane! And I, of course, the cautious soul, had tried to declare everything on me at the customs inspection at New York's Idlewild Airport; I was so fearful that they wouldn't let me bring anything back into the country upon my return. Even the Customs Inspector had to hide a smile.

"Paris was so wonderful—far lovelier even than we had expected. About those first few hours I can remember little except the lights and the glow of the enchanted city, for we went directly to our hotel, the Lancaster, and to bed. But the next day, when we came down to a very late breakfast, we thought we were back in Hollywood—we ran into so many people we knew. Greg Peck came to see us and we talked and talked. We hadn't seen each other since we worked together in 'The Snows of Kilimanjaro'—'Les Neiges de Kilimanjaro' as they billed it in Paris.

"That day, while quietly strolling on the Champs Elysées, I was overcome when a little French girl, walking with her mother, turned and cried, 'Oh, Maman, voici Madame Jane Froman!' There were many others, too, who seemingly recognized me from 'With a Song in My Heart,' and blasé as I tried to be, I must confess I was just ham enough to get a big charge out of signing autographs in Paris.

Afterwards we went to the restaurant La Méditerranée, which is on the Place de l'Odéon, near the famous Théâtre Français Salle Luxembourg. (I hope I'm getting all my accent marks in the right place!) Anyway, La Méditerranée is a most renowned fish restaurant—so completely French in every way, yet again we ran into more celebrities: Michele Morgan and Bill Marshall among others.

"Most of the next day Jess and I were knee-deep in all the forms, regulations and complexities involved in taking possession of the lovely pale blue Jaguar car we had purchased for our tour. At last, after what seemed hours of signing our names over and over (the officials were really most kind), our car was turned over to us, and nothing would satisfy Jess except a drive through historic Bois de Boulogne and along the banks of the Seine. If you know me, you know what I did—just sat and gawked like any gal taking the two-dollar tour.

"Oh, yes, we did stop at a little shop to send off some postcards: to my mother and the twins, and one in particular to Emmy Eckhardt, who had bet me a dollar I wouldn't write. So now Emmy owes me a buck, and will I ever collect!"

"Dinner that night was at the world-famous 'La Tour d'Argent,' where the specialty of the house is pressed duck, first presented for your inspection in its raw state, and with much ceremony. Each one—the duck, not the diner—is numbered, with the numbers dating back several centuries. I know I said before leaving that we wouldn't make any ritual of the dinners, but this we couldn't miss. And, anyway, while Jess and I were waiting for the duck to be prepared, the restaurant's proprietor, Claude Terrail, showed us through his immense wine cellars.

"This first visit to Paris had to be a short one; I didn't even have time to go searching for the Folies Bergere dancing girl I had jokingly promised to wrap up and send back as a souvenir to a young publicity man at the studio's New York office. As Jess said, 'Just try getting that through the customs!' But Madrid was beckoning, so the following afternoon we left for a leisurely trip to Spain. We drove on to Tours and the Loire Chateaux region, sight-seeing among some of the most legendary chateaux, or castles, in the world: Chenonceau, Langeais, Azay-le-Rideau. I felt as though I were in a fabled fairyland.

There are two kinds of failures—those who thought and never did, and those who did and never thought.

RED SKELTON

"Limoges came next on our rambling, easy-going itinerary, and then Biarritz, where we lazed on the beach in the sun for several wonderful days, forgetful of time and schedules. And after that we crossed into Spain at Burgos (our secretary-guide made the border crossing pleasant and easy), and then drove on to Madrid, where we are as I write this.

"Portugal, Italy and Switzerland come next, and then Paris once more for a longer stay. After that, Sweden, England and Ireland. But actually, Jess and I could be just anywhere in Europe by the time this report arrives, with our destination fun.

"Anyway, *hasta la vista*. You can see how my Spanish is improving!"

Before they left, Jess had said with a grin, "If I know Susie, she'll probably pick up many a new dialect along the way. Every time we go below the Mason-Dixon line, she comes back talking pure spoon-bread and honey-chile. Imagine her doing an interview in Dublin and matching the interviewer brogue for brogue!"

But wherever Susan has gone, you can bet she has done the unexpected and the unpredictable, like standing at a crap table in the famed Casino at Monte Carlo blithely unaware of the croupiers' droning chants while she snapped her fingers over a dollar bet and yelled, "Come on, seven; come to Mamma, you seven!"

There she stood, coaxing those little ivories, while Jess, amused but not surprised, stood watching the renowned Miss Susan Hayward, three-time Academy Award nominee and PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Winner, who can get such a charge out of a mere dollar bet lying on the green cloth table.

Or hanging by her slender heels from a narrow, slit-like window in ancient Blarney Castle, leaning over backwards to kiss the historic Blarney Stone, and all the while remembering, in that ultimate moment, what she told Jess before they left home:

"Even if I drop, I'll die happy!"

That's Susan, who can only travel with a happy heart. THE END

Why Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

(Continued from page 53)

of tight gold dresses. While everyone watched, the blonde swayed sinuously down the long room to her place on the dais. She had stopped the show cold. Who could ask for anything more?

Two years ago, if anyone had told Marilyn she'd keep Darryl Zanuck waiting ninety minutes for his dinner while she was sewn into her dress to attend an important party, I don't believe that even the blonde atom would have believed it. For in her early Hollywood days, she was just one more pretty face that had been left on the cutting-room floor. And though a lot of people had her tagged as dumb, she knew enough to learn to use what heaven had seen fit to give her.

She actually did read books, and she worked with a drama coach, who taught her to act. No one, however, had to teach her to dress—or rather, undress. And despite the cries of, "It was all a publicity plant," nobody had anything to do with that famous calendar story except Marilyn herself, either.

When her studio bosses first heard of the nude posing, they cautioned Marilyn to keep quiet. Libel laws being what they are, they knew that, so long as Marilyn didn't admit she had posed for the photo, reporters would have thought twice before identifying her as the girl in the birthday suit. But—"I had to tell the truth," says Marilyn, half closing her big, beautiful blue eyes, "I just had to. . ."

The publicity hasn't hurt her yet. Neither have the much-quoted witticisms that flow from her rose-bud lips. Like the time she came face to face with a very bitter, very homely femme reporter who has never stopped taking cracks at Marilyn. Everyone expected the fur to fly. But the star was gracious. "How come?" she was needed. "I thought you'd skin her alive." "It was more cruel," meowed Marilyn, "to leave her skin as it is." Wow!

The wisecracks, the cleavage, the never being on-time (the studio actually has to employ a maid just to awaken Marilyn in the morning!) didn't just happen accidentally. It's all been carefully planned and expertly executed to make Marilyn what she is today—the most exciting star in Hollywood. If people talk, who cares? Not Marilyn. Not while she's riding so high, at least.

There's always some kind of talk making the rounds about somebody, anyway.

Right now, it's not only fashionable to criticize Marilyn, but it's definitely the mode to purse up your lips, shake your

head in a melancholy manner, and murmur, "Poor Shelley Winters." Stuff and nonsense! This blonde got everything she ever set out for—a career, a husband and a baby. And what's wrong with that?

Like the Monroe, Shelley was around for a while before she made a ripple on the Hollywood pond. Then she got wise. She dropped the ingenue pose and let us have it—smack on the typewriter.

Shelley isn't pretty, although she has a definite and unique kind of appeal. When she was expecting the baby, she let herself go in appearance as completely as a woman could—and still vaguely look like one. But everything Shelley does gets into the papers and keeps the fire burning on the career front. And right now she's planning to give the press plenty to keep it busy—a remodeled Shelley, sleek and glamorous. And when the surprise of a chic Shelley wears off, there'll be something else. She's a smart cookie. She has to be—still to be on top despite all the people who don't like her.

However, the real test of Shelley's IQ won't come until after she's resumed her married life with Vittorio Gassman for a while. She wasn't too smart before he left for Italy, but she was pregnant, and unhappy not to be going with him, which explains why she emptied that glass of water in his lap when she thought he paid too much attention to Zsa Zsa Gabor. But now it'll be man-to-woman stuff. Don't muff it, Shell!

Talking of Zsa Zsa, this blonde by choice—she wasn't particularly pretty before she lightened her hair—is a fantastic example of what egocentricity and one of the ten sharpest brains in the business can do for a girl. I'll never know how she persuaded John Huston to let her play Jane Avril in "Moulin Rouge." True, the money man, Jimmy Woolf, insisted, but Huston has never been pushed into a casting he doesn't approve of. So what happens? Zsa Zsa spends every cent of the \$6,000 salary in drammer lessons from Constance Collier, who coached Hepburn. But it was her beauty that stole the picture for me, not her acting.

She's made the covers of many a magazine—you name it—Zsa Zsa's been on it. Her wisecracks are quoted all over the world. Her glamour is a byword in London and Paris where they qualify every woman with "She's not as attractive as Zsa Zsa." George Sanders apparently can't live with her, or without her. I believe she loves him or she couldn't put up with his rudeness. And let's face it, she gave up \$36,000 a year from Conrad Hilton to

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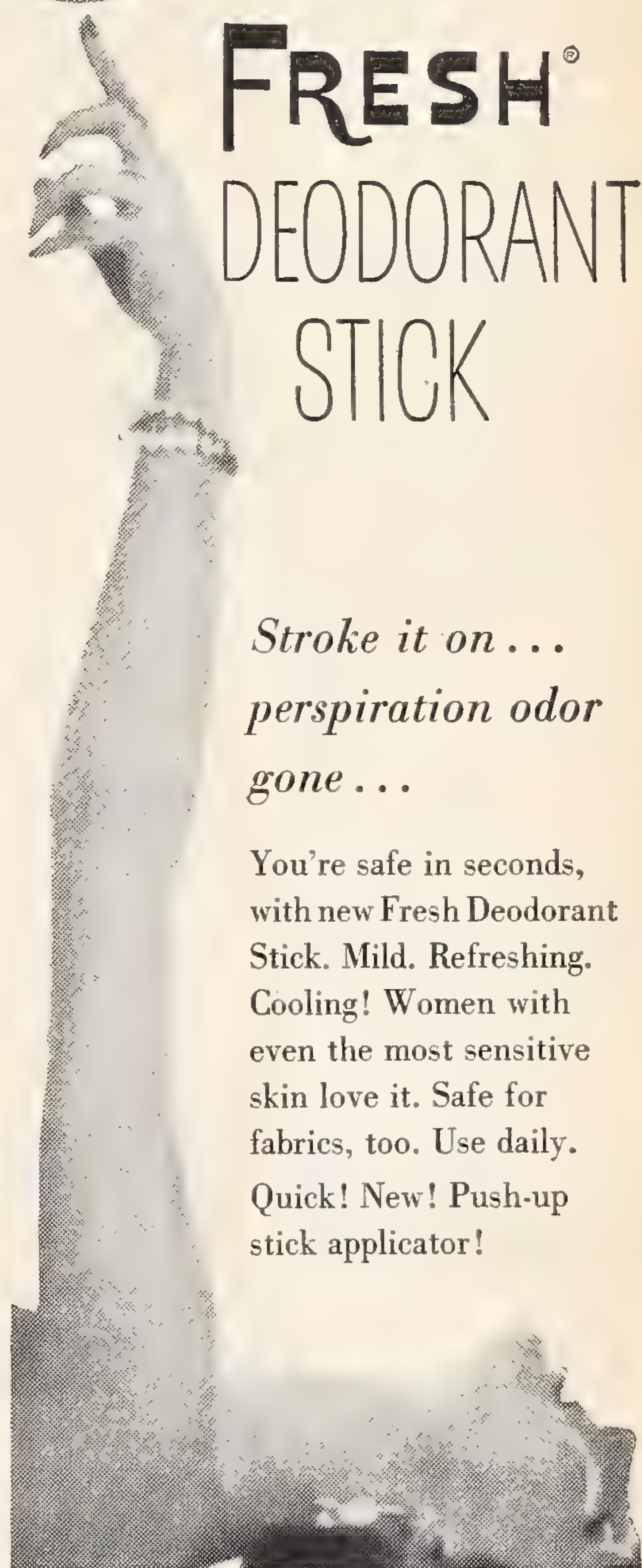


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marry the man. My hat's off to you Zsa Zsa. You've proved anything's possible.

And, in her way, so has Virginia Mayo. The Mayo gal, born plain Virginia Jones on the wrong side of the tracks, has little in the way of social graces—no small talk, no natural sophistication. She's through after she says hello. But never underestimate her brain appeal. When she was under contract to Goldwyn, he'd bawl her out twice a week. "You can't walk, you can't talk, you can't dress," Sam screamed. He hired people to teach her to walk and talk and dress. Then he hollered at *them*, "What are you trying to do, make a Bergman of her?"

"Why do you take it?" one of those friends who specialize in trouble-making asked. "He's the head of the studio. He must know what he's talking about," Ginny replied sweetly.

She hated stooging for Danny Kaye, but no one knew it until she left Goldwyn. And when Danny, who used to humiliate her in their pictures for Sam, followed her to Warners for "Inspector General"—the biggest flop of his career, by the way—Virginia, one of the biggest stars on the lot, was gracious and pleasant to her extormentor, when she had every justification for being real witchy. That's what I call smart.

But the smartest thing she ever did was to marry Mike O'Shea, some years her senior. He cracks the whip the way she used to crack it with her two-man Pansy, the Horse act. Mike makes her go out when she'd rather stay home on the ranch. He fronts for her in conversation. He supplies a much-needed sense of humor. He makes every decision.

We will have a more tolerant world when we learn to be as critical of our own faults as we are of the faults of others.

IRENE DUNNE

When Ginny did a big fashion sitting for PHOTOPLAY in New York recently, he-man O'Shea was on hand to arrange every fold of every dress.

They love Virginia at the studio because she does anything they tell her. She's smart in knowing she isn't a great talent. But she's working all the time. It's almost a joke because she's in every picture. Even in lay-off time when other stars yell blue murder if the studio wants them for anything, Virginia comes into the publicity department and says, "I'll do all the publicity you want." And signs the Screen Actors Guild release.

Virginia makes around \$3,500 weekly and Mike socks most of it away. They'll be rich when she retires. And don't get him wrong. No one would dare to call him Mr. Virginia Mayo. He works—radio, pictures now and then, also legit plays. But his hundred per cent interest in life is his beautiful blonde bride. And how many wives can say that of their husbands?

Two other top movie stars can—Betty Hutton and Doris Day. Both were married before, but it didn't work out because the husbands had other interests and were disinclined to put all of their eggs into one blonde basket. But even though Hutton's hubby, Charlie O'Curran, is officially listed as a dance director, and Doris' dream boy, Marty Melcher, is an agent, each gal is Number One project for both.

Everyone agrees that Hutton is a babe

with a brain. But only time can tell whether O'Curran was smart to pull out of Paramount when he was pulling down \$1,000 per week, to hitch his future to Betty's star. Her motives were noble. But it's still too early to guess at the final results.

In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. O'Curran are touring. But they have a beautiful home here, and the question is—how long can Betty keep traveling without coming home to make some pictures, which is a must if she is to maintain her appeal on the road. Well, Betty's a girl who usually gets what she wants, so I'll bet she'll persuade someone to take a chance with her Charlie.

Or they'll do a TV series together. Because Betty is a smart blonde and she knows it's more important to have a happy marriage than to get all the backing for all the pictures in the world, if that means being parted from her husband. A smart redhead showed it could be done—and I do mean Lucille Ball.

Whatever they do, Betty's bank account has benefited since her marriage. Before she and Charlie left Paramount, she was keeping only six cents out of each dollar of her fabulous income. Now with her capital gains set up with Charlie's, twenty-eight cents out of every dollar sticks in the kitty. They don't give parties, they don't buy extravagant furs and jewels—except for the act. And they're happy.

Doris Day is something else. Like Betty, she wants her husband, Marty Melcher, giving himself to her in the daytime, nighttime and work-time. And there was well-founded talk that she wouldn't re-sign with Warners unless they signed Marty to a producer's contract. But there are more ways of directing a wife's career than by signing on the dotted line. Marty can do as much for Doris behind his agent's desk as he can producing her pictures—maybe more—which is perhaps why Doris decided not to pursue the point. As producer, he'd be answerable to Jack Warner. As Miss Day's agent, Mr. Warner has to answer to him.

Doris isn't too popular at Warners, to judge by the tales told you out of school. Neither was Hutton at Paramount. Strong-minded females are seldom popular. But the stories of their temperament usually seem to be hoked-up exaggerations. And there are always plenty of pleasant tales to disprove all those with claws in them. As witness this, from photographer Hymie Fink: He was due to do a lay-out of Doris and her husband at the studio, and Marty went there especially for it. At the last minute, Hymie couldn't make it. Most stars would say "Too bad," and delightedly let it go at that. But Doris insisted that Marty come in again the next day so that Hymie could take his photos. P.S. Smart girls are always good to photographers. They know those shutter-clickers can murder them if they're not.

But the smartest living blonde in Hollywood is June Allyson. She always gives the impression she's about to crochet an antimacassar. Don't be fooled. It might be your strait jacket. When she crinkles up her nose and giggles, you'd better cry Uncle and give in—because she's gonna get what she's after. Enough said!

Reviewing the blonde bangtails, perhaps the smartest we ever had here was Carole Lombard. Sleek, chic and brilliant. She could lunch with a Queen and take tea with a chambermaid. Men found her fun. Women copied her clothes and mannerisms. Jean Harlow did all right too. And today's crop of smart blondes seem to have picked up a lot of tricks from their predecessors—and added a few clever gimmicks of their own. **THE END**

Charlton Loves Lydia

(Continued from page 60)

prettier face than he had realized at first. "In this production of 'The Madras House' which our class is doing," Lydia said, "I have an entrance line that is bothering me. I have to come in and say, 'My frog is dead.' Now, how do you think I should say that line?"

Today's Charlton Heston, the fastest-rising male star in the movie firmament, rocks with laughter as he tells this story. But back in 1941, the question nearly overawed him.

"I wanted to come up with a shattering reading for Miss Clarke," Charlton says, "but we were both so young—Lydia wasn't quite nineteen—that we didn't know, in our total inexperience, what to do with such a line. But I did recognize a golden opportunity when I saw it, and I suggested to Miss Clarke that we go to the malt shop and discuss this matter over a cup of coffee. Then, as she accepted, I was in another panic, and I had to make an excuse to leave her for a moment, while I negotiated the delicate matter of a loan of a dime from another student."

On this past March 17, Lydia Clarke celebrated her ninth anniversary of being Lydia Heston. With "The Greatest Show on Earth" behind Chuck, and "The President's Lady" and "Pony Express" current, Lydia and Chuck were aware of how important he had become, of how much more important he promises to become. And they know how narrow has been the margin that has brought them to success from failure. For eight of those nine years, they went hungry together, and they laughed together. Marriage united them and war separated them. After demobilization, there were long stretches when Chuck couldn't find work, and Lydia supported them. Then when he'd get a job, she would usually lose hers. There was a time when they nearly sold out for minimum security—but did save themselves, just in time, for the big reward.

However, they foresaw none of that in 1941. They didn't even realize that Lydia's being in the half of the class that was to do "The Madras House," while Charlton was in the half doing "Francesca da Rimini," was typical of the conflict that was to mark their careers forever after.

As recently as 1950, when Chuck came to Hollywood for his first picture, "Dark City," this kind of conflict came up. Lydia had been on the road for six months in "Detective Story." When she finally came

back to New York, her husband met her at La Guardia Field, suitcase in hand.

"What's that for?" Lydia asked.

"I'm so sorry, darling," Chuck said, "but in an hour I'm taking off for California."

While he was in the Army, Chuck had formed the habit of writing his wife daily. On the road, he had still kept that up. ("I'm not that faithful," Lydia confesses of herself.) So she knew all about the negotiations he was conducting with Hal Wallis for his big picture chance. But the actual wire ordering him to Hollywood had reached him just as he was leaving home for the airport to welcome her back.

And all you have to know about the happiness of their marriage is illustrated by the fact that on this occasion they stayed right there at the airport, hand in hand, for that hour.

It wasn't that dramatic at Northwestern with their first shows, but it still is a fact that at the exact moment that Lydia entered and said, "My frog is dead," in the not-too-shattering way Chuck had suggested, he was forced to be backstage, getting his hair curled for "Francesca da Rimini" and while he was on stage later, Lydia had to be backstage making a costume change.

Chuck fell in love that spring. But Lydia didn't. Chuck tried to spend every spare minute he had with Miss Clarke, but she didn't very often agree to it. As a technique for winning a fellow with his romantic temperament, it couldn't have been better. Except that with Lydia, it wasn't a technique.

She sincerely wanted a career before she even gave a thought to marriage. She had absolutely no ambition to be a homemaker, or anyone's little woman. She told Chuck so, but the more she brushed him off, the more he pursued her.

"The truth is, I thought Chuck was impossible," Lydia confesses, smiling.

It is typical of the Hestons that the first flat they ever had in New York was in the slums and cost thirty dollars a month and is of that variety tagged "cold water," meaning if you want hot water you heat it yourself on the stove.

In Hollywood there are no slums, but there are very inexpensive areas, which are small and unfashionable. In such an area the Hestons have another flat. Because they have suffered so much poverty, they have no intention of impressing the movie Joneses. All their savings are going into Michigan timberland. Currently they own 1,280 acres, on which there are two houses. One house they may sell. The other they are developing.

This is their dream house. This is where they expect to retire one day, to live happily ever after. And there is definitely a sentimental story behind all this.

That 1,280 Michigan acres is the place where Chuck grew up. His whole family was what is known as "land poor." Charlton Heston is his real name, given in baptism, and there was a legend in the family that the Hestons were directly descended from the famed Scottish chieftain, Black Douglas. His given name, Charlton, also has a distinguished family ancestry, even though, growing up, it was to give Chuck great trouble. Bigger boys called him Charlotte—and all the boys of his own age were bigger than he until he was fifteen.

He grew eight inches that year he was fourteen, but some of the loneliness and sensitiveness that a short boy is apt to feel had entered into him before that. He had the very serious handicap, in addition, of being the only child in his family.

(Continued on next page)

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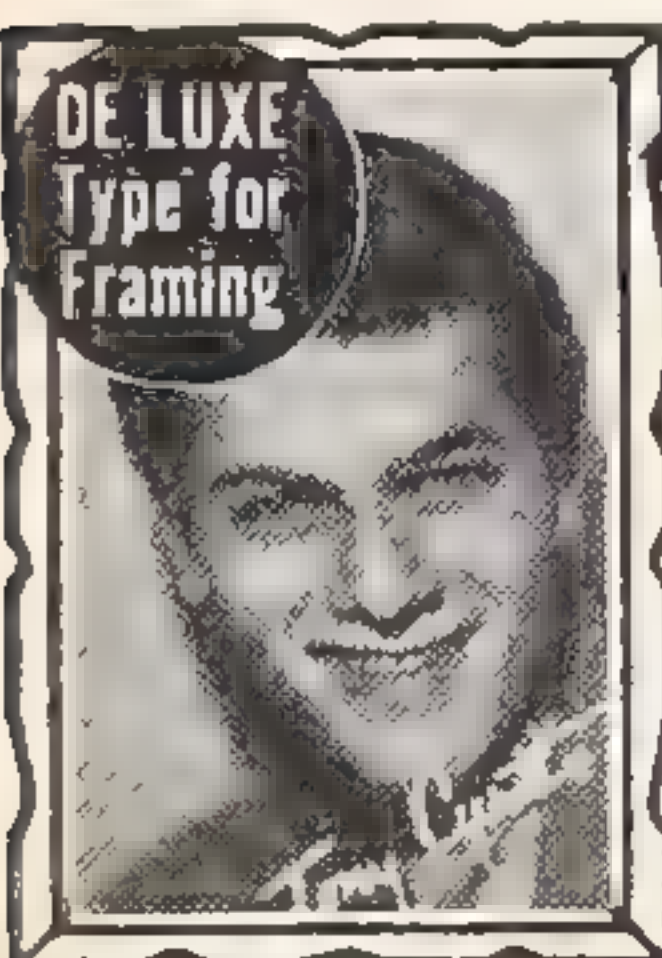


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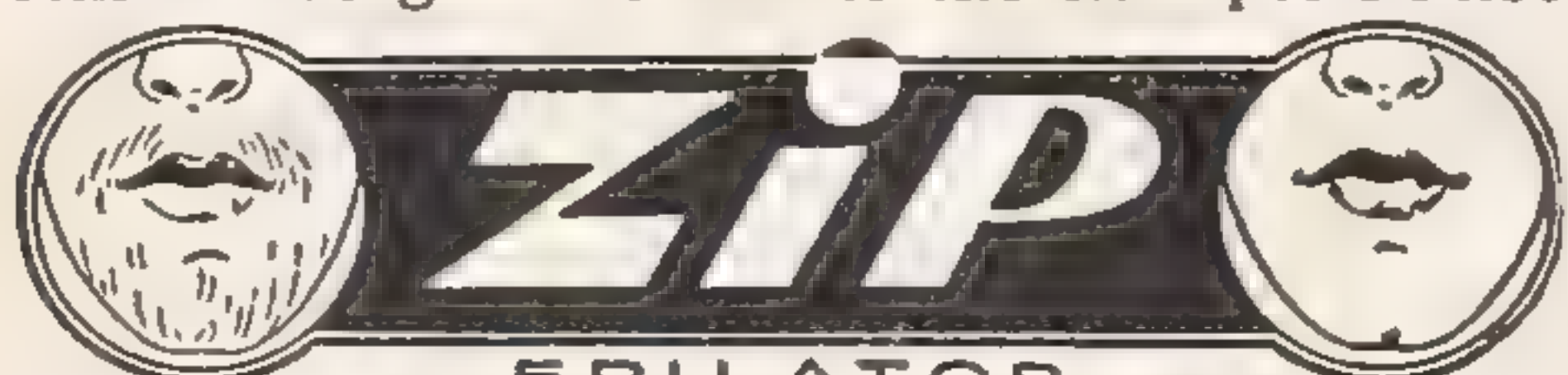
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(Continued from preceding page)

He was ten when his folks moved to Chicago and he met other kids, but previously, he had lived a lonely kind of life amid the wilds of Michigan.

Perforce, he learned how to shoot and fish from the very moment he was able to tote a rod or a gun, since this was one of the ways by which the Hestons ate. It would have harmed many children. All it did to Charlton was make him dream. He invented friends for himself. In the forests he found drama behind every tree. Looking into streams, studying the changing sky, he saw romance.

Shy, awkward, insecure, there couldn't have been any better corrective for him in college than to fall in love with a spirited, brainy girl like Lydia Clarke. She forced him to think, because she argued every point with him. She forced him to be dominant, since she was not to be easily conquered.

"When I first dated Lydia, she had a spitfire temper," Chuck tells you grinning.

"Once, before we were engaged, I hit him with my purse, I was so angry at him," Lydia confesses.

"See this scar," Charlton says, pointing to a mark on his forehead. "This happened after marriage. Lydia had bought herself a little radio. She had it on too loud and I told her to turn it down. Instead, she tossed a candle at me. She missed, and I laughed, whereupon she tossed the candlestick. That didn't miss, and it took six stitches to knit me back together again."

It took three years, America's entry into the war, Chuck's persistence and his draft call to wear Lydia down. Even her parents were opposed to their union.

Chuck chose their wedding day, March 17, 1944. The March 17 gag was so that he would never forget the date. The place was Greensboro, North Carolina, where he was stationed. They both knew he was about to be sent overseas—to a tropical climate, he thought, since his outfit had been issued some jungle equipment.

It was a dreadful day, March 17. "Raining cats and dogs," Chuck says. Lydia wore a little lavender suit and a white hat covered with flowers.

She had paid fifty dollars for the suit, which was a lot of money then. Just before Christmas of 1946, the first year Chuck was out of the Army, Lydia sold that suit. She got ten dollars for it, including the hat and the suitcase in which

she carried it to the pawn shop. Then she socked the ten bucks into a Christmas gift for Chuck.

Because, by then, things were really rugged with them. The Army, with its usual consistency, had sent Chuck and the other jungle-equipped men to Alaska and then to the bitterly cold, dreary Aleutians. Lydia, meanwhile, had gone back to Northwestern to finish her course and get her degree. On graduation, she took a small room in Evanston and did some work as a model in Chicago.

When Chuck was demobilized, they took two weeks off for a honeymoon. Chuck had the key to his grandfather's battered lodge on the Michigan property. It was heaven for the lovers to be alone—but they soon discovered neither of them could cook a thing.

"We still can't," Chuck says.

So they headed for Evanston and tried living in that single room, mostly out of a foot locker Chuck had brought back from the war. But that was too terrible, so they gambled on New York. Gambled and lost.

There was, you see, the housing shortage in New York. That's how they finally found the flat in "Hell's Kitchen" and they only managed to get that because Chuck was a vet. They hadn't been there a week when Lydia was bedded with a dreadful cold she had got in its cheerless rooms. She ran such a temperature that she had to be hospitalized, which ate up all their savings. Chuck pounded the pavements looking for work. One of a hundred thousand other veterans doing exactly the same grim thing.

"There was nothing," Chuck says. "There was nothing, nothing, nothing."

But presently Lydia was up and around, and she began working as a model again. It wasn't high style modeling. It was hours and hours a day, being photographed in the cheap little dresses that retail for \$3.95. Sometimes, Lydia got the chance, too, to pose for photographers and painters, but Chuck, pounding the pavements for eight and nine hours a day, every day, got precisely nowhere.

"No one who hasn't been an actor can know how ego-shattering that is," he tells you. "I went up for stage shows, radio, TV, anything. In ordinary work, you are just turned down, impersonally. But in theatrical work, you are told you are too big or too short, your eyes aren't the right color, your voice is terrible. The rejection

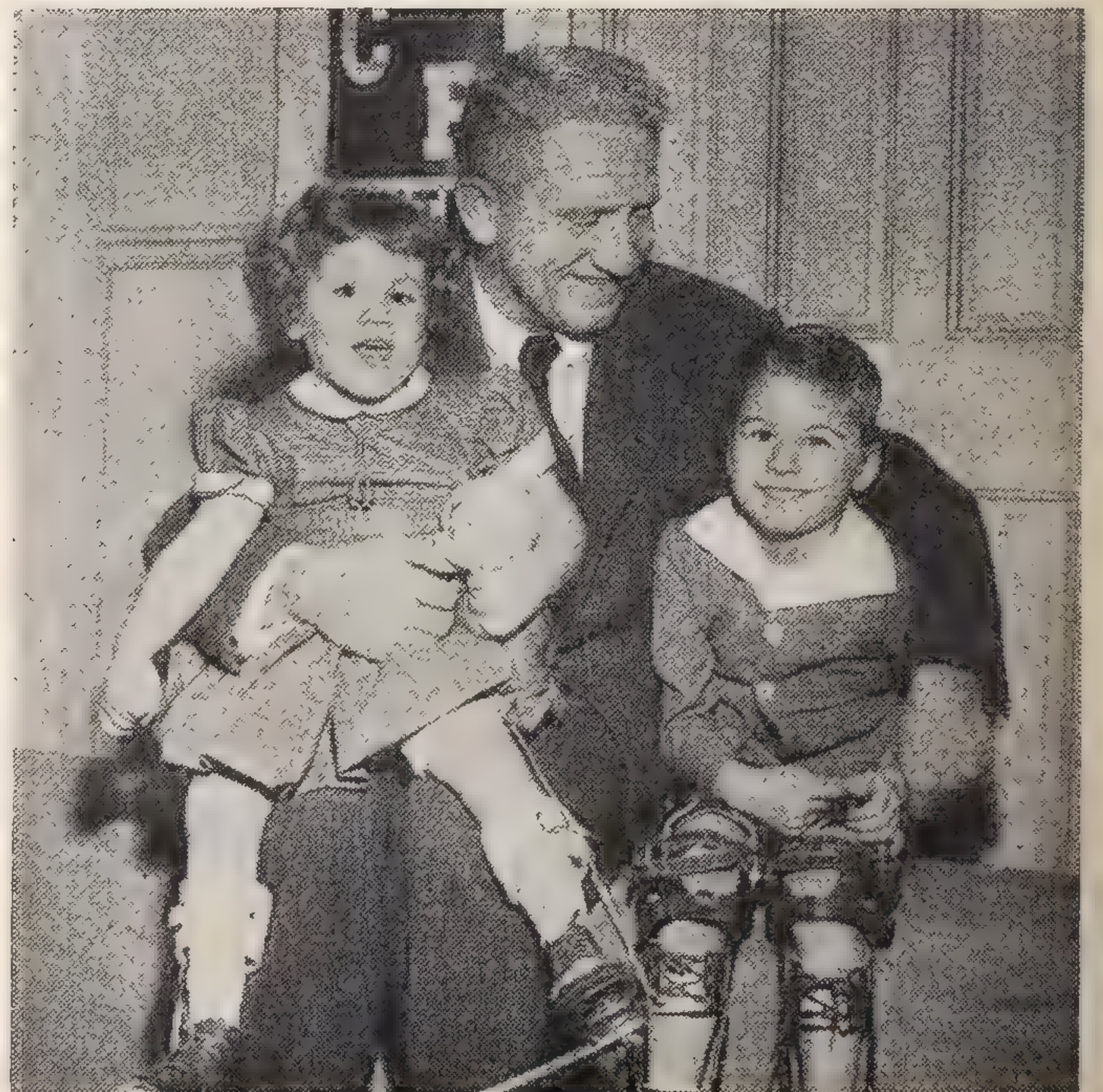
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is a total rejection of you as an individual.” By 1947, they at least had hope, for Charlton got a chance at three different plays. Three different plays and three different flops. Then he and Lydia did a little stock, and as a result of that they got a chance to co-star at the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Theatre in Asheville, North Carolina.

It was their first real break, and it was nearly their undoing. That was because it came right after the sad ending of a production of “Romeo and Juliet” in which they were both to have played. The show flopped. They were hungry and shabby. At Asheville, while they made almost no money, they were offered a little house. They could direct and star in all the plays there. They could live in a charming town among interesting people. They did so, for eight months and seven plays.

Then Lydia and Charlton talked it over. The greatest bond between them, next to their love, asserted itself: they both wanted to do fine things in the theatre. They wanted that more than security.

“Another thing was,” Charlton says, “that I didn’t particularly like directing. I wanted to play the scenes myself, not tell other actors how.”

“We directed one another,” Lydia said, “but we both knew that directing was mental, where acting was emotional. We both missed the release of acting.”

So, courageously, they said goodbye to their friends in Asheville, and came back to the cold-water flat in New York. They had no prospects. But on the trip, Charlton bet Lydia a new hat, he’d have work inside of two months.

And then for the first time, fate really smiled on them. For he got work within two hours after their arrival in New York, in the company of the mighty Katharine Cornell. And he had little more than achieved that, than he got his first calls for TV, then still new. Lydia got her hat. And shortly thereafter things began looking up for her personally. She got the chance at the role of the wife in “Detective Story” even though the woman in the part was written as ten years older than Lydia.

You know the rest. You know how TV actually turned the trick for Chuck, for that is where Hal Wallis discovered him. You know the rest of his career to date—and that it can get to be nothing save

more brilliant. As for his love story, that keeps on perfecting itself.

The Hestons are separated by their work so often that the divorce rumors pop up. Charlton takes this very seriously. Lydia merely smiles.

He says, “We are often separated geographically, but never emotionally.” Lydia says, “Relax. My big break will come.” But she refuses to sign any sort of a contract, for fear it might keep her from being with him at times when it is important.

Her husband is deeply grateful for this. He was madly in love with her when they married. He is more in love now, nine years later.

He says, “I don’t think it’s possible to have a marriage between a pair of actors without slighting one of the careers to a certain extent. Conversely I don’t see how any woman could be happily married to any actor if she weren’t an actress. I can’t even buy theatre tickets two weeks ahead because I don’t know where I’ll be or whether I’ll be working that night. This goes for concerts, lectures, dinner parties or seeing friends.

“Last winter, when we were in New York, we borrowed Huntington Hartford’s apartment to give a cocktail party for seventy-five friends. Two days before, Lydia was called back to Hollywood for a picture and I had to host it alone. Brother, did I miss her! I spent my entire time saying, ‘So glad you could come,’ pouring drinks, passing food and then saying, ‘Goodbye, see you soon.’ I never had time to have one decent bit of conversation with anyone.

“A few weeks later, we gave a cocktail party in Hollywood. We set it for Thursday, but then it turned out that I had to do a radio show, so we switched back to Wednesday. That kind of thing would drive most women mad—but not Lydia.

“When I’m working I get up at seven, finish at seven, because I stay to see the rushes, go to bed six days a week at nine. Most wives would take a very dim view of this. Lydia takes it with complete calmness.”

Lydia smiled. “I’m the girl with the awful temper,” she said.

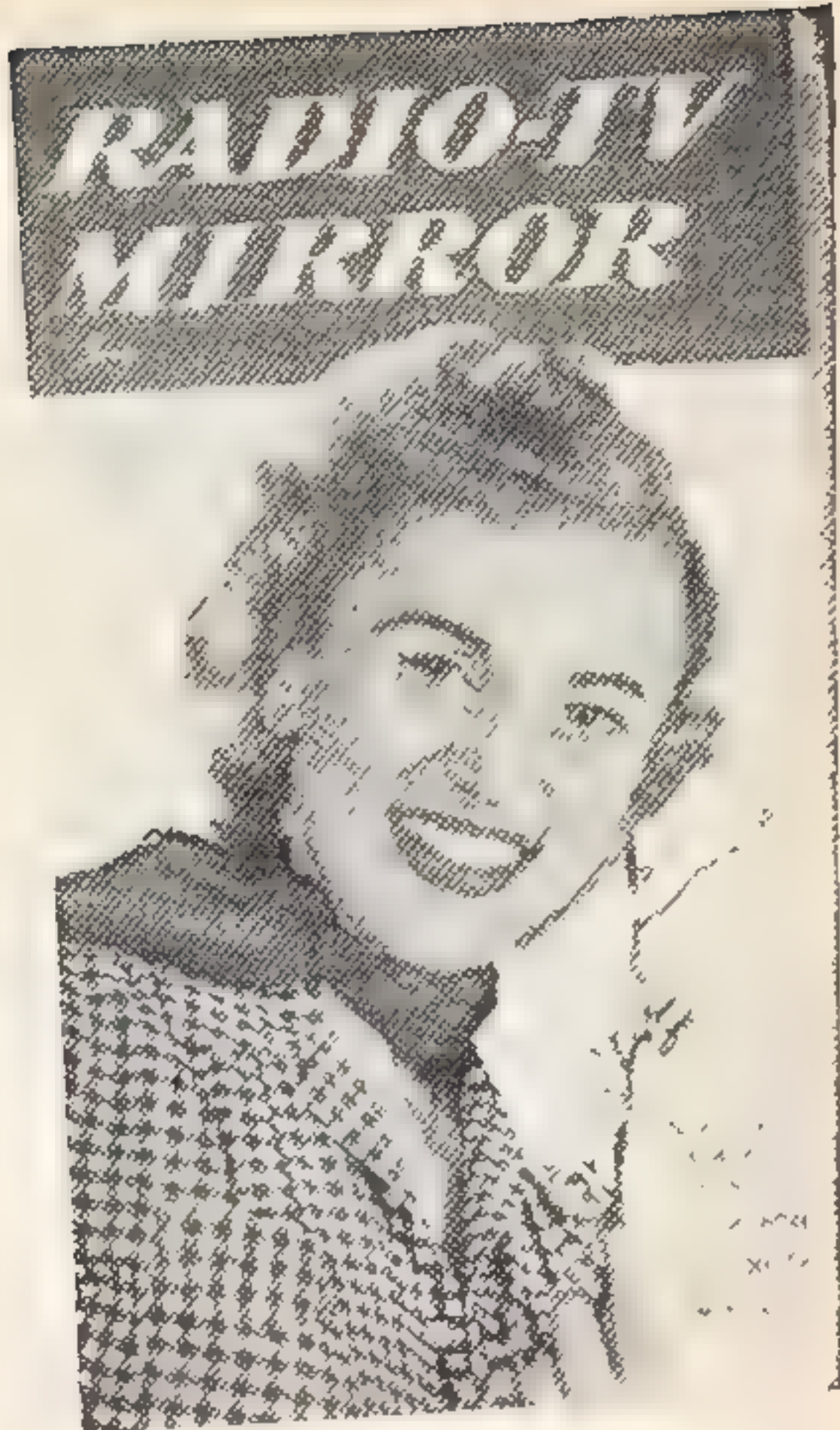
Chuck reached for her hand. “I’m the fellow you couldn’t stand,” he said.

It wasn’t necessary for either of them to say that they are that rarest and loveliest of human achievements: a happy couple creating an ideal marriage. THE END

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Domesticated Dreamboat

(Continued from page 55)

Lita makes it sound very simple, but anyone who knew the rugged, six-foot-three Calhoun at the time of his marriage to the little dancer, Lita Baron, would have bet he'd remain a holdout from life in Hollywood. Even Rory thought so, and as recently as two years ago he was planning to live on his Ojai ranch and come to Hollywood only for the necessary weeks when he'd be before the cameras at Twentieth Century-Fox. But today that plan is changed, and Rory and Lita, along with a houseful of dogs, are happily set as residents of movietown. To Lita the change seems perfectly natural. She feels that Rory was easily domesticated because for the first time in his life he has what he has been hungering for: a home atmosphere that is his own. "Rory knows I love him," Lita says, "and I don't think he ever knew that about anyone else before."

In other words, Rory's outdoor living was perhaps an escape from the city living to which he felt he didn't belong. Even as a boy, Rory took to the woods around Santa Cruz, California, whenever possible. He liked to cook his breakfast outdoors. The boy felt that the birds and animals were friendly—and today the grown-up Rory is good at gentling strange animals. As he grew older it seemed a natural step from roaming the woods without purpose to hanging around the logging camps. And when Rory was big enough to pull his own weight he left home to become a logger.

Other outdoor jobs followed for Rory. He worked as a hardrock miner in Nevada and as a cowpuncher in Arizona, as a forest fire-fighter, as a fisherman. The story of Rory's discovery is a familiar one: While he was visiting his grandmother in Los Angeles he went horseback riding one day and met Alan Ladd, who introduced Rory to Sue Carol Ladd, then an actor's agent. And it wasn't long before the handsome Rory was started on his career as a movie dreamboat.

In those days, though, a movie career was just a means to an end for Rory. He repeatedly said that he was working only for the time when he could live on a ranch as he wanted to. Then Rory met petite Lita Baron, bigtime singer with Xavier Cugat's orchestra. And in spite of all his plans, Rory fell in love with the glamour girl who knew nothing of the beauties of nature and cared even less. Rory courted Lita, brought her gifts like levis and plaid shirts. He didn't take her to the popular Hollywood night spots for dinner; best of all he liked to spend the evening at home with her large family.

Even then, while his plans for the future were undergoing a drastic change, Rory had to light out every month or so for the woods alone, to fish and spend his nights out in the open in a sleeping bag. He didn't, and in fact still doesn't, like crowded city life. Rory says that crowds of people bother him, that there are too many of them to tell him what to do, that after a while he feels as if the air has been breathed by too many people.

Relaxed and easy enough on the sur-

face, Rory still seems to feel today that the public life is Lita's world rather than his, that to her crowds of people pose no problem. He is never very far away from her in their public appearances. "Most of our friends aren't in picture business," Lita says. "But at parties I still look out for him just as he does me. If Rory sees me trapped in a corner by some bore, he drifts over and gets me out of it. And I do the same for him."

Still Rory is courteous almost to the point of courtliness, and he is not at all nervous with small groups of people. Animals don't like nervous people, and whenever Rory is at home, there are always animals sitting on him or under his feet.

"What Rory needed most," Lita says, "was to feel that he belonged to somebody." And for the question as to how to domesticate a character like Rory, Lita has one simple rule: Just don't pick at him about things. Let him do things in his own way and when he wants to. Lita thinks Rory needs to work with his hands around the house, for that is the only way he can reconcile himself to life in the city. He has repainted the bar in their home in knotty pine without any outside help, and it is a beautiful, professional job. There is a speedboat resting on two horses out in the backyard, and Rory works on it sporadically to refinish it.

For the past several weeks two elegant-looking doors have been leaning against the side of the Calhoun garage; Rory made the doors for his dressing room upstairs. "Rory might not hang those doors for six months," Lita says. "But that isn't important. What's important is that he doesn't have to hang them until he gets around to it, and he knows it. What he always has minded about cities was all the people, the rules and the regulations, the what-to-do and the what-not-to-do."

"If Rory got that on the outside and at home, too, he couldn't stand it. We don't have any do's and don'ts and he does everything he does wonderfully because it's natural with him. Here he is a married man with a wife who loves him; he is responsible for me and the house and the animals and the ranch. We depend upon him. It gives him a feeling of having roots, of being permanent, and he's proud. And when a man's proud, he's happy."

When Rory comes home from the studio—his latest for Twentieth is "The Silver Whip"—he doesn't bring his acting problems with him. For this domesticated man, home is the place for relaxation free from his daily job. And if there's any doubt as to Rory's complete domestication, take the word of outsider Debbie Reynolds.

"I never knew Rory and Lita very well until we went to Korea for Christmas," Debbie says. "On the plane Rory'd swap seats with me for awhile; he'd go up and play cards with the guys while Lita and I sat and talked. But I was wasting my time if I thought I could sleep. Next thing I'd know this big character would be rattling my bones and saying, 'Beat it, peanuts. It's past your bedtime. And besides, it's time I saw my wife.'" THE END

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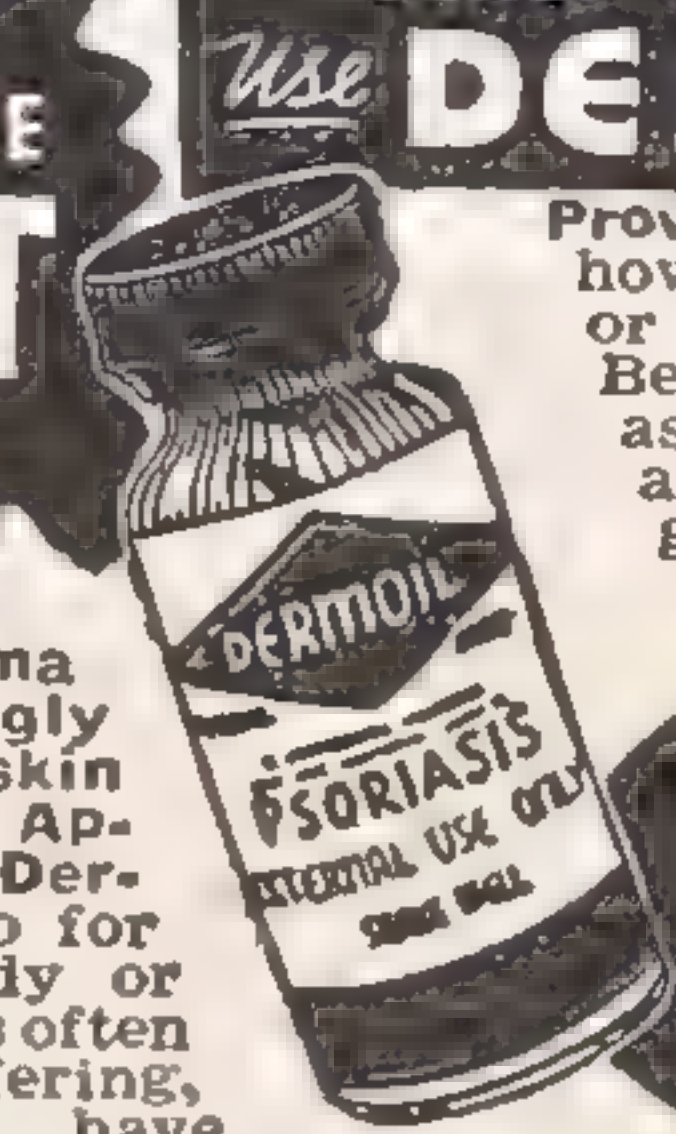
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Casts of Current Pictures

BLUE GARDENIA, THE—Warners. Directed by Fritz Lang; *Norah Larkin*, Anne Baxter; *Casey Mayo*, Richard Conte; *Crystal Carpenter*, Ann Sothern; *Harry Prebble*, Raymond Burr; *Sally Ellis*, Jeff Donnell; *Al*, Richard Erdman; *Haynes*, George Reeves; *Rose*, Ruth Storey; *Homer*, Ray Walker; and Nat "King" Cole.

BRIGHT ROAD—M-G-M. Directed by Gerald Mayer; *Jane Richards*, Dorothy Dandridge; *C. T. Young*, Philip Hepburn; *School Principal*, Harry Belafonté; *Tanya*, Barbara Ann Sanders; *Dr. Mitchell*, Robert Horton; *Tanya's Mother*, Madie Norman; *Booker T. Jones*, Renee Beard; *Boyd*, Howard McNeely; *Lloyd*, Robert McNeely; *Rachel Smith*, Patti Marie Ellis; *Sarahlene Babcock*, Joy Jackson; *Roger*, Fred Moultrie; *George*, James Moultrie; *Mary Louise*, Carolyn Ann Jackson.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVER MOON—Warners. Directed by David Butler; *Marjorie*, Doris Day; *William Sherman*, Gordon MacRae; *George Winfield*, Leon Ames; *Mrs. Winfield*, Rosemary DeCamp; *Wesley*, Billy Gray; *Stella*, Mary Wickes; *Chester Finley*, Russell Arms; *Miss LaRue*, Maria Palmer; *Mr. Harris*, Howard Wendell; *Pee Wee*, Walter Flannery; *Mrs. Harris*, Geraldine Wall; *Ike Hickey*, John Maxwell; *Dangerous Dora*, Carol Forman.

CALL ME MADAM—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Walter Lang; *Mrs. Sally Adams*, Ethel Merman; *Kenneth*, Donald O'Connor; *Princess Maria*, Vera-Ellen; *Cosmo Constantine*, George Sanders; *Pemberton Maxwell*, Billy De Wolfe; *Prince Hugo*, Helmut Dantine; *Tantinnin*, Walter Slezak; *Sebastian*, Steven Geray; *Grand Duke*, Ludwig Stossel; *Grand Duchess*, Lilia Skala; *Senator Brockway*, Charles Dingle; *Senator Gallagher*, Emory Parnell; *Senator Wilkins*, Percy Helton; *Leader*, Leon Belasco; *Chamberlain*, Oscar Beregi; *Miccoli*, Nestor Paiva; *Proprietor*, Sidney Marion; *Rudolph*, Torben Meyer; *Supreme Court Justice*, Richard Garrick; *Secretary of State*, Walter Woolf King; *Clerk*, Olan Soule; *Ronchin*, John Wengraf; *Hat Clerk*, Fritz Feld; *Music Clerk*, Erno Verebes; *Switchboard Operator*, Hannelore Axman; *Minister from Magador*, Lal Chand Mehra.

COUNT THE HOURS—RKO. Directed by Don Siegel; *Ellen Braden*, Teresa Wright; *Doug Madison*, Macdonald Carey; *Paula Mitchener*, Dolores Moran; *Gracie*, Adele Mara; *Gillespie*, Edgar Barrier; *George Braden*, John Craven; *Max Verne*, Jack Elam; *Alvin Taylor*, Ralph Sanford.

CRY OF THE HUNTED—M-G-M. Directed by Joseph Lewis; *Jory*, Vittorio Gassman; *Lt. Tunner*, Barry Sullivan; *Janet Tunner*, Polly Bergen; *Goodwin*, William Conrad; *Ella*, Mary Zavian; *Warden Keeley*, Robert Burton.

DESERT LEGION—U-I. Directed by Joseph Pevney; *Paul Lartal*, Alan Ladd; *Crito*, Richard Conte; *Morjana*, Arlene Dahl; *Pvt. Plevko*, Akim Tamiroff; *Major Vasil*, Leon Askin; *Si Khalil*, Oscar Beregi; *Lt. Messaoud*, Anthony Caruso; *Kumbaba*, Don Blackman; *Alyoun*, Dave Sharpe; *Tabban*, Ted Hecht; *Dancers*, Sujata and Asoka; *Lt. Lopez*, George J. Lewis; *General*, Henri Letondal; *Lt. Doudelet*, Peter Coe; *Cpl. Schmidt*, Ivan Triesault.

DESERT RATS, THE—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Robert Wise; *Captain MacRoberts*, Richard Burton; *Rommel*, James Mason; *Bartlett*, Robert Newton; *General*, Robert Douglas; *Barney*, Torin Thatcher; *Smith*, Chips Rafferty; *Lieutenant Carstairs*, Charles Tingwell; *Pete*, Charles Davis; *Mick*, Ben Wright; *Communications Man*, James Lilburn; *Riley*, John O'Malley; *Hugh*, Ray Harden; *Corporal*, John Alderson; *Rusty*, Richard Peel; *Capt. Currie*, Michael Pate; *Major O'Rourke*, Frank Pulaski; *Sgt. Donaldson*, Charles Keane; *Jim*, Pat O'Moore; *Ginger*, Trevor Constable; *Jensen*, Albert Taylor; *German Doctor*, John Wengraf; *Kramm*, Arno Frey; *Von Helmholtz*, Alfred Ziesler; *Fire Officer*, Charles FitzSimons.

DESTINATION GOBI—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Robert Wise; *C.P.O. Sam McHale*, Richard Widmark; *Jenkins*, Don Taylor; *Walter Landers*, Casey Adams; *Kengtu*, Murvyn Vye; *Wilbur Cohen*, Darryl Hickman; *Elwood Halsey*, Martin Milner; *Paul Sabatello*, Ross Bagdasarian; *Nura-Salu*, Judy Dann; *Tomec*, Rodolfo Acosta; *Commander Wyatt*, Russell Collins; *Wali-Akham*, Leonard Strong; *Son of Kengtu*, Anthony Earl Numkena; *Frank Swenson*, Earl Holliman; *Yin Tang*, Edgar Barrier; *Aide*, Alvy Moore; *Captain Briggs*, Stuart Randall; *Skipper*, William Forrest; *Naval Captain*, Bert Moorhouse; *Admiral*, Jack Raine.

GIRL WHO HAD EVERYTHING, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Thorpe; *Jean Latimer*, Elizabeth Taylor; *Victor Y. Ramondi*, Fernando Lamas; *Steve Latimer*, William Powell; *Vance Court*, Gig Young; *Charles "Chico" Menlow*, James Whitmore; *John Ashmond*, Robert Burton; *Julian*, William Walker.

GIRLS OF PLEASURE ISLAND, THE—Paramount. Directed by F. Hugh Herbert and Alvin Ganzer; *Roger Halyard*, Leo Genn; *Lt. Gilmartin*, Don Taylor; *Captain Beaton*, Gene Barry; *Thelma*, Elsa Lanchester; *Gloria*, Dorothy Bromiley; *Hester*, Audrey Dalton; *Violet*, Joan Elan; *Pvt. Henry Smith*, Peter Baldwin; *Col. Reade*, Philip Ober; *Wilkinson*, Barry Bernard; *Rev. Bates*, A. E. Gould-Porter; *Capt. McKendry*, Richard Shannon; *Simon*, Leon Lontok; *Gunner Miller*, Michael Ross; *Marines*, Johnny Downs, Richard Beedle, Mike Mahoney, Cyril Brooskin, John Dale Huffman.

LAW AND ORDER—U-I. Directed by Nathan Juran; *Frame Johnson*, Ronald Reagan; *Jeannie Bristow*, Dorothy Malone; *Lute Johnson*, Alex Nicol; *Kurt Durling*, Preston Foster; *Jimmy Johnson*, Russell Johnson; *Fin Elder*, Barry Kelley; *Maria*, Ruth Hampton; *Denver*, Chubby Johnson; *Frank Durling*, Dennis Weaver; *Jed*, Jack Kelly; *Ben Wiley*, William O'Neill; *Wingett*, Gregg Barton; *Judge Williams*, Richard Garrick; *Bart Durling*, Don Gordon; *Johnny Benton*, Don Garner.

LONE HAND—U-I. Directed by George Sherman; *Zachary Hallock*, Joel McCrea; *Sarah Jane Skaggs*, Barbara Hale; *Jonah Varden*, Alex Nicol; *George Hadley*, Charlie Drake; *Joshua Hallock*, Jimmy Hunt; *Gus Varden*, Jim Arness; *Daniel Skaggs*, Wesley Morgan; *Mr. Skaggs*, Roy Roberts.

MAN ON A TIGHTROPE—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Elia Kazan; *Karel Cernik*, Fredric March; *Tereza Cernik*, Terry Moore; *Zama Cernik*, Gloria Grahame; *Joe Vosdek*, Cameron Mitchell; *Fesker*, Adolphe Menjou; *Barovic*, Robert Beatty; *Rudolph*, Alex D'Arcy; *Krofta*, Richard Boone; *Konradin*, Pat Henning; *Jaromir*, Paul Hartman; *The Chief*, John Dehner; *The Cirkus Cernik*, The Brumbach Circus; *Duchess*, Dorothea Wieck; *The Sergeant*, Philip Kenneally; *Vina Konradin*, Edelweiss Malchin; *Captain*, William Castello; *Mrs. Jaromir*, Margaret Slezak.

PRESIDENT'S LADY, THE—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Henry Levin; *Rachel Donelson Robards*, Susan Hayward; *Andrew Jackson*, Charlton Heston; *Jack Overton*, John McIntire; *Mrs. Donelson*, Fay Bainter; *Lewis Robards*, Whitfield Connor; *Charles Dickinson*, Carl Betz; *Mrs. Phariss*, Gladys Hurlbut; *Moll*, Ruth Attaway; *Capt. Irwin*, Charles Dingle; *Mrs. Stark*, Nina Varela; *Mrs. Robards*, Margaret Wycherly; *William*, Robert B. Williams; *Col. Stark*, Ralph Dumke; *Jane*, Trudy Marshall; *Cruthers*, Howard Negley; *Dr. May*, Dayton Lummis; *Clark*, Harris Brown; *Jacob*, Zon Murray; *Samuel*, James Best; *Colonel Green*, Selmer Jackson; *Mrs. Green*, Juanita Evers; *Minister*, George Melford; *House Servant*, George Hamilton; *Slave Girl*, Vera Francis; *Jason*, Jim Davis; *Inkeeper*, Leo Curley; *Mary*, Ann Morrison; *Uncle Alfred*, William Walker; *Square Dance Caller*, Sherman Sanders; *Lincoya*, Ronald Numkena; *Colored Boy*, Rene Beard; *Henry*, Phariss' Driver, Sam McDaniel.

SALOME—Columbia. Directed by William Dieterle; *Princess Salome*, Rita Hayworth; *Commander Claudius*, Stewart Granger; *King Herod*, Charles Laughton; *Queen Herodias*, Judith Anderson; *John the Baptist*, Alan Badel; *Tiberius Caesar*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Pontius Pilate*, Basil Sydney; *Ezra*, Maurice Schwartz; *Micha*, Arnold Moss; *Oriental Dancers*, Sujata and Asoka.

SOMBRERO—M-G-M. Directed by Norman Foster; *Pepe Gonzales*, Ricardo Montalban; *Eufemia Calderon*, Pier Angeli; *Alejandro Castillo*, Vittorio Gassman; *Maria*, Yvonne De Carlo; *Lola De Torrano*, Cyd Charisse; *Ruben*, Rick Jason; *Elena Cantu*, Nina Foch; *Father Zacaya*, Kurt Kasznar; *Don Carlos Castillo*, Walter Hampden; *Don Homero Calderon*, Thomas Gomez; *Gitanillo De Torrano*, Jose Greco; *Don Daniel*, John Abbott; *Little Doctor*, Andres Soler; *Dona Fela*, Fanny Schiller; *Rosaura*, Luz Alba; *Don Inocente*, Alfonso Bedoya; *Don Nacho*, Jorge Trevino; *Napoleon Lopez*, Tito Novaro; *Manager*, Manuel Arvide; *Tomas*, Felipe De Flores.

SPLIT SECOND—RKO. Directed by Dick Powell; *Sam Hurley*, Stephen McNally; *Kay Garven*, Alexis Smith; *Dottie*, Jan Sterling; *Larry Fleming*, Keith Andes; *Asa*, Arthur Hunnicutt; *Bart Moore*, Paul Kelly; *Arthur Ashton*, Robert Paige; *Dr. Garven*, Richard Egan; *Dummy*, Frank de Kova.

STORY OF THREE LOVES, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Gottfried Reinhardt and Vincente Minnelli; *Nina*, Pier Angeli; *Mrs. Pennicott*, Ethel Barrymore; *Mademoiselle*, Leslie Caron; *Pierre Narval*, Kirk Douglas; *Tommy*, Farley Granger; *Charles Contray*, James Mason; *Paula Woodward*, Moira Shearer; *Aunt Lydia*, Agnes Moorehead; *Tommy (12 yrs)*, Ricky Nelson; *Girl at Bar*, Zsa Zsa Gabor; *Marcel*, Richard Anderson; *Pierre's friend*, Alix Talton.

TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY—Warners. Directed by Michael Curtiz; *Steve Williams*, John Wayne; *Alice Singleton*, Donna Reed; *Father Burke*, Charles Coburn; *Father Malone*, Tom Tully; *Carol*, Sherry Jackson; *Anne McCormick*, Marie Windsor; *Harold McCormick*, Tom Helmore; *Father Mahoney*, Dabbs Greer; *Father Provincial*, Leif Erikson; *Procurator*, Douglas Spencer; *Cardinal O'Shea*, Lester Matthews; *Stan Schwegler*, Chuck Connors; *Moose McCall*, Bill Radovich.

WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE—Paramount. Directed by Byron Haskin; *Commentary* by Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Clayton*, Gene Barry; *Sylvia*, Ann Robinson; *Gen. Mann*, Les Tremayne; *Dr. Pryor*, Bob Cornthwaite; *Dr. Bilderbeck*, Sandro Giglio; *Pastor Collins*, Lewis Martin; *Aide to Gen. Mann*, Houseley Stevenson, Jr.; *Radio Announcer*, Paul Frees; *Wash Perry*, Bill Phipps; *Col. Heffner*, Vernon Rich; *Cop*, Henry Brandon; *Salvatore*, Jack Kruschen; *Bird-brained blonde*, Carolyn Jones; *Man*, Pierre Cressoy; *Young wife*, Nancy Hale; *Girl*, Virginia Hall; *Martian*, Charles Gemora; *Sheriff*, Walter Sande; *Dr. Hettinger*, Alex Frazer; *Dr. DuPrey*, Ann Codee; *Dr. Gratzman*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Ranger*, Robert Rockwell; *Zippy*, Alvy Moore; *Alonzo Hogue*, Paul Birch; *Fiddler Hawkins*, Frank Kreig; *Doctor*, John Maxwell.

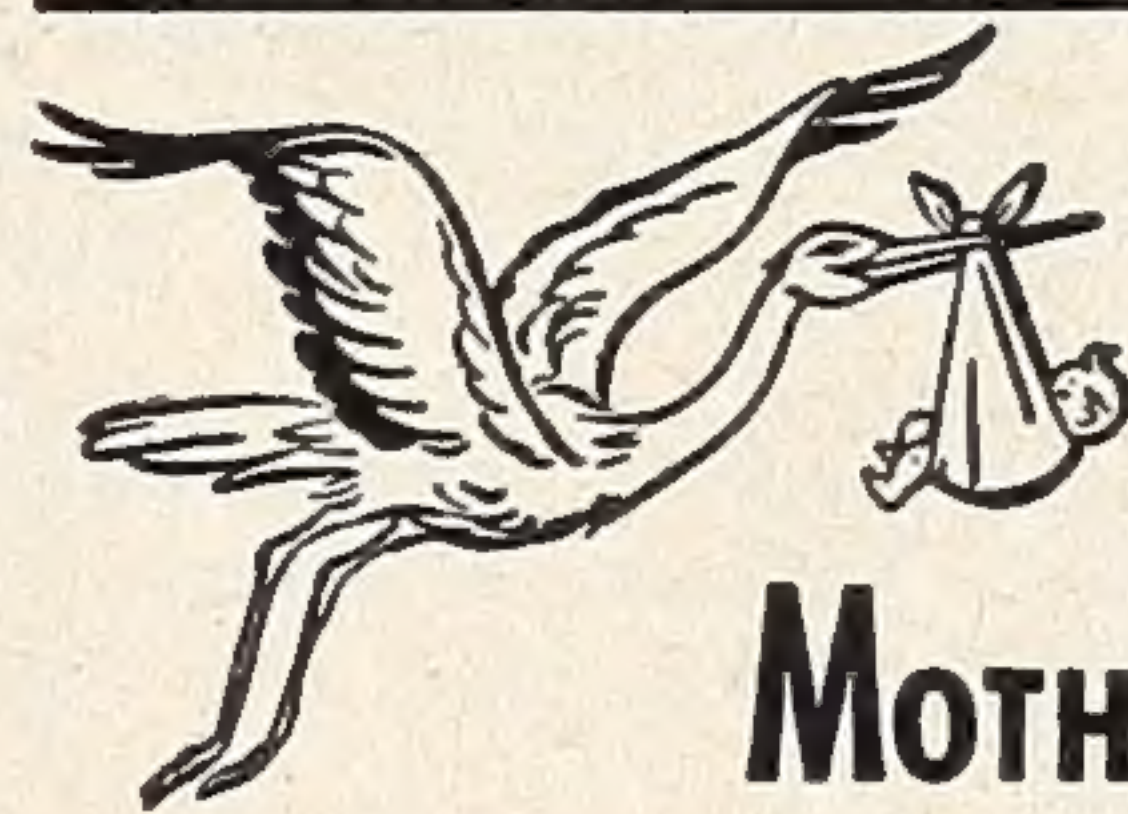
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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 19



A—Adults F—Family

ALL ASHORE—Columbia, Technicolor: Pleasant, tuneful tale of three sailors' shore leave. Mickey Rooney, Dick Haymes, Ray McDonald. (F) April

ANGEL FACE—RKO; Mild suspense drama involves Bob Mitchum in innocent-looking Jean Simmons' scheme for murder. (A) March

BATTLE CIRCUS—M-G-M: The Korean war is soft-pedaled; the engaging romance of Bogart and nurse June Allyson is played up. (A) May

BWANA DEVIL—Oboler, U. A.; AnscoColor, Natural Vision: Crude, pioneer 3-D drama of lion-hunting, with Bob Stack (F) May

CINERAMA—Cinerama Productions, color; No story, but plenty of excitement. Amazing new technique using a huge curved screen is now showing in New York and Detroit. (F) January

CITY BENEATH THE SEA—U-I, Technicolor: Sprawling adventure-romance. Bob Ryan, Anthony Quinn play deep-sea divers. (F) April

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA—Wallis, Paramount: Intimate, grueling drama of marriage and the desires of youth. Shirley Booth's splendid; Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore score. (A) January

CONFIDENTIALLY CONNIE—M-G-M: Gay little comedy. Prof. Van Johnson and wife Janet Leigh cope with living costs (especially meat); rancher Louis Calhern intervenes. (F) April

CRASH OF SILENCE—see review for **STORY OF MANDY, THE**.

FACE TO FACE—RKO: Two-story film. James Mason stars in a dreary sea tale; Robert Preston, Marjorie Steele, Minor Watson, in an excellent, unusual comedy Western. (F) January

FORBIDDEN GAMES—Times Film: Powerful tragicomedy of war's effect on children (amazingly portrayed by Brigitte Fossey, Georges Poujouly). French dialogue, English titles. (A) March

GIRLS IN THE NIGHT—U-I: Stilted story of youth in the slums, with attractive newcomers Patricia Hardy, Glen Roberts. (A) April

GUNSMOKE—U-I, Technicolor: Fast, witty Western, starring Audie Murphy as a gun-slinger tricked into respectability by Paul Kelly. Dashes of sex: Susan Cabot, Mary Castle. (F) May

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN—Goldwyn, RKO; Technicolor: Magical musical. Danny Kaye is the story-spinning cobbler; exquisite Jeanmaire is Farley Granger's ballerina wife. (F) March

I CONFESS—Warners: Absorbing but shakily plotted thriller about a young priest involved in a murder. Fine acting by Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden. (A) May

I LOVE MELVIN—M-G-M, Technicolor: Airy, youthful tune-film with lovable co-stars, Donald

O'Connor makes a cover girl of Debbie Reynolds, movie-struck chorine. (F) April

IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, THE—Rank, U-I; Technicolor: Michael Redgrave, Michael Denison, Edith Evans sparkle in the dialogue-dominated Oscar Wilde farce about upper-crust romance and deception. (A) March

JAZZ SINGER, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Lush, heart-tugging musical with Danny Thomas as a cantor's son who loves show business and Peggy Lee. (F) April

JEOPARDY—M-G-M: Taut, artificial suspense drama. Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan are a holidaying couple in grim danger. (F) April

LAST OF THE COMANCHES—Columbia, Technicolor: Vigorous, tightly constructed Western in which cavalryman Broderick Crawford leads a chance-met group in its stand against desert thirst and hostile Indians. (F) February

LILI—M-G-M, Technicolor: Delicate, charming romance-with-music. Leslie Caron's a delight as a shy waif who works for the dour puppet-master (Mel Ferrer) of a French carnival. (F) May

LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO, THE—I. F. E.: Rollicking, inspiring French film with English titles. Fernandel's a fighting village priest; Gino Cervi, the red mayor. (A) March

MA AND PA KETTLE ON VACATION—U-I: Funny, good-natured hokum gets the Kilbride-Main team tangled with a Paris spy ring. (F) May

MAN BEHIND THE GUN, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Well-made horse opera of early California, starring Randolph Scott. (F) March

MEMBER OF THE WEDDING, THE—Kramer, Columbia: Shapeless but often touching story of a troubled adolescent (Julie Harris), with magnificent acting by Ethel Waters. (A) April

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Handsome, fitfully exciting tale of old New Orleans. Honest gambler Ty Power loves aristocratic Piper Laurie. (F) March

MOULIN ROUGE—U. A., Technicolor: Subtle color and rich Parisian atmosphere overshadow José Ferrer's portrayal of Toulouse-Lautrec, the tragic, deformed painter. (A) March

NAKED SPUR, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor; Big, rugged Western with beautiful scenery. Outlaw Robert Ryan (with companion Janet Leigh) is captured by James Stewart. (F) April

NEVER WAVE AT A WAC—RKO: The Army makes a human being of snooty Rosalind Russell, with an assist from ex-husband Paul Douglas. Marie Wilson adds more laughs. (F) March

NIAGARA—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Entertaining mélange of murder, Marilyn Monroe, magnificent settings. Joseph Cotten's her betrayed husband; Jean Peters scores. (A) April

OFF LIMITS—Paramount: Bob Hope and a meek new Mickey Rooney join the MP's to provide a lot of laughs, a few slack spots. (F) May

PETER PAN—Disney, RKO, Technicolor: Enchanting cartoon feature based on the beloved Barrie fantasy of eternal childhood. *Peter, Wendy, Tinker Bell, Captain Hook* come alive to the tune of many sprightly songs. (F) February

ROGUE'S MARCH—M-G-M: Disarmingly old-fashioned melodrama about the British in India. Peter Lawford's the disgraced hero. (F) April

SEMINOLE—U-I, Technicolor: Satisfactory action yarn of Indian warfare in the swamps, with Rock Hudson, Anthony Quinn. (F) May

SHE'S BACK ON BROADWAY—Warners, Warnercolor: Slight but bright backstage tale. Trying a comeback, has-been movie star Virginia Mayo feuds with ex-lover Steve Cochran. (F) April

SMALL TOWN GIRL—M-G-M, Technicolor: Jane Powell's the girl; Farley Granger, the spoiled big-city kid in a listless musical with pleasant songs and dances. (F) May

STAR, THE—20th Century-Fox: Uneven but substantial story of a movie actress (Bette Davis) who can't face failure. Sterling Hayden helps her salvage her life. (A) April

STARS ARE SINGING, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Warm, charmingly informal musical, with Rosemary Clooney as a singer who helps refugee-singer Anna Maria Alberghetti. (F) April

STOOGE, THE—Wallis, Paramount: Likable vignette of show business. Dean Martin plays a swellheaded star; Jerry Lewis, his humble partner. With Polly Bergen, Marion Marshall. (F) March

STORY OF MANDY, THE—Rank, U-I: The education of a deaf child (Mandy Miller) is deeply affecting; the marital problem of mom, Phyllis Calvert, less so. British-made. (F) May

SYSTEM, THE—Warners: Sentimentalized racket-busting story with no punch. Frank Lovejoy's an implausible gambling boss. (A) May

TAXI—20th Century-Fox: Amusing though flimsily plotted. Dan Dailey, obliging New York hackie, helps just-off-the-boat colleen Constance Smith in search for missing husband. (F) April

TONIGHT WE SING—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Classical numbers outweigh the slim story of impresario David Wayne and wife Anne Bancroft. Ezio Pinza's impressive. (F) May

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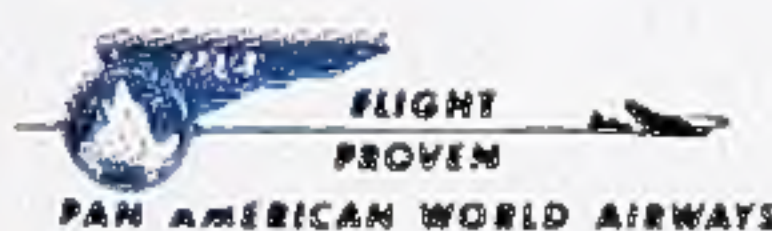
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